



DESIGNED FOR THE DEFENCE AND PROMOTION OF
BIBLICAL TRUTH,
AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF RELIGION IN
THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE.

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"HAVE WE ANY 'WORD OF GOD?'"

II.—THE TESTIMONY OF HOLY SCRIPTURE TO ITS DIVINE AUTHOR—(continued).

THE more we reflect on this remarkable feature of the case, the more worthy of notice does it appear. The Divine Author of the Book has chosen to bring the reader's submission or rebellion to the test, in the very first sentences of the volume:—

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light: and there was light."

Millions of men, both in past times and at the present day, have read these words with full belief. Some have received them without much consideration; others after careful pondering and prayer. But belief, both in the one case and the other, involves very clearly the further belief in a Divine Author. The condition of the world before man was created, and God's dealings with it, could not possibly be known to, or narrated by, a human historian, except as it was taught to him by God.

The present temptation, then, which spreads so widely through the Church, has been well and craftily planned by the Church's great enemy. A great struggle is everywhere going on concerning the first few verses of the Book of Genesis. Some weak or artful men exclaim, "Give them up; what does it matter? All that is of value in the Bible will remain unaffected, even if we fully admit that Moses, or Moses' informant, was probably mistaken in his ideas of the Creation." But the great author of the temptation knows better. He knows full well that here is the key of the whole position.

If the first page of the Bible be admitted to be probably a page full of mistakes, who shall, after that, attempt to defend any other page? Fallibility, and even important error, has been admitted at the outset. But if we receive as true those few brief sentences, then we do, at the same time, admit and yield to the idea of a Divine communication, a revealing to man by God of that which he could not otherwise know.

I return, then, a third time to the question, "What is the idea of Scripture which we gain from itself? What does this strange and re-

markable old document appear to be, taking its own account of the matter?" And I remark, as visible on the face of the record, two things—

1. There is, through more than a thousand years, and while a long succession of writers were coming up, living, and then disappearing, one document, one Scripture, or writing, or Word of God, constantly spoken of. "The volume of the book," spoken of by David in the 40th Psalm, was a known and recognised thing. "The law of the Lord," "the testimonies of the Lord," "the statutes of the Lord," adverted to in Psalm xix., were not imaginary existences or poetic phrases, but a reality within the writer's own knowledge, and valued by him with a far greater value than Magna Charta could ever have possessed to a mediæval Englishman. This recognised and universally-known fact is repeatedly appealed to by our Lord and his apostles. When Christ said, "Think not that I am come to destroy the Law and the Prophets," he spoke of a well-known existing document; and when, after his resurrection, he said, "All things must be fulfilled, which were written in the law of Moses, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms concerning me," he recognised specially the three main divisions of the Jewish canon—the Law, the Prophets, and the Hagiographa—thus affixing his seal, as the Risen Man, the living God, to the whole Old Testament. And to this same well-known document appeal all his apostles. The Book of Acts adduces more than twenty passages from the Hebrew Scriptures; St. Paul cites the Psalms no less than thirty-seven times, and the Pentateuch thirty-nine times, and Isaiah and the other books more than forty times. We have, then, clearly manifested the broad and unquestionable fact of a collection of venerated writings denominated "Scripture," "the law of the Lord," "the Book," &c. &c.; and we know also, by abundant evidence, exactly what that Book was which is thus appealed to.

2. Next, too, we find the character and authority of this Book described with equal clearness and certainty. It is not "like any other book." On the contrary, it is like no other book. It contains and consists of "the Word of God." Moses "wrote all the words of the Lord," Exod. xxiv. 4. "The Lord said unto him, Write thou these words," Exod. xxxiv. 27. David says, "The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and his word was in my tongue,"



2 Sam. xxiii. 2. "The Lord spake by his servants the prophets," 2 Kings xxi. 10. To Jeremiah the Lord said, "Behold, I have put my words in thy mouth," Jer. i. 9. "Speak unto all the cities of Judah all the words that I command thee; diminish not a word," Jer. xxvi. 2. "Write thee all the words that I have spoken unto thee in a book," Jer. xxx. 2. Zacharias, when "filled with the Holy Ghost," praised God, who had "raised up an horn of salvation for us, in the house of his servant David: As he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets, which have been since the world began," Luke i. 69, 70. Peter, in his first address to the disciples, speaks of "the Scripture which the Holy Ghost spake by the mouth of David," Acts i. 16. In his third address, he repeats that "God had spoken by the mouth of his holy prophets," Acts iii. 21. In his Epistles he twice asserts the same fact (1 Peter i. 11; 2 Peter i. 21), that "holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Paul commences one of his Epistles with the weighty assertion, that "God, at sundry times and in divers manners, spake in time past to the fathers by the prophets," Heb. i. 1. He speaks to Timothy of "the Holy Scriptures," as a document well known to him (Timothy), and affirms of them that they are "given by inspiration of God," 2 Tim. iii. 16. He claims the same character for his own Epistles; "If any man think himself to be a prophet, or spiritual, let him acknowledge that the things which I write unto you are the commandments of the Lord," 1 Cor. xiv. 37. Peter, too, ranking his own instructions with those of the holy prophets (2 Peter iii. 2), places the Epistles of Paul among "the other Scriptures," which those who wrest or pervert, do so "to their own destruction," iii. 16. And John commences the final book in the Canon with the plainest assertion, that Christ himself appeared to him, and commanded him to write certain things in a book, Rev. i. 1, 11, 19. Thus, from the beginning to the ending of this wonderful Book, we have the reiterated assertion that what is written is written by the command of God.

It followed, therefore, by the plainest necessity, that a book so written could be like no other book. It was a book of "statutes and judgments," dictated by God himself. Its words were to be laid up in the heart and soul, and taught, as a sacred thing, to children and to children's children, Deut. xi. 18; xii. 1. Life

and happiness depended on it, Deut. xxx. 10—14. Kings left it as a charge to their children, upon keeping which everything depended, 1 Kings ii. 3. The welfare of the people was wrapt up in this, Ps. cvii. 11, 12. It was the sole test of truth, Isa. viii. 20. Judgments followed the breaking of this law, Jer. xi. 3—11. When even the Son of God himself, and his great enemy, came face to face, the written Word was made the standard of truth, the rule of right and wrong, Matt. iv. 3—10. To be ignorant of the Scriptures was declared by Christ himself to be the main cause of error, Mark xii. 24; John v. 46, 47. To know them, and to be guided by them, was eternal life, 2 Peter i. 19. Such is the position and authority claimed for this ancient book by its various writers. That it is a rank and supremacy claimed for no other book, is so plain that one wonders it could ever have been doubted. I conclude, therefore, this part of the inquiry with the unhesitating assertion, that "the idea" which we gain from Holy Scripture itself of its origin and character, is, that it is the written Word of God, or, to use St. Peter's simple and nervous description of it, that "holy men of God"—who handed it down to us—"spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

—Yours sincerely, R.

SUMMER MUSIC.

RUSTLING of flowers,
Dancing in their bowers,
Breathing their sweets on the wings of the breeze,
Quavering and calling,
Rising and falling,
The glad song of birds and the hum of the bees.

Thousand sweet voices,
Each one rejoices
Under the shade of the glossy green eaves;
When the breeze lingers,
With her light fingers
Touching her wild harp of whispering leaves.

Waves gently breaking,
Low music making,
In deep tones uttering the song of the seas.
Silver streams gushing,
Endlessly hushing,
And mingling their sound with the murmuring trees.

The woodlands are sighing,
The soft winds are dying,
So peaceful and calm in the bosom of love;
And many joys blending,
Their praises ascending,
As incense, are breathed to the bright throne above.

The Early Days of Good Men.

No. XII.—RICHARD KNILL.

THE subject of this sketch was born at Braunton, a township or village in the county of Devon, which lies embosomed in orchards amidst a picturesque and fertile valley. His father, whose ancestors had been known for many generations in the parish, was a thrifty, sagacious man, who could turn his hand to a great variety of occupations, and make himself generally useful. His original trade was that of a carpenter, but, by the help of a small patrimony, he gradually relinquished that business for more congenial pursuits. Occasionally he would plan and work at the construction of a house, and at another time he would be equally at home in valuing the timber of an estate, selling a farming stock, making the draft of a lease, or drawing up "the last will and testament" of a dying neighbour. These useful services, united with a tall person, a benevolent countenance, and a goodly wig, procured for him the familiar but honourable soubriquet of "the counsellor."

His wife was a woman of fair education and excellent judgment, the daughter of a substantial neighbouring farmer, distinguished for kindness to the poor and for a generous hospitality. Richard, named after his father, was the youngest of their four children, and was born in the spring of the year 1787. The only event related of his boyhood was one which nearly cost him his life. On his way to school the little fellow had to cross a stream, spanned by a bridge of two flat stones. As he was trying one day how far he could push a stick under this rustic contrivance, he over-balanced himself, and fell in. The splash reached the ear of a poor widow, carding wool beside her cottage door. Looking out she spied a child's hat floating on the stream, and darting to the spot, succeeded in drawing the little owner, by his flaxen locks, from under the bridge. Mr. Knill never forgot Molly Robins; he used to say, in after years, "Aye! she could not read, but she saved my life. Feeble powers, if well employed, will do wonders."

The parents of Richard Knill were not, at the time of his birth, experimentally acquainted with the great truths of religion. The parish in which they lived was not blessed with a Gospel ministry, and the inhabitants generally were in a condition of deplorable darkness as to spiritual things. But a happier time was at hand.

God (said Mr. Knill, in an early MS. of "Reminiscences") remembered them in their low estate. A young man, named Joseph Evans, the son of a farmer who had been for some years in Barnstaple, came home, and opened a shop. He gave notice to a few of his friends that he should have a religious service at his house on Sunday evenings. It was much ridiculed by the people generally, but my beloved mother, who had known Mr. Evans from a child, attended his meeting. There the Holy Ghost applied the word with such power to her soul, that she could not stay away. The Lord Jesus Christ became very precious. She rejoiced with joy unexpressed. My father was highly displeased at this; and I never recollect his speaking unkindly to my mother, except about this change in her religion. But she sought comfort in prayer, and would often take me with her into her chamber, and say, "Kneel down with me, my dear, and I will pray with you. Your father and your brothers will not join me."

The lad wondered why his darling mother wept so much, and where she got such remarkable prayers for his father and brothers.

I understand it now (he afterwards said), and I have good reason to believe that her prayers for those she loved were answered, and that she has met them all in heaven, except myself; and I trust, through rich grace, she will meet me there also. *Blessed be God for a praying mother!*

In his thirteenth year Richard was apprenticed to business, and at the close of his apprenticeship he went abroad into the wide world to make his fortune. He took short journeys to the neighbouring towns, and succeeded in procuring work. But he afterwards looked back with sorrow and regret on this portion of his youth. He found, as many a youth similarly circumstanced has found, temptation too strong for his young, untried virtue. In the midst of wicked companions he forgot the prayers of his pious mother, and became fond of singing foolish songs and breaking the Sabbath, thus stifling the voice of conscience and fighting against God. And all this while he was still in his teens.

At length the fancy took him to enlist into the Militia, where he hoped soon to get into the band, and then it would be, he fondly believed, "music and songs all the year round." His passion for music was, at this time, a great snare to him, for it led him into society he might otherwise have avoided, and by whom he was presently induced to take the fatal step. "I enlisted," he says; "and this nearly broke my mother's heart. 'Now,' she said, 'body and soul are lost; oh! what can be done?'" In this emergency Mr. Evans, that excellent man whose teaching had been the means of his mother's religious convictions, proved himself a true friend. He called on the afflicted parents, and offered to try and procure the youth's discharge. Their hearts were filled with joy at this proposal, and Mr. Evans immediately applied to Colonel Bevis, who had such great influence with the lord lieutenant of the county, that he succeeded in obtaining the desired boon. "I will do it," said the colonel, "but you must get a substitute, and keep Knill out of the way until the matter is settled." It was, indeed, no easy task; for Richard, being upwards of six feet high, had been placed among the Grenadiers, but the substitute, being shorter, could not occupy his place. Great dissatisfaction was felt by the major of the regiment, who was, however, obliged to yield to the will of his brother officer. The poor youth who took the place of young Knill soon volunteered into "the regulars," and was killed in the heat of battle. This incident was keenly felt by our young prodigal. He saw what an escape had been his, and acknowledged the good hand of God's providence on his behalf.

A passage in his "Reminiscences" gives us a striking account of what next befell him:—

During the proceedings in this matter (he writes), I was shut up. Mr. Evans gave me a room, and I came down night and morning to family prayer. This was a new and strange scene to me. I had never been present at family prayer in my life. The first night that I was in this good man's house, about nine o'clock, he rang the bell, and his shopmen and servants all came into the parlour and sat down. I looked with surprise, and wondered what was coming next. When all were seated, he opened the Bible, and read a portion to his household. They then arose and fell upon their knees. The sight overpowered me. I trembled; I almost fainted. At last I kneeled down too. I thought of my past life; I thought of my present position; I thought, "Can such a guilty creature be saved?" I heard but little of my kind friend's prayer. All my soul turned in upon myself. My conscience said, "This is how true Christians live; but how have I lived? God has not been in all my thoughts; but now I will begin to seek mercy."

The solemn resolve then made he was enabled, by God's grace, to keep. That very night, on entering his bed-chamber, he looked around for a Bible. Not finding one, he took a hymn-book that lay on the table, some verses from which he read as he knelt beside his bed, and then poured out his heart in broken prayers, before lying down to rest. "Behold, he prayeth!" said the holy angels, who rejoice over one sinner that repenteth. Poor wanderer! there is joy on thy behalf in the blessed world above. "Never have I gone to Barnstaple, of late years," says his note-book, "without going to weep over the hallowed spot where God fastened the arrows of conviction in my heart."

From that time there was a marked change in his conduct. He could no longer sin without feeling the pangs of an awakened conscience. Yet there were many steps to be taken before his feet could steadily and peacefully walk in the way of God's commandments. Providence again appeared on his behalf. A good woman, by name Mrs. Isaac, of Bideford, wanted a young man to conduct her business, and to instruct her only son: and Richard, being recommended by his friends, was taken into her service. Shortly after this removal he made acquaintance with a Mr. Thomas Spencer, a young man about his own age, who lived next door to his employer, and who chanced to hear the stranger youth singing very sweetly, while walking in the garden. The idea occurred to him that so fine a voice would be a great acquisition in the choir of the chapel which he attended; and, after a time, he succeeded in inducing Richard to accompany him, and to attend the ministry of the Rev. S. Rooker.

And now (he tells us) the songs of the world were exchanged for those of Zion, and every week the teaching of Mr. Rooker brought some fresh meaning to my strains. He was a holy man of God, and a sound theologian, deeply read in the old divines. A hungry soul could feed and thrive on his ministry, and an inquiring spirit find rest. It was just what I needed to nurse my incipient piety, expand my religious views, and fit me for active service.

After a short time, the two friends, Knill and Spencer, sought admission as members, and were gladly welcomed by the excellent pastor, who found in them a valuable addition to the community, full as they were of youthful zeal and energy. Frequent prayer-meetings were held among the junior members, and it was noticed by those who attended them that the prayers of Richard Knill were full of an earnestness, a devotion, and a breathing after piety, which went to the hearts of others. The Sunday-schools, which had hitherto been under the old system of paid teaching, were now taken on the principle of voluntary instruction, and thrived with new life and spirit.

It is deeply interesting to trace the first kindling of the flame which soon burnt with holy ardour in the breast of the future missionary. It was on occasion of an anniversary sermon at the chapel that Mr. Rooker, discoursing on the advantages of Christian education, read some passages from Buchanan's "Christian Researches in the East," a book which was then attracting much attention in the country. As he read the thrilling picture of the wretched pilgrims toiling to reach the idol Jugger-naut, and flinging themselves beneath the bloody wheels, one of the teachers, sitting in the aisle at the head of his class, was observed with large tearful eyes fixed upon the preacher, and his fine open coun-

tenance beaming with mingled wonder and compassion.

It was (he said long after) like a spark on tinder. It set me on fire to go to the heathen. I did not know of missionary societies; but my thoughts were set to work, and I borrowed books and informed my mind upon the subject. I was afraid to mention my impressions to my pastor, but they smouldered until the Lord's time came.

About this period in his history there occurred an incident which he himself thought proper to record as a warning and a beacon to any youth setting out on a Christian course, and tempted to sin against his conscience. It seems difficult to realise that one so earnest and good should have yielded to the temptation of Sabbath-breaking, but so it was. If there be any youthful reader who is in danger of backsliding from the narrow road on which he has entered, may this passage in the experience of Richard Knill serve at once for a warning and an encouragement! Let him beware of bringing sorrow and remorse home to his heart, and of clouding the fair morning of his newly-begun day of grace!

It chanced one Sunday morning, as he was on his way to the school, he met three of his former companions, who said they were bound on an excursion up the river, on whose shining surface the early sun was brightly gleaming, giving promise of a lovely summer's day. Partly by jokes and partly by persuasion, they induced him to join their party. Presently the boat was gliding gently up the stream, and the houses of the town disappeared behind the richly-wooded banks. Just then the sound of the church bell came softly over the water, signifying that it was nine o'clock, and that in due time divine service would commence. Sweet were the vibrating notes calculated to soothe and tranquillise the spirit of those who heard them with joy, as a welcome summons to a glad and grateful service; but, oh! the anguish they inflicted on the mind of Knill! It was, he said, perfect agony, and he could imagine like emotion only in the breast of the poor criminal who heard the prison clock striking the hour of his fate on the morning of his execution. That well-known sound had been to him for months past the signal for commencing the Sunday-school, and at this very moment he was expected to take his post at the head of his class. Imagination brought to his mind's eye the whole scene, and how he longed for the wings of a dove, that he might fly to his place, and escape from what he felt to be a snare of the enemy of souls! Could he have got to shore, he would gladly have done so; but he was compelled to remain the live-long day with his comrades, who vainly endeavoured to cheer him by their laughter and raillery. One thing he did, and it was worth doing. He solemnly resolved never to break the Sabbath again, and never more to associate with the ungodly, but to come out from among them and be separate. And God, in his mercy, enabled him to keep his vow.

From this time his deepened convictions of duty led him to endeavour, by all the means within his power, to do good. One of these efforts at usefulness was long after brought to his remembrance in a most satisfactory manner. The North Devon Local Militia was about to be disbanded at Barnstaple. The regiment consisted of one thousand men, who were soon to return to their families in almost every parish of the northern division of the county. It was suggested to him by one of his friends that here was a noble opportunity for distributing religious tracts in the

dark villages around. A thousand distributors would in this manner be secured for the work, if only they could but be given into the hands of the men. Knill asked how it could be done? His friend replied, "I have not nerve enough to give the tracts to the soldiers; but I will furnish you with them, provided you will circulate them." To this he readily agreed, and lost no time in going to work. The men were assembled in the barrack-yard, waiting for the signal to deliver up their arms. Making his way to the pioneers, who stood at the right, he said, "Friends, will you carry home a beautiful little book to your families?" They gladly received them. Next he came to the band. He selected the tract, "Christ is the Only Refuge from the Wrath to Come," and offered it to the sergeant. Looking at the ardent youth, the man said, "I am told you go about converting people; can you convert me?" He replied; "It is not in my power to convert people; but were it so, the first person I would convert, sir, should be Sergeant Reynolds." "Well," replied he, "that is plain enough." "Yes, and sincere, too. Now, the tract may convert you, sergeant; it was written by that great man, Mr. Hervey, who wrote 'Meditations among the Tombs.'" "Ah!" said he, "I have read that book, and I will take your tract, and read it too." This was very encouraging; for immediately all the musicians took tracts. The next in array were the Grenadiers, who were all pleased, until he came to one rough sort of fellow, who took the tract and held it up; then asked, with an oath, "Are you going to convert me?" "Don't swear at the tract; you cannot hurt it; but swearing will harm your own soul." "Who are you?" he cried, in a rage; then, turning to his comrades, "Form a circle round him, and I will swear at him." The men did as they were bid, and the wretched man swore fearfully. Knill's only answer was tears; they flowed copiously, and the sight touched the feelings of the other men, who said, "Let him go; he means to do us good."

At length the thousand tracts were distributed, and committed in humble trust to Him who hath promised, "My word shall not return to me void."

Many long years passed away; Knill had been for some years in India, and, on re-visiting his native land, he went to Ilfracombe, where he was invited to preach in the open air. Preparations were made for his coming, and his intention was announced, so that a goodly assemblage congregated. During the time he was preaching he observed a tall, grey-haired man in the crowd weeping, and by his side stood a tall youth, apparently his son, who also was weeping. At the conclusion of the service, both advanced towards the preacher, and the father said, "Do you recollect giving tracts to the local militia at Barnstaple some years ago?" "Yes." "Do you remember anything particular occurring at the time?" "Yes; I recollect one of the Grenadiers swore at me until he made me weep." "Stop!" he said; "oh! sir, I am the man. I never forgave myself for that wicked act; but I hope it has led me to repentance, and that God has forgiven me. And now, let me ask, will you forgive me?" As may be imagined, this unexpected and affecting interview quite overcame the feelings of Mr. Knill. He would not part with the reclaimed swearer until they united in prayer together, that they might meet in heaven. "Is not this encouragement?" he asks. "May we not well say, One tract may save a soul?"

The piety, tact, and courage he thus early displayed encouraged the friends of Richard Knill to hope that he might be fitted for usefulness as a minister in the Church of Christ. His excellent and attached pastor, when on a visit to Bideford, conversed with him on this subject, being anxious to learn whether he had himself entertained any idea of the kind. The result was, that, after serious consideration, and consulting those who seemed most capable of judging as to his powers, he was induced to seek admission as a student at the Western Academy, a theological college of the Independents. His account of the reception he met there is pleasing and suggestive. He says:—

Into this school of the prophets I was cordially welcomed in the autumn of 1812. It was a fine, retired, happy place, for those who wished to be happy in it. Many and great were its advantages. One of these was that the students formed part of the family, took their meals at the family table, and kneeled around the family altar. The presence of ladies always has a refining effect on young men, who, in general, need refining. This privilege we had. Mr. Small, the superintendent, made a point of calling the students by name between five and six every morning, and a fine was levied on those who were not down-stairs before six o'clock. It gives me pleasure to recollect that I was never fined. I learned habits of punctuality which have been of use to me through all my life. In looking back on this step, I feel that it is a very solemn matter for a young man to leave the business in which he has been brought up, and enter upon a life of study for the ministry; if he fall as a preacher, he is ruined. His student's life has unfitted him for returning again to business; and in this way many a grievous mistake has been made. Ministers cannot be too cautious in recommending young men to our colleges.

(To be continued in our next.)

IMPLIED TRUTHS.

GENESIS II.

1. THE Sabbath is the most ancient of all the Divine ordinances, ver. 2.—H. G.
2. The reason given in Holy Writ for the sanctification of the Sabbath prevails as much at the present time as when the Sabbath was first instituted, ver. 3.—W. J.
3. The institution of the Sabbath took place long before the Mosaic dispensation, and, consequently, may continue long afterwards; though, for the time being, it formed a part of the law of Moses, but not of the ceremonial law, ver. 3.—M.
4. As the Sabbatical rest is beneficial to a multitude of animals, and was designed for the benefit of both man and beast, its continuance is needful through all periods and dispensations, ver. 3.—E.
5. The Sabbath is to be held in honour, from its antiquity, for the sake of its Divine Author, for the sake of its sacred duties, for the sake of its holy influence, for the sake of its typical character, and for the sake of its bodily and mental benefits, vs. 2, 3.—E.
6. God has not lost his right to command because we have lost our power to obey, ver. 17.—K.
7. In the Bible, all great things are in few words expressed. In the compass of twenty-five verses, we have five great subjects, all relating to the present or the future welfare of man—the institution of the Sab-

bath, the planting of Paradise, the primeval innocence, the appointment of labour, the creation of woman, and the ordinance of marriage, vs. 2—25.—W.

8. God works by means; but sometimes he works without them, ver. 5.—G.

9. Adam must be classed among those prophesying, ver. 24.—E. S.

10. A simplicity, peculiar to itself, distinguishes the Bible narrative.—X. Y.

11. Adam, though lord of the earth, must be subject to a law as a test of obedience, ver. 17.—T. H.

12. Man's free agency implied, ver. 16.—E. B. A.

13. The omnipotence of the Deity, ver. 4.—X. N. X.

14. The notion of pre-Adamite man refuted, ver. 5.—E. B. A.

15. The wisdom and goodness of God shown in compensation, ver. 6.—E.

REFLECTIONS.

1. The Scriptures are designed to make us wise as Christians, but not to make us philosophers.

2. The Christian student must reverently say to God, "In thy light we see light."

3. As in the study of mathematics, certain things are admitted and taken for granted; so also in the study of God's Word, there are points which must be equally admitted without the necessity of proof.

4. In Holy Scripture there are "shallows in which an infant may wade, and depths in which a leviathan may swim."

5. In the Bible there is "light enough to guide him that loveth the light, and darkness enough to confound him that loveth darkness."

6. Men who reverence antiquity should remember that the writer of the Book of Genesis flourished 600 years before Homer and Hesiod, the earliest of poets, and 1,000 years before Herodotus and Thucydides, the earliest of historians.

7. Let the man of secular wisdom reflect, when reading the writings of the ancients, that "cities have fallen, kingdoms have come to nothing, empires have faded away; but the writings of Moses and the Prophets still continue to influence mankind."

8. The providence of God is shown in the preservation of his Word, and the grace of God is shown in the effects of that Word.

9. The scoffer says, Bolingbroke, Voltaire, and Gibbon—three great names—cavilled at the writings of Moses; but the Christian says, Bacon, Newton, and Milton—three greater names—venerated the writings of Moses, and received them as the inspired Word of God.

10. The Bible given is a blessing; but the spiritual understanding of that Bible is a greater blessing.

THE RESTS OF SCRIPTURE.

1. God's Rest, after the six days of creation: "And God rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made," Gen. ii. 2.

2. CHRIST'S Rest, after the thirty-three years of his earthly labours: "His rest shall be glorious," Isa. xi. 10.

3. FAITH'S Rest, after its conflicts; "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," Matt. xi. 28.

4. THE SOUL'S Rest, when the earthly tabernacle is dissolved: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest."

5. EARTH'S Rest, after the six thousand years of sin, strife, and sorrow: "The whole earth is at rest," Isa. xiv. 7.

The time of rest, the promised Sabbath, comes.—M. S. Y.

[Will our correspondents favour us with their remarks on the third chapter of Genesis, to appear the first week in the next month?]

A WORD ON GIVING.

A MINISTER closed his address to an assembly thus:—

"There is no explicit, uniform, universal rule in the New Testament for giving to God. A patriarch gave a *tenth*; a Jew about *two-tenths*. Zaccheus would give the *half* of his goods. Many of the Christians at Pentecost gave their *all*. Every man is left at liberty to take his grade and rank of Christian nobility and generosity, and that remains his position and rank for ever."

A minister went away fired with the sentiment, and resolved to let it influence his life and ministry. He presently met a friend, and exhorted him to large-hearted liberality, dwelling much on the blessed privilege of giving to the Lord. Meeting him afterwards, he asked him if he had acted on his advice. His friend replied that, "when about to present his offering to God, he felt it was not large enough. He then doubled it; but feeling that it was still too small, he doubled it again; and then he gave it to God with joy."

KINDNESS.

How softly on the bruised heart
A word of kindness falls,
And to the dry and parched soul
The moist'ning tear-drop calls.
Oh, if they knew, who walked the earth,
Mid sorrow, grief, and pain,
The power a word of kindness hath,
'Twere Paradise again.

PIETY A SUPPORT IN SICKNESS.

ONE of the ablest physicians of his day once said that in a dangerous illness a Christian would have a better chance of recovery than an unbeliever; that religious resignation was a better soothing medicine than poppy, and a better cordial than ether. On the other hand, with the ungodly, the fear of death hastened their dissolution.

The Student's Page.

SERMONS IN MINIATURE; OR, AIDS TO THE BIBLICAL STUDENT.—XVII.

"On these do I wait all the day."—Ps. xxv. 5.

I. WHAT does a waiting spirit denote?

1. Faith, Matt. xv. 22—28.
2. Humility, 2 Sam. xv. 25, 26.
3. Desire, Isa. xxvi. 8, 9.
4. Expectation, Ps. lxxii. 5; cxxiii. 1, 2; cxxxv. 5, 6.
5. Constancy, Job xiii. 15; Prov. viii. 34.

II. Who are to wait on God?

1. The ignorant, to be taught, Ps. xxv. 5.
2. The backslider, to be restored, Jer. xxix. 12, 13; Micah vii. 7, 9.
3. Those who are in darkness, to be enlightened, Isa. i. 10; viii. 17.
4. The believer, to be strengthened, Ps. xxvii. 14; Isa. xl. 31.

III. When are we to wait on God?

All the day, Hos. xii. 6.

1. In an habitual looking to God, Ps. xvi. 8; 1 Cor. x. 31.
2. In receiving our daily comforts from him, Ps. lxxviii. 19; 1 Tim. iv. 4, 5.
3. In committing our cares and difficulties to him, Ps. xxv. 15; Matt. vi. 34.
4. In employing the mind on his Word, Ps. i. 2; cxix. 97.
5. In watching the intimations of his providence and his Spirit, Hab. ii. 1.
6. In exercising the soul in frequent prayer and praise, Ps. lv. 17; cxix. 164; Dan. vi. 10.

This is a privilege the world knows nothing of. Oh! let us, as believers, enjoy it, by using it; for "the Lord is good unto them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him."—Lam. iii. 25.

IDLENESS,

In Scripture, is

- Forbidden, Rom. xii. 11; Heb. vi. 12.
- Produces apathy, Prov. xii. 27; xxvi. 15.
- Akin to extravagance, Prov. xviii. 9.
- Accompanied by conceit, Prov. xxvi. 16.

Leads to

- Poverty, Prov. x. 4; xx. 18.
- Want, Prov. xix. 15; xx. 4; xxiv. 34.
- Bondage, Prov. xii. 24.
- Disappointment, Prov. xiii. 4; xxi. 25.
- Ruin, Prov. xxiv. 30, 31; Eccles. x. 18.
- Tattling and meddling, 1 Tim. v. 13.

Effects of, afford instruction to others, Prov. xxiv. 30—32.

- Remonstrance against, Prov. vi. 6, 9.
- False excuses for, Prov. xx. 4; xxii. 13.
- Illustrated, Prov. xxvi. 14; Matt. xxv. 18, 20.
- Exemplified: Watchman, Isa. lvi. 10; Athenians, Acts xvii. 21; Thessalonians, 2 Thess. iii. 11.

HEBREW TONGUE.

The Hebrew language, which is retained in the writings of the Old Testament, ceased to be the common living language of Judea upon the Jews being carried

captive into Babylon. After they returned to their own land, the common language they spoke was that of Babylon, called the Chaldee, which, however, was not much more than a dialect of the old Hebrew. The Syriac language varies a little from the old Hebrew, and was the language of a country immediately bordering upon Judea. Hence it came to pass that the Jews imitated the Syrians also in their language, both before and in the time of our Saviour. This compound language of Chaldee and Syriac, after the Babylonish captivity, became the common living language of the Hebrews, and therefore was usually called the Hebrew language, though it was somewhat different from the ancient Hebrew preserved in the Old Testament. That it was the common language of Judea in the apostles' days is expressly stated by Luke (Acts i. 19): "That field is called in their proper tongue, *Aceldama*, that is to say, The field of blood." The word *Acel* is not to be found in the old Hebrew language, but in Chaldee and Syriac it signifies "a field," from whence it follows that the Chaldee or Syriac was the proper tongue of the Hebrews at that time. Accordingly, we find that our Saviour and his disciples, and the other Hebrews with whom they conversed, continually spoke in the Chaldee or Syriac language, as is evident from the Syro-Chaldaic words recorded in the New Testament, such as *Abba*, *Bar-Jona*, *Bethesda*, *Boanerges*, *Eloi*, *tama sabachthani*, *Ephphatha*, *Gabbatha*, *Golgotha*, *Maranatha*, *Rabboni*, *Raca*, *Tabitha*, *Talitha cumi*, which are not words of the old Hebrew, but of the Chaldee or Syriac tongue. At the same time it must be observed that in the New Testament these words as spoken by the Hebrews are said to be Hebrew: "The pool which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda," John v. 2; "The place called the Pavement, but in the Hebrew, Gabbatha," xix. 13; "The place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha," xix. 17. Yet every one who knows anything of Eastern languages knows that these particular words here called Hebrew, viz., Bethesda, Gabbatha, Golgotha, &c., are really words of the Chaldee or Syriac language; but as this language was, in our Saviour's days, spoken by the Hebrews, and is very little more than a dialect of the ancient Hebrew, there is nothing remarkable in its being called the Hebrew language.

EASTERN CUSTOMS.

"He smelled the smell of his raiment." "The smell of my son is as the smell of a field."

THE natives of the East are fond of having their garments strongly perfumed; so much so, that Europeans can scarcely bear the smell. They use camphor, civet, sandal wood or sandal oil, and a great variety of strongly-scented waters.

It is not common to *salute*, as in England: they simply *smell* each other; and it is said that some people know their children by the smell. It is common for a mother or father to say, "Ah! child, thy *smell* is like the smell of the Sen-Pago-Poo!" The crown of the head is the principal place for smelling.

Of an amiable man it is said, "How sweet is the *smell* of that man! The *smell* of his goodness is universal."

A DREAM.

SOME time ago, wearied and faint, I laid myself down to rest awhile. Deep sleep soon fell upon me, and I dreamed. I dreamed that when travelling through a foreign yet beautiful country, I met at one of our halting-places an individual whom I had never before seen, but who, I soon learned, was going in the same direction as myself; that is, our destination was the same, for although we had both consulted the same chart, yet our routes slightly differed, as indeed they did from those all who had gone before us had traversed. After this first meeting we frequently found ourselves in each other's company, and our re-unions were enlivened by pleasant chit-chat concerning the difficulties we had encountered, the friends or enemies we had met, the beauties of the scenery we had passed through, or the character and condition of the people we were among. These hours of intercourse endeared us to each other, and created a mutual sympathy and interest which deepened as months rolled on. They were, however, slightly interrupted and marred by, as I have said, the diverging character of our routes, and this made us long the more to reach our destination, where together we might recount all the way through which the Lord our God had led us.

At length the summer had worn away, and autumn had already set in, when we found ourselves one evening in a valley, the like to which we had not before passed through. The quietude of the spot was refreshing to weary pilgrims, and we strolled out to enjoy the balmy breeze, and witness a gorgeous sunset. On a lofty mountain not far from us, amidst the most enchanting scenery the eye ever rested on, stood what appeared to us a crystal palace temple, which, we were soon informed, was "the wonder of the world." We had heard of it before, and had resolved that in its vicinity our wanderings should cease, and now we stood literally gazing at it as if chained to the spot. The setting sun cast his golden beams directly on it, and as he dipped into the far-off west, it became more and more luminous, so that whilst everything in the valley around us was shrouded in darkness, and only their outlines remained visible, it shone forth as though every window were a diamond, and the whole building composed of most precious stones. In short, we thought we were at last looking at the temple of Bunyan's "Celestial City," or the palace of John's "New Jerusalem."

Having heard that the evening was the time at which many were admitted to behold the splendours of the place, and being informed on reliable authority that we need not fear a welcome if we were found in possession of genuine passports, we girded up our loins for the final start. But even here we could not keep together, though so near the realisation of our long-cherished wishes. My friend not having quite so many infirmities as I, and not having heretofore met with so many difficulties in the way he had travelled,

passed on before me. At first I proceeded slowly, and without much discomfort, but the steepness of the road so increased that at length I found it difficult, even on one's hands and knees, to advance a step. Here, too, I met with a fresh obstruction. Lifting my eyes for a moment, I saw, just over my head, the projecting ledge of a rock, which was exactly the same width as the road. I was now in the position of a man wanting to reach the ridge of a house, but who finds himself, when at the top of the ladder, underneath the eaves; yea, I was in a worse position, for I had no firm footing on which I could rest awhile. I must either surmount the difficulty, and that shortly, or slide down to the bottom of the hill, or, perhaps, be precipitated into one or other of the side abysses. Could I but surmount this projection, I should be safe. The road above it, as I saw from the valley, was easy and pleasant; and, as I judged from the blaze of light which already surrounded me, and was almost overpowering, the palace-temple would then be within reach. I made a few desperate efforts to clamber over the ledge, but failed. At length, when sinking back in despair, my piteous cries and imploring looks attracted the attention of one who, evidently overpowered by the glories he had witnessed, had come out upon the terraces for a moment's relief. I saw him cast toward me a benevolent glance, and then hasten in the direction where I was. This nerved me afresh, and I held fast till he came down. It was my old friend and fellow-traveller. He came as near me as he dare, and stretching out his hand, gave me a staff, by the help of which he himself had mounted, bidding me at the same time fix one end of it on the rock, and use it as a lever. I did so. I planted the staff on the projection and prepared to leap, but I found it slip from me. My friend saw my disappointment, and discovered my mistake, at the same moment charging me to use it again, "as a staff is wont to be used." This I did, and immediately, with a bounding leap, I found myself standing upon the projecting ledge, and looking heavenwards.

My friend, already known to the keeper at the gates, took my hand, and quickly led me through portions of the vast domain, passing under bowers of everlasting flowers, and beside "fountains of living waters," and among groups of the young and beautiful from every clime, till we came to the grand entrance, which I saw, as I passed, had a gate made of a single pearl, and an angel watcher standing beside it. In the vestibule my passport was examined; and as the Lord of the mansion was just then holding a *levée*, I was at once introduced to the throne-room. Here, amazed and bewildered with the glory of the place, I joined the ranks as they moved round in the presence of the august One seated on the throne. When my turn came, my name was announced by the herald in attendance, at the very sound of which I well nigh fainted, but the hand of the Monarch

himself held me up, and his voice said, "Welcome! well done!" I left the throne-room, but his presence seemed to follow me, and the glory that streamed from it seemed to add to the minutest object on which I gazed a splendour before which the sun itself grew pale. The sights I saw, and the sounds I heard, "it is not lawful for man to utter." With these I awoke, and, alas! it was a dream.

But is this vision of the night no shadow of a reality? Is there nothing to which it is like? Yes, there is. You, my dear reader, and your husband, wife, or friend, have met as fellow-travellers through this strange but beautiful world of ours. Your experience is a new one, such as none have ever had before, for your path is new. But although you must, through most of life's journey, walk alone; and although your experience of duties and temptations, trials and sorrows, can be shared in by none, yet is it sweet and helpful occasionally to recount to your "companion in arms" your conflicts and victories, and to listen to his in return. This holy, loving confidence will cement friendship, and cause you to anticipate with joy that final meeting when, life's toils and trials being over, you shall realise the blest employment indicated by the poet in the words—

"There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
The wonders of His grace,
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face."

If life be lengthened out till you reach a good old age, yet you will both have soon come to the last stage of your journey. Happy will you be if the evening of life, calm and serene, should afford you opportunities of contemplating together the attractions of Mount Zion; if, as the sun of life sets, casting gloom and darkness on the valley in which you stand, its beams are seen to shine with dazzling splendour on the hill you are about to climb! That hill may be difficult of ascent, but it will be the last you will have to ascend; and when you come to death, the projecting rock in the way, separating earth from heaven, some "ministering spirit, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation," shall lend you a helping hand, and the prayer of faith, like a winged arrow pointed heavenward, shall form a lever by means of which you shall leap from the darkness of earth into the light of heaven.

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven with prayer."

Your passport, signed with "the blood of the Lamb," and sealed with the signet of Him who cannot lie, shall secure your welcome admittance to the throne-room, where you shall "see the King in his beauty;" and as you and your friend go forth eternally, amid the glories of the place, you shall oft exclaim to each other, with ecstatic delight, "The half was not told us!"

THE VALUE OF KNOWLEDGE.

AN incident, trivial in itself, was the means of saving M. Latreille when in prison from the terrible fate of his fellow victims. The surgeon who visited the gaol in which Latreille was confined, one day observed him carefully examining a small beetle which had found its way into his place of confinement. Upon inquiry, he was informed by the prisoner that the insect was a very rare one; and he then expressed a wish to have it for the purpose of presenting it to two young naturalists of his acquaintance living at Bordeaux. The wish was readily complied with, and the insect was conveyed to MM. Bory de St. Vincent and Dargelas. Latreille's eminence as an entomologist was already known to these gentlemen, and being thus made acquainted with his perilous situation, they immediately exerted themselves to obtain, if possible, his liberation, in which they ultimately succeeded. One trembles to think that a month later he must in all probability have shared the fate of his fellow-prisoners, who were shipped as convicts for Cayenne, and the vessel which conveyed them foundered in the Bay of Biscay, when every soul on board perished. The deliverance was truly marvellous, if we refer to its cause—the accidental discovery of an insect. It has been said by one of our great divines that "a fly with God's message could choke a king!" A little insignificant beetle thus saved Latreille. How obscure are the means God often employs, and how apparently inadequate the instruments he uses, to effect his wondrous purposes! It is as though he said, in language not to be mistaken, "I kill, and I make alive."

ANCIENT MODES OF PURCHASE.

AMONG the Hebrews, and, long before them, among the Canaanites, the purchase of anything of consequence was concluded, and the price paid, at the gate of the city, as the seat of judgment, before all who went out and came in, Gen. xxiii. 10, 20. Ruth iv. 1, 2. As persons of leisure, and those who wanted amusement, were wont to sit in the gates, purchases thus made could always be testified by numerous witnesses. From Ruth iv. 7, 11, we learn another singular usage on occasions of purchase, cession, and exchange: that in earlier times the transfer of alienable property was confirmed by the proprietor taking off his shoe at the city gate, in the presence of the elders and other witnesses, and handing it over to the new owner. It is impossible to trace the origin of this custom, but it had evidently become antiquated in the time of David, as the author of the Book of Ruth introduces it as a custom of former ages. In process of time the joining or striking of hands was introduced as a ratification of a bargain and sale. This usage was not unknown in the days of Job (xvii. 3), and Solomon often alludes to it (Prov. vi. 1; xi. 15; xvii. 18). The earliest mention of written instruments, sealed and delivered, for ratifying the disposal

and transfer of property, occurs in Jer. xxxii. 10, 12. The prophet commanded Baruch to put them in an earthen vessel, in order to be preserved for production at a future period, as evidence of the purchase, vs. 14, 15. No mention is expressly made of the manner in which deeds were anciently cancelled.

Youths' Department.

THE STORY OF GRACE HILTON; OR, THE PERILS OF DISOBEDIENCE.

A CHILD'S STORY.

"Honour thy father and thy mother."

I suppose there are few of the girls and boys who read this story who will not understand in their fullest extent the meaning of those words which head this tale, and with which I doubt not they are familiar: though some of them may be far from complying with the injunctions of the commandment. To "honour" means more than the act of simple obedience, or the love which is natural from child to parent. There are few so bad as to actually disobey a father's or a mother's absolute commands, or in their presence to do that which would be disagreeable or disrespectful; but it is not uncommon to find children seeking small occasions of liberty, and in the absence of their father or mother giving way to little temptations, or indulging in senseless and wilful actions, which, if not actually forbidden, would, they well know, grieve and vex their parents. This is not to "honour" their father and mother; this is not to obey the commandment. If little Grace Hilton had but kept that law, her fate would have been very different, and I should not now be telling you her story to illustrate the lesson I would have you lay well to heart.

We were children together; though Grace's mamma was a rich lady, and Grace had more fine clothes, and costlier toys, and handsomer picture books than half a dozen of our playmates put together. Her papa had been a soldier, and was killed in India, when Grace was a baby; her mamma came to live in England. She had no children besides Grace, and you may well suppose that she was the pet and darling of the poor widow lady, whose delight it was to train her little daughter to be a good and clever girl.

And Grace was a good child in most things. She loved her mother as dearly as it was possible to love; she was amiable, sweet-tempered, and gentle with every one, but she had one fault, and of this not all her love for her mother, not the wish to do right, had the power to cure her. You may well believe that so pious and sensible a woman as Mrs. Hilton had not failed to impress upon her little girl the duty she owed to God and those whom he had set over her in life. Grace had read and listened to the explanation of the good truths which the Bible teaches; she knew that she could expect no safety nor happiness in this world, if she neglected that which was right; she meant to "honour" the good mother who was her only parent now, and she would not on any account have given her pain; yet somehow she often did so, and brought punishment and disgrace upon herself. Here is one little incident.

A very beautiful foreign bird had been sent to Mrs. Hilton. It was kept by itself in a large wire

cage upon the lawn, and as it was still rather wild, the lady had forbidden every one in the house to open the cage door, or to meddle with the bird in any way, with the exception of the gardener, whose business it was to attend to it. Grace being alone in the gardens, and strolling to peep in at the new bird, noticed that the water-pan in the cage was dry, and fancying that the creature looked distressed for want of water, she opened the door and went to take out the pan. In a moment there was a rush, the frightened bird dashed round the cage. *Whirr!* a dash of wings upon the air—a loud scream—and the gardener running up, found Grace pale and in tears, gazing with blank amazement at the empty cage. The bird was gone.

Mrs. Hilton was really grieved by the loss of her favourite, but still more by the disobedience of her little daughter. When she talked to Grace very seriously, and told her of the punishment which she should inflict for her fault, she sobbed bitterly. "Indeed, mamma," she said, "I never meant to let the bird out, but he had no water, and, indeed, I thought the poor thing must be thirsty this hot day."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Hilton, gravely; "it was right the bird should have water, and had you called the gardener to attend to its wants, you would have done well. You knew you were doing wrong—you knew you were disobeying me, when you opened that cage door. Even had not the bird escaped, Grace, your fault would have been the same, and I should have punished you as I do now. Bear this in mind, my child—we can never be right in doing a wrong thing." Poor Grace! she promised, and meant to keep her promise, but not a week had passed before she was again in trouble.

"That rose must not be put outside, Gracie," Mrs. Hilton said one morning; "it is too delicate to bear the chill air. Do not move it, my dear, from the stand."

"No, mamma," Grace made answer; and her mother being engaged with visitors, thought no more of the rose till, the next morning, as she walked to the stand in the breakfast-room, she was surprised to see the delicate tea-rose with shrivelled leaves and blossoms all drooping, evidently dead.

"Grace, you did not put this rose out of doors, did you?" she asked.

"Mamma, there came such a beautiful burst of sunshine, I thought you would wish it to be out——"

Mrs. Hilton interrupted her. "Did I not say it was not to be put out? I made no conditions, Grace; my command was absolute. You have disobeyed me, and see! the rose is dead."

More tears, more regrets. Grace always "meant to do right;" she "thought the sun would do the rose tree so much good." She forgot again that *we can never be right in doing a wrong thing*, and that no action is acceptable to God that thrusts a duty out of its place.

Summer time had come again, and one lovely June morning we were all at school busy with our lessons, when, amid the hum of voices, the door of the room flew open, and in danced Grace Hilton with a little shout of joy, at which we all looked up from our books, and our teacher began to blame Grace for being so late.

But the pretty little girl sprang to her side, all smiles and gaiety; no one could be cross with Gracie long.

"You are not to scold, Miss Marsh," she said. "It is my birthday, and mamma says I am only to have my music lesson, if you please, and then I am to go back home; and if you please, may the school have a half-holiday, and all come and play with me, and have a treat in the gardens?"

Miss Marsh gave her consent; the music lesson was given, and away ran Gracie, her bright hair shining in the sun, her beautiful, happy little face turned back to call to us, "Mind and come early; I shan't say good-bye—you will see me again soon."

I am afraid there was not much attention given to lessons after that. Our minds were running upon the expected treat in the gardens; we all knew what it meant—amusements of all kinds on the lawn, games of all sorts in the shrubberies, syllabubs and cakes, fruits and custards; for Mrs. Hilton loved to make young people happy, and Gracie's birthday was a grand occasion.

The moment school was over we dispersed. Many of the girls had to go home to some little distance to dress: my home was close by, and I had little to prepare. I knew I was a favourite of Grace's, and she would be glad to see me first, so I hastened off, and I was at Rosebanks (the name of Mrs. Hilton's house) before any one else.

But no Gracie came running to meet me. The doors stood all open, but there were no signs of festivity. All seemed in commotion; the servants ran hither and thither—a groom was just galloping off on a fleet horse—the maids stood in groups and whispered to each other—and Mrs. Hilton rushed out to the door as I entered the house, and with her hands clasped, and a face pale as death, she cried, "Have you seen Gracie? Oh! where is my darling?"

Grace had never been home! It was not more than a quarter of an hour's walk from the school to her home, yet two hours had passed, and no one had seen her, or could tell what had become of her.

The other little guests began to arrive, all smiles and merriment, which were soon changed to tears and sorrow when they learned that Grace Hilton was lost, and that it was feared some dreadful mishap had befallen her. They all returned home, but Mrs. Hilton begged me to stay. "Grace loves you, Nelly," she said; "and she will be glad to see you here when she comes in."

So I stayed; and, oh! what a dreary day that was! There were the tables that had been set for our feast, the playthings dear Gracie had collected for our amusement, the flowers she had gathered, the birthday gifts her little friends had brought: the poor mother would allow none of them to be removed; she kept saying that her darling must be found, "she must be found;" but as the hours passed on, and yet no tidings came, Mrs. Hilton grew paler, and as she paced the silent rooms, she wrung her hands, and the terrible sighs she breathed came from her heart.

Evening fell, and still no news of Grace. Mrs. Hilton had just rung the bell to give fresh orders, when there was a sound in the distance, a hoarse murmur of voices. It came nearer; the poor mother flew to the door. "They have found my child!" she cried, and she would have rushed down the steps on to the lawn to meet the crowd, but one of the men-servants darted up and held her back. "Oh, madam!" he cried out, "pray go in, pray—" "They have found my child!" screamed the poor lady. "I will go, James; they have found my

darling!" The man in vain tried to keep her back; she burst from him and ran forwards. Then there was a fearful shriek, and the poor mother dropped like one dead into the arms of her servants. Yes, Grace Hilton was found. I saw her again, as she had said I should: but how? I have never forgotten that sight, though years have passed since I looked upon it.

There she lay, her golden hair all dabbled in blood, her white dress spotted with crimson stains, her sweet face bruised, and torn, and crushed. Dead upon her bright June birthday! dead in the very springtime of her fair youth and beauty! dead in the midst of all the glad preparations which had been made for her happiness! with a broken-hearted mother and weeping friends gathered round the poor little mangled body of their darling!

It was known now how it had happened. Between the school and Rosebanks, Grace's home, was a common, which had been in time past a slate quarry; the deep pits remained, though long unused, and in many places they were so overgrown with long wild vines and creeping flowers, that no hole was at all to be seen. All the children in the village were forbidden to enter upon this waste ground, as it was dangerous; and Grace had been particularly warned by her mamma against crossing it, for it was a very short cut from the school to her home, and often had we heard the little girl wish that she had been permitted to cross that way. This birthday morning, full of life and spirits, in haste to get home, she had, no doubt, ventured on the forbidden ground. Tempted by the sight of those beautiful blue, star-like flowers which grew nowhere else, she had gone, all unconscious, to the mouth of a pit; the treacherous vines had given way beneath her feet, and she was dashed to the bottom and killed upon the spot. Her little straw hat, tangled in the briars above, had been seen by a labouring man, and thus gave the alarm to those in search. One of the little hands still held in its death grasp some of the starry blossoms which had tempted her to her death.

I have no more to tell. Poor Gracie was buried in the churchyard close by. Mrs. Hilton was ill for many a day, and her life was scarcely saved; she went abroad, and Rosebanks was shut up for years; a gloom seemed always to hang about the spot, at least to me. It was an awful lesson, and I would have you, little children, think well upon your own actions, that you may be spared such a one, for we may be sure that wilful disobedience is ever attended with danger.

A BOY'S ESCAPE FROM THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

AN illustrious magistrate of the sixteenth century was accustomed to say, when speaking of the world-renowned tragedy of St. Bartholomew, "Would that it could be blotted out from the memory of men!"

This wish has never been realised, nor will the justice and mercy of God suffer it ever to be so. So far from its being forgotten, a large library might be filled with the volumes that have been written upon it by authors of every European nation, who have commented on all the facts, and weighed each sentence that history has preserved on record.

What a day was that which has come down through the annals of all succeeding generations branded with the significant epithet of "Black Bartholomew!"

It was the 24th of August, 1572, when the sun

rose at Paris on a scene of tumult, disorder, and carnage; large streams of blood flowed down the streets, and corpses of men, women, and children blocked up the doorways; everywhere might be heard the groans and cries of the victims, accompanied by the shouts, blasphemies, and execrations of the executioners. Daggers, pikes, knives, swords, arquebuses, all the weapons of the soldier and the ruffian were put in requisition for this horrible butchery; and the miserable populace, following the lead of the assassins, gave the last blows to the Huguenots, whom they mutilated and dragged by cords tied round their necks, through the kennels of the streets.

It has been observed, as a most remarkable fact, that out of so many brave gentlemen who had faced death on the field of battle, there was but one—and he was a lawyer—who attempted to defend himself. The rest fell without remonstrance, beneath the strokes of the dagger or poignard, like helpless women. A crime so monstrous and unexpected paralysed their hands, and before they had recovered self-possession, they had ceased to live. Some few there were, however, who had time to realise their frightful position and make their escape.

Among the most remarkable of these instances must be reckoned that of the Marshal de la Force, whose deliverance was effected in a most surprising and unexampled manner. The father of the marshal, the Sieur de la Force, was one of the Protestant gentlemen who had taken up their quarters, at the time the massacre broke out, on the other side of the Seine, in the Faubourg St. Germain, and the first notice he received, on the morning of the fatal Sunday, of what was passing in the city, was from a person who, as it seems, swam across the river to apprise him of his danger.

Unhappily, De la Force had his two sons with him, the younger of whom, afterwards the marshal, was then in his thirteenth year. Had the good man thought only of his own safety, he probably might have been able, like many of his friends, to effect his escape; but some time was lost in getting his two boys in readiness to accompany him in his flight, and before they had left the house, it was broken into by the murderous assailants. At the head of the party was a wretch named Martin, who, having made his men instantly disarm their prisoners, addressed himself to M. de la Force, and told him with fearful oaths that his last moment was come.

La Force did not lose his presence of mind in these awful moments, but bethought himself of the expedient of offering 2,000 crowns, if the man would spare the lives of himself and his children. The ruffian and his band agreed to accept this bribe, and after having pillaged the house, desired the father and his two sons to tie their handkerchiefs in the form of crosses around their hats, and to turn up the right sleeves of their coats.

They then all set out together, being protected from attack by thus having adopted the badge agreed upon between the Catholics. The river, as they crossed it, was already covered with dead bodies, and the same frightful tokens of the tragedy acting around them strewed the courts of the Louvre, and the other places through which they had to pass. At last they arrived at Martin's house, in the Rue des Petits Champs; and there La Force having been first bound by an oath not to attempt to withdraw

either himself or his sons, until he should have paid the 2,000 crowns, the fugitives were left in charge of two Swiss soldiers.

Madame de Brisembourg, the sister-in-law of Sieur La Force, who resided in the arsenal, of which her relation, the Marshal de Biron, was grand master, upon being applied to for payment of the promised ransom, engaged to send the requisite sum by the evening of the following day. La Force and his sons were therefore obliged to remain till that time where they were.

This unhappy delay proved most fatal in its consequences. When the appointed time arrived, a messenger was dispatched for the money; but, while he was yet absent on his errand, the Count de Coconas suddenly made his appearance at the head of a party of soldiers, bringing orders, as he said, to conduct the prisoners immediately to the Duke of Anjou. He had no sooner intimated the object of his visit than his men, roughly seizing the father and his sons, pulled off their bonnets and mantles, and by their threats and the savage manner in which they used them, afforded but too sure a presage of the terrible doom that awaited them. They conducted them, however, as far as to the end of the street entering the Rue St. Honoré without offering them any further violence; but, on arriving here, the assassins halted, and making a sudden assault upon their prisoners, dispatched first the eldest son, and immediately after the unhappy father, by repeated blows with their daggers.

Strange to tell, the younger son, whose name was Jacques Nomparr, in the confusion of the encounter, escaped untouched; the strokes of the murderers, seemingly struck at random in their wild haste, having all missed him, and fallen upon his father and brother. He had the presence of mind, however, to throw himself upon the ground beside them; and as he lay bathed in their blood, the murderers, supposing their deed accomplished, after hastily stripping the bodies, left the spot.

It was not long before a number of the neighbours approached, and paused to gaze on the sad spectacle. Among the rest was a poor man, a marker belonging to the tennis-court in the Rue du Verdelet, who, on beholding the body of the youngest son, happened to remark, loud enough for his words to reach the ear of the boy, "Alas! this one is but a mere child." On hearing these words uttered in tones of compassion, the poor young lad ventured gently to raise his head, and to whisper that he was still alive. The man, on this, bade him remain perfectly still for a little longer, till he should be able to come and remove him without being observed. As soon as everybody was out of sight, he returned, and throwing an old ragged cloak over the boy, took him on his back, and set out with him for his own house. Some persons whom he met on the way having asked him who it was he was carrying, "It is my nephew," said he, "who has got drunk. I promise you he shall have a good whipping for his pains, this evening." He soon got home safely with his burden, and in his poor garret La Force spent the night.

On the morning of the following day, his preserver, at his request, agreed to conduct him to the Arsenal, the boy gladly engaging to pay him thirty crowns for this service. They set out together, at break of day, and in a short time reached the gate of the Arsenal, without having met with any interrup-

tion. The difficulty now was for La Force, in the beggarly dress he then wore, to obtain admission into the building, but, after some consideration, leaving his guide without, he watched an opportunity when the gate was opened, and contrived to slip through, unobserved by the porter. He met nobody till he reached the part of the building in which his aunt resided. We may readily imagine that when Madame de Brissebourg beheld him, her astonishment and emotion were extreme, for she had already been informed that her three relatives were all among the slain. The thirty crowns were immediately sent out to the tennis-marker, and the young fugitive was put to bed in the ladies' room, where he was secure from interruption, and had time to recover from the fatigue and terror he had undergone. He remained thus concealed for the two following days, when information was brought to Marshal Biron that the building was about to be searched by order of the king, in consequence of reports which were in circulation that some of the Huguenots had taken refuge therein.

It was, therefore, thought advisable that he should be immediately transferred to some other hiding-place; and accordingly, with the aid of Madame de Brissebourg, being disguised in the attire of a page, he was confided to the care of a M. Guillon, controller of artillery. This gentleman was not, however, entrusted with the secret; he believed his young charge to be the son of his late friend, M. de Beaupuy, who had recently been sent to Paris, and who, it was thought desirable, should be taken care of till the confusion everywhere prevalent in the city should have subsided.

With this gentleman he remained seven or eight days; but, even at that distance of time after the massacre, the report of his singular escape having got abroad, fears were still entertained as to his safety. At length his friends contrived to convey him beyond the walls of the capital; and after several other perilous adventures, he was happy enough, on the eighth day after leaving Paris, to reach the house of his father's brother, the Sieur de Caumont, near Mirande, in the south of France, by whom he was received "with so great joy and contentment as is not to be believed."

The boy thus marvellously rescued from the jaws of destruction, and who eventually rose, as has been said, to the rank of marshal, lived for more than eighty years after his singular escape. When the King of Navarre (afterwards Henry IV.), having made his escape from the Court, put himself at the head of the Protestant cause, La Force hastened to join his army. The birth, misfortunes, and amiable disposition of the youth attracted the regard of the great prince, who gladly enlisted him among his adherents, and he soon distinguished himself by his military prowess. His devotedness to the interests of Henry won for him the entire confidence of that monarch, upon whom he was almost always in attendance; in fact, he was actually in the carriage with the king, when the latter fell beneath the hand of an assassin.

The subsequent career of the marshal was one of active service. He took part in all the most stirring scenes of military adventure, and survived through battle, siege, and storm, until, at length, having attained the patriarchal age of ninety-four, he died in the year 1653, probably one of the last of those who had witnessed the bloody scene in which he had so nearly perished.

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES," ETC.

CHAPTER LI.

A FRIGHT FOR ANN CANHAM.

So the magistrates declined to interfere, and Mr. Chattaway went about a free man. But not an untainted one—if condemnatory opinions can taint—for the neighbourhood was still free in its comments, and openly accused him of having made away with Rupert. Mr. Chattaway had his retaliation: he offered a reward for the recovery of the incendiary Rupert Trevlyn, and the walls for miles round were placarded with the handbills. The police, urged to it by him, re-commenced their search with vigour, and Mr. Chattaway actually talked of sending to the metropolis for an experienced detective. One thing was indisputable—that if Rupert were in life he must keep himself from the vicinity of Trevlyn Hold. Nothing could save him from the law, if taken a second time. Jim Sanders would not be kidnapped again, to prevent his proving the firing of the rick; he had already testified to it officially; and Mr. Chattaway's vengeance was athirst for satisfaction.

Take it for all in all, it was going on well nigh to break the heart of Mrs. Chattaway. Looking at it in any light, it was bad enough. The fear touching her husband, not the less startling and terrible from its excessive improbability, was dissipated, for he had succeeded in convincing her he was, so far, innocent; but her fears for Rupert kept her in a perpetual state of inward terror. Miss Diana publicly condemned Rupert: this hiding from justice (if he was hiding) she regarded in a light only in a degree less reprehensible than the crime itself, as did Mrs. Ryle; and had Miss Diana met Rupert returning home some fine day, she would have laid her hand upon him as effectually as Mr. Dumps himself could, and said, "You shall not go again." Do not mistake Miss Diana: it would not have pleased her to see Rupert—a Trevlyn—stand at the bar of a public tribunal to be judged by the laws of his country: what she would have done was, to take Rupert home to the Hold, marshalled by her hand, and say to Chattaway, "Here he is, but you must forgive him: you must forgive him, because he is a Trevlyn; and a Trevlyn cannot be brought to disgrace." Miss Diana had full confidence in her own influential power to command this: others wisely doubted whether any amount of interference on any part would avail now with Mr. Chattaway. His wife felt that it would not: she felt that were poor Rupert to venture home, even in twelve months to come, trusting that time and clemency had effected his pardon, he would be sacrificed: between Miss Diana's policy, and Mr. Chattaway's opposite policy, he would inevitably be sacrificed. Altogether, Mrs. Chattaway's life was more painful now Rupert had gone, than it had been when he was at home.

Cris was against Rupert; Octave was bitterly against him; Maude went about the house with a white face and shrinking heart, her health and her spirits alike giving way under the tension. Suspense is, of all evils, the worst to bear: and they who loved Rupert, Maude and her Aunt Edith, were victims to it hourly and daily. The bow was always strung. On the one hand was the

latent doubt that he had come to some violent end that night, in spite of Mr. Chattaway's denial; and they could not divest themselves of it, try as they would, or of the wretched speculation it brought in its train: on the other hand, was the lively dread that he was but concealing himself, and might be discovered by the police any day that the sun arose. They had speculated so much upon where he could be, that the ever-recurring thought brought now only its heart-sickness; and Maude had the additional pain of hearing petty shafts lanced at her because she was his sister. Mrs. Chattaway prayed upon her bended knees that, hard to be borne as the suspense was, Rupert might not come back until time should have softened the heart of Mr. Chattaway, and the grievous charge pending against Rupert be done away with for the want of a prosecutor.

Nora was in the midst of bustle at Trevlyn Farm, and Nora was also in an explosive temper. It was the annual custom there, when the busy time of harvest was fully over, to institute a general house renovating: summer curtains were taken down, and winter ones were put up, carpets were shaken, floors and paint scoured; and the place, in short, to use an ordinary expression, was turned inside out.

There was more than usual to be done this year: for mendings and alterations had to be made in sundry curtains, and the upholstering woman, by name Brown, had been at Trevlyn Farm the last day or two, getting forward with her task. The ruse made use of by Nora in the court at Barnester, to wife Farmer Apperley over to a private conference, and though used then but as a ruse, had really had some point in it, for negotiations were going on with that industrious member of the upholstering society, through Mrs. Apperley, who had recommended her to Nora.

Mrs. Brown sat in the centre of a pile of curtains, plying her needle steadily: the finishing stitches were being put to the work: at least, they would be before night should fall. Mrs. Brown, a sallow woman with an ever-perpetual cold in her head, preferred to work in out-door costume: a black poke bonnet and faded woollen shawl of red plaid crossed over her shoulders. Nora stood by her in a very angry mood, her arms folded, just as though she had nothing to do: which would be a circumstance to be noticed at these cleaning times.

For Nora never let the grass grow under her feet, or under anybody else's feet, when there was work to do. By dint of beginning hours before daylight, and keeping at it hours after night-fall; in point of fact, by making that one day in the year four-and-twenty hours long instead of twelve, she succeeded in getting it all over in the day. Herself, Nanny, and Ann Canham put their best energies into it, one or two of the men were set to rub at the mahogany furniture, and Mrs. Ryle had to dispense almost entirely with being waited upon. And Nora's present anger arose from the fact that Ann Canham, by some extraordinary mischance, had not made her appearance.

It was putting things nearly at a standstill, as Nora complained to Mrs. Brown. The two cleaners of the rooms were Nanny and Ann Canham. Nanny was doing her part, but what was to become of the other part? and where could Ann Canham be? Nora kept

her eyes turned on the window, as she talked and grumbled, watching for the return of Jim Sanders, whom she had dispatched to see after Ann Canham.

Presently she discovered him approaching, and she went to the door and threw it open long before the lad could be at it. "She can't come," he called out, when he at length came up.

"Not come!" echoed Nora in wrathful consternation, looking as if she felt inclined to beat Jim for bringing the message. "What on earth does she mean by that?"

"Well, she said her father was poorly and she couldn't leave him," returned Jim.

Nora could scarcely speak for indignation. Old Canham, as was known to all the neighbourhood, had been poorly for years, and it never kept Ann at home before. "I don't believe it," said she, in her perplexity.

"I don't think I do neither," returned Jim. "I'm a'most sure that old Canham was sat right afore the fire, a-smoking his pipe as usual. She drewed the door to behind her, all in a hurry, while she talked to me, but not afore I see old Canham there. I be next to certain on it."

Nora could not understand the state of affairs. Ann Canham, humble, industrious, grateful for any day's work offered to her, had never failed to come, when engaged, in all Barbrook's experience. What was to be done? The morrow was Saturday, and to have the cleaning extend to that day (as it inevitably would, failing the help of Ann Canham), would have upset the farm's regularity and Nora's temper for a month. In fact, there was a doubt of its being done, as it was; for Ann Canham ought to have been there and at work hours before.

Nora took a sudden resolution. She snatched her bonnet and shawl from the pegs where they hung, and set off for the lodge, determined to bring Ann Canham back, willing or unwilling, or to know the reason why. This *contretemps* in the yearly cleaning would never be forgotten by Nora during life.

Without any superfluous civility of knocking, Nora proceeded to open the door and enter when she reached the lodge. But the door was locked. "What can that be for?" ejaculated Nora—for she had never known the lodge door to be locked in the day-time. "She expects I shall come after her, and thinks she'll keep me out!"

Without the intervention of an instant, Nora's face was at the window, to reconnoitre the interior. She saw the smock-frock of old Mark disappearing through the opposite door, as quickly as was consistent with his rheumatic state. Nora rattled at the handle of the door with one hand, and knocked sharply on its panel with the other. Ann Canham opened it.

"Now then, Ann Canham, what's the meaning of this?" she began, pushing by Ann Canham, who stood in the way, almost as if she would have kept her out.

"I beg a humble pardon, ma'am, a hundred times," was the low, deprecating answer. "I'd do anything a'most, rather nor disappoint—such a thing I'm sure as never happened to me yet—but I'm obliged. Father, he's too poorly for me to leave him."

Nora surveyed her critically. The woman was evidently in a state of inward discomfort, if not terror.

She was trembling visibly, in spite of her efforts to suppress it, and her lips were white.

"I got a boy to run down to Mrs. Sanders's this morning at day-light, and ask her to go in my place," resumed Ann Canham. "Until Jim come up here a short while ago, I never thought but what she had went."

"What's the reason you can't come?" demanded Nora, her tone one of uncompromising sternness.

"I'd come but for father. He——"

"You needn't peril your soul with deliberate untruths," interrupted angry Nora. "A woman at your age ought to fear 'em, Ann Canham. There's nothing the matter with your father; nothing that need hinder your coming out. If he's well enough to be here in the house place, smoking his pipe, he's well enough for you to leave him. He *was* smoking. Haven't I got the smoke now in my nostrils? and what's that?"—pointing to the pipe which her quick eyes had detected, pushed into a corner of the hearth.

Ann Canham stood the picture of confusion and helplessness under the reproach. She stammered out that she "daredn't leave him: he wasn't hisself to-day."

"He was enough himself to make off to avoid seeing me," said angry Nora. "What's to become of my cleaning? Who's to do it, if you don't? I insist upon your coming, Ann Canham."

It appeared almost beyond Ann Canham's courage to bring out a second refusal, and she burst into tears as she spoke it. She had never offended afore, and she hoped, if forgive this time, never to offend again: but to leave her father that day was impossible.

And Nora had to take the refusal, and make the best of it. She went away searching for the woman's motive, and came to the conclusion, wanting a better, that she must have some sewing in hand which she was compelled to finish; but, that Mark's illness was detaining her, she believed not. Still, she could not comprehend it. Ann Canham had always been so eager to oblige, so simple, so open-minded. Had sewing really detained her, she would have brought it out to show to Nora; she would have told the truth, not have laid the excuse to her father's state of health. Nora was puzzled, and that was a thing she hated. Ruminating upon all this, she nearly ran against Mrs. Sanders at a turning of the road. The woman was passing her with a salutation, but Nora brought her up summarily.

"Don't be in such a hurry, Meg Sanders. Did you get a message from Ann Canham this morning?"

"I be a-going up about it now," was the reply. "Joe Fibbs's boy come afore I were up, and said Ann Canham had sent him to ask me to go and do the cleaning. How was I to know what was meant? and little Fibbs, he said he didn't know. So when I had got my morning's work over, and the place done up a bit, I thought I'd go and ask her."

"Of all stupid bunglers, you and Ann Canham are the worst," cried exasperated Nora. "Just turn yourself round, and go to the Farm, for that's where the cleaning is. And you must put your best hand to it, woman, or it won't get done to-day. If Ann Canham ever serves me such a trick again—— I declare there's Madam Chattaway!"

Mrs. Chattaway was coming towards the road from the field way. Nora stopped to wait until she came up. Meg Sanders continued her way to the farm. Nora, who, when suffering under a personal grievance, must dilate upon it to everybody, favoured Mrs. Chattaway with an account of Ann Canham, her extraordinary conduct, and her ingratitude.

"Rely upon it her father is ill," was the answer of Mrs. Chattaway. "I will tell you why I think so, Nora. Yesterday I was at Barmester with my sister, and as we pulled up at the chemist's where I had business, Ann Canham came out with a bottle of medicine in her hand. I asked her who was ill, and she said it was her father. I remarked to the chemist afterwards that I supposed Mark Canham had a fresh attack of rheumatism, but he replied that it was fever."

"Fever!" echoed Nora.

"I exclaimed, as you do: but the chemist persisted that by Ann Canham's account, Mark must be suffering from a species of low fever. As we returned, my sister stopped the pony-carriage at the lodge, and Ann came out to us. She explained it differently from the chemist: what she had meant to imply when she went for the medicine was, that her father was feverish—but he was better then, she said. Altogether, I judge that he is a little worse than usual, and it may be that she was afraid to leave him to-day."

"Well," said Nora, "all I can say is, that I saw old Canham stealing out of the room when I knocked at it, just as though he did not want to be seen. He was smoking, too. I can't make it out."

Mrs. Chattaway was neither so speculative nor so curious as Nora; perhaps not so keen: she viewed it as nothing extraordinary that Mark Canham should be rather worse than usual, or that his daughter should decline to go out and leave him. Quitting the subject, she spoke of one that bore for her a far deeper interest.

"Nora, you see we hear nothing of Rupert. Is it not strange?"

"Middling for that," answered Nora, with a very significant cough. "I think I could find him if I tried: I have not had much doubt as to where he is, for a long while."

To describe the feverish interest to which Mrs. Chattaway was aroused by this speech would be difficult. Her cheeks grew crimson, her lips parted in their eagerness, her hands were raised.

"Oh, Nora, tell me, tell me! You would tell me if you knew what I suffer. My days are passed in suspense, in terror: my nights are rendered painful by overhaunting dreams. Only last night I saw him working with chains on his arms and legs. Tell me, if you know where he is."

"I don't *know* anything, Madam Chattaway; any more than you or others do," was Nora's answer, and it brought depression to the heart of her eager listener. "I think he is at that out-of-the-way place, hundreds of miles off, being kept quiet by Mr. Daw."

"But he cannot be," reasoned Mrs. Chattaway. "Did you not know of the letters that came from Mr. Daw?"

"Yes, I did: and I felt sure at the time that those letters came as a blind," said wise Nora. "I feel sure of

it still. Mrs. Ryle thinks as I do—that Rupert is there. Don't worry yourself, Madam Chattaway. If he is there, he is being taken care of: and it may all come right in the end."

Nora went away as she spoke. Fond as she was of gossiping, it was not expedient to spare time for it to-day. Mrs. Chattaway looked after her, and crossed the road to continue her way to Barbrook. But when she got into the field on the opposite side, and saw before her the narrow grove where—as accounts ran—the encounter had taken place between her husband and Rupert on the night of the latter's disappearance, the unhappy lady felt that she could not traverse it. She went back to the highway, and continued her course by that route, though it was considerably longer.

Much later in the day—in fact, when the afternoon was getting on—Ann Canham, with a wild, scared look in her face, turned out of the lodge. She took the road towards Trevlyn Farm. Not in an open, bold manner, as folks do who are not afraid of dogs and policemen, but in a timorous, uncertain, hesitating fashion, that did give the idea that she must dread either the one or the other. Plunging into the fields when she was nearing the farm, she stole along under cover of the hedge, until she reached the one which skirted the fold-yard. Cautiously raising her face to take a view over it of what might be on the other side, it came almost into contact with another face, which was raised there to see anything there might be to see on this—the face of policeman Dumps.

Ann Canham uttered a shrill scream, and flew away as fast as her legs could carry her. Perhaps of all living beings, Mr. Dumps was about the last she would have preferred to encounter just then. That gentleman made his way to a side gate, and called after her.

"What be you afeard on, Ann Canham? Did you think it was a mad bull a-looking over at you?"

It occurred to Ann Canham that her starting away in that extraordinary fashion could only be regarded as consistent with the near companionship of a mad bull, or some other obnoxious animal, and that the policeman might be for setting himself to the work of discovering her motive—it lying in the nature of a policeman's work so to do. That thought, or some other, made her turn slowly back again, and confront Mr. Dumps.

"What was you afeard on?" he repeated.

"Not of nothing in particular, please, sir," she answered. "It was the suddenness like of seeing a face there that startled me."

Mr. Dumps thought she looked curiously startled still. But that complacent official, being accustomed by the bare fact of his presence to strike terror to the heart of boys and other scapegraces of the parish, did not give it a second thought. "Were you looking for anybody?" he asked, simply as an idle question.

"No, sir. I just put my head up over the hedge without meaning. I didn't want nothing."

Mr. Dumps, in the lofty manner patronised by some of his tribe, turned away on his heel without condescending so much as a "good afternoon." Ann Canham pursued her way along the side hedge which skirted the fold-yard, the hedge which was at right angles with that skirting the road. Anybody observing her closely might

have detected indications of trembling about her still. In a cautious and timid manner, she at length turned her head round, to get a glimpse of Mr. Dumps's movements.

Mr. Dumps—and what had taken him into the fold-yard at Mr. Ryle's, Ann Canham could not guess, unless it might be that he was looking after Nanny—had turned into the road, and was pursuing his way slowly down it. Every step took him farther from Ann Canham; and when he was fairly out of sight, the sigh of relief she gave was long and deep.

But of course there was no certainty that he would not be coming back again. Possibly it was that insecurity that caused Ann Canham to take stolen looks over into the fold-yard, and then duck down her head under the hedge, as if she had been at some forbidden play. But Mr. Dumps did not come back again; and yet she continued her game.

A full hour by the sun had she been at it; and by her countenance, by the almost despairing occasional movement of her hands, it might be inferred that she was growing sadly anxious and weary, when Jim Sanders emerged from some one of the out-buildings at the upper end of the fold-yard, and began to traverse it towards the other end. To do this he had to pass within a few yards of the hedge where the by-play was going on: and somewhat to his surprise he heard himself called to in hushed and covert tones. Casting his eyes to the spot whence the voice proceeded, he saw the well-tanned straw bonnet, the care-worn brow, and weak eyes of Ann Canham raised above the hedge. She beckoned to him in a mysterious manner, and then all signs of her disappeared.

"If ever I see the like o' that!" soliloquised Jim. "What's up with Ann Canham?" He approached the hedge, and bawled out to know what she wanted.

"Hush—sh—sh—sh!" came forth the warning sound from the other side. "Come round here to me, Jim."

Considerably astonished, thinking perhaps Ann Canham had got a litter of live puppies to show him—for, if Jim had a weakness for anything on earth, it was for those charming specimens of the young animal world—he made his way through the gate round to Ann Canham. Ann had no puppies; nothing but a small note in her hand, wafered down and pressed with a thimble.

"Is the master anywhere about, Jim?"

"He's just gone into the barn now. The men be thrashing."

Ann Canham paused a moment. Jim stared at her.

"Could you just do me a bit o' service, Jim?" she resumed.

Jim, a good-natured lad at all times, replied that he supposed he could if he tried. But he stared still; he was puzzled by this extraordinary behaviour on the part of quiet Ann Canham.

"I want this bit of a letter give to him," she said, pointing to what she held. "I want it give to him when he's by himself like, so that it don't get seen as it's give to him. Could you manage it, Jim?"

"I dare say I could," replied Jim. "What is the letter? What's inside of him?"

"Well, it concerns Mr. Ryle," said Ann Canham, after a perceptible hesitation. "Jim, if you'll do this faithful for me, I won't forget it. Mind you watch your

opportunity; and keep the letter inside your smock frock, for fear anybody should see it."

"I'll do it," said Jim. He took the note from her, put it in his trowsers' pocket underneath his smock frock, and went back towards the barn whistling. Ann Canham turned homewards, flying over the ground now as if she were running a race.

Jim had not to wait for an opportunity. He met his master coming out of the barn. The doorway was dark; the thrashing men were at the upper end of the barn, and no eyes were near. Jim could not help some of the mystery which had appeared in Ann Canham's manner from extending to his own.

"What's this?" asked George.

"Ann Canham brought it, sir. She was hiding 't'other side the yard hedge and called to me, and she telled me to be sure to give it when nobody was by."

George took the missive to the door and looked at it. A piece of white paper, which had apparently served to wrap tea in, or something of that sort, folded in an awkward fashion, and wafered down with a thimble. No direction.

He pulled it open; the wafer, made very wet, was not dry yet; and he saw a few words in a sprawling hand:

"Don't betray me, George. Come to me in secret as soon as you can. I think I'm dying."

And in spite of its being signatureless; in spite of the scrawled characters, the blotted words, George Ryle recognised the handwriting of Rupert Trevlyn.

CHAPTER LII.

SURPRISE FOR GEORGE RYLE.

ON the hard flock bed in the lean-to back room at the lodge, he lay. As George Ryle stood there bending over him, he could have touched any part of the walls around; he would have bumped against the ceiling, had he raised his head upright. The explanation of Jim Sanders that it was Ann Canham who brought the note, guided George naturally to the lodge; otherwise he would not have known where to look for him. One single question to old Canham as he entered—"Is he here?"—and George bounded up the stairs.

Ann Canham, who was standing over the bed—her head just escaped the ceiling—turned to George. Trouble and pain were on her countenance as she spoke to him.

"He is in the delirium now, sir. I was afeard he would be."

George Ryle could make no reply for astonishment. Never had he cast a shade of suspicion to Rupert's being concealed at the lodge. "Has he been here long?" he whispered.

"All along, sir; since the night he was missed," was the reply of Ann Canham. "After I had got home that night, a quarter of an hour it might be, and I was telling father about Master Rupert's having took the half loaf in his hunger, and what he said, he come knocking at the door to be let in. Chattaway and him had met and quarrelled, he told me, and he was knocked down, and his shoulder was hurt, and he felt tired and sick; and he said he'd stop with us till the morning, and be away afore daylight, so that we should not get into trouble for sheltering of him. With a dreadful deal of press-

ing, sir, I got him to come up to this here bed, and I lay on the settle down-stairs for the night. Afore daylight I was up, and had got the fire alight, and the kettle on, to make him a cup o' tea afore he started, but he did not come down. I came up here and found him ill; his shoulder was stiff and painful, and he was bruised and sore all over, and he thought he couldn't get out o' bed. Well, sir, he stopped, and he have been here ever since getting worse, and me just frightened out of my life, for fear he should be found by Mr. Chattaway or them police, and took off to prison. I was sick for the whole day after, sir, that time that Mr. Bowen called me into his station-house, and set on to question me."

George was occupied, looking at Rupert. There could not be a doubt that he was in a state of semi-delirium; George feared there could not be a doubt that he was in a state of danger. The bed was low and narrow, evidently hard, the flock of the mattress collected into lumps; the bolster small, and almost as low as the bed. Rupert's head lay on it quietly enough; his hair, which had grown very long since his confinement, fell around him in a wavy mass; his cheeks wore the hectic crimson of fever, his blue eyes were unnaturally bright. There was no speculation in those eyes. They were partially closed, and though the entrance of George caused them to be turned to him, there was nothing of recognition in their light. His arms were flung outside the bed, the wristbands pushed up as if from heat.

"I have put him on a shirt o' father's, sir, when his have wanted washing," explained Ann Canham, to whom it was natural to relate minute details. "Things needs to be shifted oftener when one's abed nor when one's up."

"How long has he been like this—without consciousness?" inquired George.

"Just about for the last hour, sir. He writ that letter that I brought to you, and when I come back he was like this. Maybe he'll come to himself again presently; he have been as bad as this at times in the last day or two. I'm so afeard of its going on to brain fever. If he should get into a state of raving, we could never keep his being here a secret; he'd be heard outside."

"He ought to have had a doctor to him before this."

"But how is one to be got here?" debated Ann Canham. "Once a doctor knew where Mr. Rupert was, he might be for betraying it—there's the reward, you know, sir. And how could we get a doctor in without its being known at the Hold? What mightn't Chattaway suspect?"

George remained silent, revolving what she said. There were difficulties undoubtedly in the way.

"Nobody knows the trouble I've been in, sir, especially since he got worse. At first, he just lie here quiet, more as if he was glad of the rest, and my chief care was to keep folks as far as I could out o' the lodge, bathe his shoulder, and bring him up a share of our poor meals. But since he got worse, and the fever came upon him, I've been half dazed, wondering what I ought to do. There were two people I thought I might speak to—you, sir, and Madam. But Mr. Rupert, he was again it, and father he was dead again it: they were afeard, you see, that if only one was told, it might come to be known that he was here. Father, he's old now, and a'most helpless; he couldn't do a stroke toward getting

his own living. If I be out afore daylight at any of my places o' work, it's as much as he can do to open the gate and fasten it back: and he knows that Mr. Chattaway would turn us from this, right off the estate, if it come to be known that we had sheltered Mr. Rupert. But yesterday Mr. Rupert found he was getting worse and worse, and I said to father what would become of us if he should die? and they both said that you should be told to-day if he was no better. We did think him a trifle better this morning, but later the fever came on worse, and Mr. Rupert himself said he'd write a word to you, and I found a bit o' paper and brought him the big Bible, and held it afore him in bed, that he might lean the letter on while he writed it."

She ceased her account. George, as before, was looking at Rupert: it seemed to Ann Canham that he could not gaze enough, but in truth he was buried in thought; fairly puzzled with the difficulties that encompassed the case.

"Is it anything more than low fever?" he asked.

"I don't think it is, sir, yet. But it may go on to more, you know."

George did know. He knew that assistance was necessary in more ways than one, if that worse contingency was to be avoided. Medical attendance, a more airy room, generous nourishment; and how was it to be accomplished, even one of them, let alone all? The close closet—it could scarcely be called more—had no chimney in it; the air and light could come in only through a small pane ingeniously made to raise at will in the roof. The narrow bed and one chair took up nearly all the space, leaving but little for George and Ann Canham as they stood. George, coming in from the fresh air, felt half stifled, sick with the closeness of the room: and this must be most pernicious for the invalid. It is a merciful boon that these inconveniences are so soothing to those who have to endure them—as most inconveniences and trials of life are. To an outsider they look formidable, unbearable; but to the actual sufferers they are but light. George Ryle felt as if a day in that atmosphere of nausea would half kill him; but Rupert, lying in it always, was sensible of no inconvenience from it. It was not, however, the less injurious to him; and it appeared that there was no remedy; there could be no removal from it.

"What have you given him?" inquired George.

"I made him some herb tea, sir, but it didn't seem to do him good, and then I went over to Barmester to the druggist's, and got a bottle o' physic. I had to say it was for father, and the druggist told me I ought to call in a doctor when I described the illness. Coming out of the shop there was Miss Diana's pony carriage at the door, and Madam met me and asked who the physic was for: I never was so took to. And the physic didn't seem to do him good neither."

"I meant as to food," returned George.

"Ah! sir, as to food—what could I give him but our poor fare? milk porridge, and such like. I went up to the Hold one day and begged a basin o' curds-and-whey, and he eat it all and drank up the whey quite greedy; but I didn't dare to go again, for fear of their suspecting something. It's meat and wine that he ought to have had from the first, sir; but we can't get such

things as that. Why, sir, I shouldn't dare to be seen cooking a bit o' meat: it would set Mr. Chattaway wondering at once. What's to be done?"

What indeed? There was the question. Idea after idea shot through George Ryle's mind; wild fancies, because under the present fears, impossible to be acted upon. It might be dangerous to call a doctor in. Allowing that he, the man of medicine, proved true, and kept the secret sacred, the very fact of his attendance there would cause a stir at the Hold. Miss Diana would come down, questioning old Canham of his ailments; and she would inevitably find that he was *not* ill enough to require the services of a doctor. A doctor might venture there once: but regularly? George did not see the way by any means clear.

But Rupert must not be left there to die. George took up his delicate hand—and Rupert's hands had always been delicate—and held it as he spoke to him. It was hot; fevered: the dry lips were fevered; the hectic cheeks, the white brow, all were burning with fever. "Don't you know me, Rupert?" he bent lower to ask.

The words were so far heard that Rupert moved his head from side to side on the bolster; perhaps the familiar name "Rupert" may have penetrated to some chord of memory; but there was no real recognition, and he began to twitch at the bed-clothes with one of his hands.

George turned away. He went down the nearly upright ladder of a staircase, feeling that little time was to be lost. Old Canham stood in his tottering fashion, leaning upon his crutch, watching the descent.

"What do you think of him, Mr. George?"

"I hardly know what to think, Mark. Or, rather, I know what to think, but I don't know what to do. It seems to me that a doctor must be got here; and without loss of time."

Old Canham—who had sat down, for he was incapable of standing long—lifted his hands with a gesture of deprecating despair. "Once the secret is give over to a doctor, sir, there's no telling where it'll travel to, or what'll be the consequence to us all."

"I think King would be true," said George. "Nay, I feel sure he would be true. The worst is, he's a simple-minded man, and might betray it through sheer inadvertency. I would a great deal rather bring Mr. Benage to him; I *know* we might rely on Benage, and he is a more skilful man than King; but it is not practicable. To see one of the renowned Barmester surgeons enter the lodge for attendance on you—for that's what it must be put upon, whoever comes—might create a greater commotion at the Hold than would be desirable; they would be for asking what malady Mark was attacked with, to render necessary so out-of-the-way a proceeding; would come flocking, one and all, with their question. No; it must be King."

"Sir, couldn't you go to one o' them gentlemen yourself and describe what's the matter with Master Rupert, and ask for some medicine? You needn't say who it is that's ill."

George shook his head. "It would not do, Mark; the responsibility is too great. Were anything to happen to Rupert—and I believe he is in danger—you and

I should alike blame ourselves for not having called in advice to him at all risks. I shall get King here somehow."

He went out as he spoke, partly perhaps to avoid farther opposition to what he felt *must* be done. Yet he did not see the besetting difficulties the less, and he halted in thought outside the lodge door.

At that moment, there came in view Maude Trevlyn. She was alone, walking slowly down the avenue. George advanced to meet her; he could not help noticing her heavy step, her pale, weary face.

"Maude, what are you grieving at?"

That she had been grieving, and recently, her eyes betrayed, and the words renewed it. Struggling for a brief moment, and unsuccessfully, with her feelings, she gave way with a burst, and sobbed herself nearly into hysterics.

George was startled. He drew her on the side by the trees. "Maude, Maude, you will be ill. What is this?"

"Oh, this suspense!—this agony!" she breathed. "Every day, almost every hour, something or other occurs to renew vividly the trouble. It it could but end! George, I cannot bear it much longer. I feel as if I must go off to the end of the world and search for him. If I were but sure he was in life, it would be something."

George took rapid counsel with himself. Surely Maude would be safe; surely it would be a charity, nay, a duty, to tell her! He drew her hand in his, he bent his face—almost as hectic with excitement as the unhappy Rupert's, hard by, was with fever—near to hers.

"Maude! what will you give me for the news that I have heard? I can impart to you tidings of Rupert. He is not dead. He is not very far away."

For an instant her heart stood still. But George glanced round as with fear, and there was a sadness in his tone.

"He is taken!" she exclaimed, her pulses bounding on.

"No. But care must be observed if we would prevent it. He is, in that sense, at liberty, and very near to us. But it is not all sunshine, Maude; he is exceedingly ill."

"Where is he?" she gasped.

"Will you compose yourself if I take you to him? But we have need of great caution; we must make sure that no prying eyes are spying at us."

Her very agitation proved how great had been the strain upon her nervous system; for a few minutes he thought she would faint, there, leaning against the trees as she stood. "Only take me to him, George," she murmured, "I will bless you for ever."

Into the lodge and up old Canham's narrow and perpendicular staircase he led her. She stepped into the room timidly, not with the eager bound of hope fulfilled, but with slow and hesitating feet, almost as she had once stepped into the presence of the dead, that long ago night at Trevlyn Farm.

He lay as he had lain when George went out: the eyes fixed, the head beginning to turn restlessly, the one hand picking at the coarse brown sheet. "Come

in, Maude; there is nothing to fear; but he will not know you."

She went in with her shaking hands, her changing cheeks. She stood for a moment gazing at him who lay there, as though it required time to take the scene into her sight, her senses; and then she fell on her knees in a strange burst, half joy, half grief, and kissed his hands, and his fevered lips.

"Oh, Rupert, my brother! My brother Rupert!"

(To be continued.)

The Religious World.

MATAMOROS, the Spanish exile, has spent a few days in London, almost in privacy. He has returned to France, and will, in all probability, be employed by a French religious society in the work of evangelisation at Oran, in Africa, where reside hundreds of people speaking the Spanish language, and where religious liberty is enjoyed. At a meeting which took place the other evening at the house of Mr. Head, and which was attended by Samuel Gurney, Esq., and many other friends of religion, that well-known philanthropist, and the venerable Dr. Steane, gave some information respecting the efforts made by the deputation which was sent to Madrid in behalf of the Protestant exiles. Colonel Walker, one of the members of the deputation, who was present at the meeting, complained rather bitterly that during his very short stay in England, Matamoros had been introduced to so small a number of the Christian friends who had interested themselves so deeply in his fate and that of his companions. It was explained to him that it had been judged more prudent not to lionise these Protestant exiles. We are glad that it was thus decided: we question the wisdom of making a public display of those who have been honoured by God to suffer in his cause. No true benefit can accrue either to themselves or to the cause of sacred truth. Besides, if they had been bepraised in public meetings, the Roman Catholics would not have failed to say that it was because they courted notoriety, and loved such triumphs, that they had laboured and put themselves forward to be persecuted. They suffered for Christ, and he has doubtless rewarded them by a fuller sense of his approbation and constant presence. The poor applause of men would be of little worth indeed beside the testimony of their own consciences that they had well and faithfully borne the banner of truth.

DEATH OF THE REV. PROFESSOR GAUSSEN, OF GENEVA.—Few men are better known, and deservedly so, than Professor Gausсен. From the beginning he has taken a very prominent part in the revival of true religion in Switzerland and France. Robert Haldane, during his visit to Geneva in 1820, was made a great blessing to him. As soon as the young Swiss pastor understood the great truths of the Gospel, he began to preach them with rare eloquence, and much effect upon his flock. The national clergy were roused by these faithful and energetic ministrations. He was accused before the ecclesiastical authorities, and deposed from his pastoral office in the Swiss National Church. He was soon called, with Dr. Merle d'Aubigné, to be a

Professor in the new school of theology, which was founded in order to counterbalance the very superficial but anti-evangelic teaching of the old faculty of Geneva. Weak in health, he was obliged to confine himself to his lectures in theology, and very rarely ascended the pulpit, to the great regret of all the truly good in Geneva. Every week, however, he superintended the Sunday-school. He did this with so much simplicity and unction, and his instructions were so rich in thought, that while the smallest children could understand them, men advanced in years, ladies, and even pastors, attended them with the utmost assiduity. The translation of his work on "Inspiration," and on "The Canon of Scripture," so well known by the English public, makes it unnecessary that we should enlarge on his merits as a theologian. In private life his character was most amiable; towards all—rich and poor, great and small, friends, and even those who were opposed to his views—he was loving and true. During the last two years of his life, the state of his health compelled him to abandon all public duties. On the 18th of last June, without agony, in the full use of all his senses, he fell asleep in Jesus. Of him all Christendom will truly say, "Knowest thou not that to-day a prince and a great man has fallen in Israel?"

NEW FRENCH CHURCHES IN ENGLAND.—Brighton, as every one knows, is the *terre classique* of boarding-schools. It is said that it contains more than 360 private and public institutions for education, each of which has, as a matter of course, a French tutor or governess. Besides, the numerous families who reside there have in their household either a foreign maid or valet. Brighton, from these causes, has rather a large French population. Many of these foreigners do not understand English; they could not, therefore, enjoy and profit by our religious worship. To meet their spiritual wants, a few English Christians have founded a French service in the chapel of the late Mr. Sortain, North Street, which has been kindly lent by its trustees. There, every Sunday afternoon, the Gospel is preached in their language to a large congregation of French hearers. On the second Sunday a most interesting service took place. The Rev. M. Pascal, who comes over from France to be the pastor of the French Church at Brighton, and who is recommended by some of the most esteemed clergymen of Paris, was presented to his new flock by the Rev. Th. Marzials, pastor of the French Church of Edward VI., in London, who had been requested to conduct that very interesting ceremony. The service, after a most eloquent sermon by the Rev. M. Pascal, concluded with the Holy Communion, which was administered by the two French pastors to a goodly number of foreigners. The whole service was conducted with great devotion and solemnity. We are informed that the French Churches are most grateful for this new proof of our sympathy for the strangers who are within our borders. At Tunbridge Wells and Ryde, kind and generous friends have also provided for the spiritual instruction of foreign inhabitants.

THE FREE CHURCH IN THE CANTON VAUD.—It may be interesting to our readers to know the origin of this Free Protestant Church in Switzerland. In the revolution of 1845, the new Government required the clergy

of the National Church to read from their pulpits, before their congregations, a proclamation put forth to defend its accession to power and mode of action. A number of the clergy refused, on conscientious grounds, to comply with this request; they deemed that the pulpit was but ill suited for political questions. On this the Government told them they must either retire from their cures, or perform its commands. The protesting clergy, however, continued resolute, and more than 800 ministers retired from their office, although the greater part of them had scarce where to lay their head, or wherewithal to satisfy the craving needs of hunger. But sympathy was quickly roused in their behalf; a fund was established, and contributions soon poured in to it. Hospitable persons, too, opened their houses to the outcast families, and entertained them freely. In many cases a great portion of the congregation followed their minister in his secession, and their hands being thus strengthened, they formed the Free Church, which thrived exceedingly.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

THE first part of my story, said a gentleman to his friend, happened at the death-bed of my mother. Her life had been a long catalogue of troubles; but I have been told that she always had a happy countenance, because God was ever near to comfort and to strengthen her. I was her only son, and she loved me as a mother only can. Although I was but seven years old when she died, I can distinctly remember her taking me into her room, and weeping a prayer to God that I might be saved. When we rose from off our knees, she told me that "God was soon going to take her home," and she was afraid I did not love him. Then she kissed me, and I heard her say, as the tears rolled down her cheeks, "God bless him!—God bless him!" The next week I stood at her death-bed. Her eyes were closed, and she lay silent and still, as one waiting for her Lord. I loved her, and could not bear to think that she was going to die. As I kissed her, she opened her eyes, and, looking at me, said, "Edward, do love God, and then you shall one day join me in that land whither I am now going. When I'm dead, remember my words, Love him." She said no more, the eyes closed—the spirit had left its tabernacle of clay, and had winged its way to fairer worlds on high. I cried very much for a little time; but my boyish grief soon abated, and I was as gay as ever.

Years passed away, and I made friends with some bad boys, who led me into sin and almost ruin. We used to gamble, frequent race-courses, theatres, and other places where "fast" young men resorted. We were one evening sitting smoking in a music-hall, when the dying words of my mother flashed across my mind: "Love God!—love God!" rang in my ears. I tried to stifle them; but no! it was still the dying words, "Love God!" I went home, and, for the first time for many years, the hardened sinner prayed! I need not continue the story; God had begun a good work in my soul, and he has carried it on until now, when a few grey hairs crown my head and the days of my pilgrimage are nearly over. But I'm ready for the summons, whenever it shall come to call me home, there to join in the same everlasting hymn of praise that she is singing, and to crown him King of kings and Lord of lords.

Reader, see what prayer does! Do you pray?

"HAVE WE ANY 'WORD OF GOD?'"

III.—IS THE BIBLE "LIKE ANY OTHER BOOK?"

DEAR JAMES,—I have shown you, I think, that the Church of England, and all the other Churches of the Reformation, regard the Bible as the Word of God. I have also shown you, in my second letter, that the Scriptures themselves support the same view, and assert, from the first book in the Old Testament to the last in the New, a Divine commission, a Divine guidance, distinguishing their pages from all human compositions, and justifying their title to be deemed "the Word of God." Still, there are not a few men to be found in the present day, who contrive to evade the force of both these facts. The statements of the Church they endeavour to nullify by the device of admitting that the Bible contains the Word of God, and still asserting that it is not "that word" in all its parts. And to those claims of the sacred writers which are met with in various places in the Bible, they oppose the admitted weaknesses, faults, and inconsistencies of those same writers, which deprive, they argue, their writings of all claim to infallibility. And so, at last, they manage to nullify both the Articles of the Church and the plain declarations of Moses, David, and St. Paul; and settle down in the belief that the Bible ought to be read in the same spirit, and with the same freedom of thought and of criticism, as that which we avow when we take up Thucydides or Livy.

To show that I do not misrepresent the class of writers of whom I am speaking, I will copy a few passages from the well-known Essay of Mr. Jowett. On the general character of the New Testament Scriptures, Mr. Jowett says—

"There is no appearance in their writings that the Evangelists or Apostles had any inward gift, or were subject to any power external to them different from that of preaching and teaching which they daily exercised; nor do they anywhere lead us to suppose that they were free from error or infirmity," p. 345.

Then, as to the spirit in which we should study the Bible, he gives this simple rule—"Interpret Scripture like any other book." Subsequently, to explain what he means, he remarks that "no one would interpret Scripture as many do but for certain previous suppositions;" and, as an instance, he remarks that "the mention of a name later than the supposed

age of the prophet is not allowed, as in other writings, to be taken in evidence of the date," Isa. xlv. 1.

A very short examination of this passage will show us what Mr. Jowett means when he says, "Interpret Scripture like any other book."

Cicero, the Roman, who died about B.C. 44, left us many works; but he never pretended to be, nor did any one ever suppose him to be, a prophet. If, therefore, in any manuscript professing to be his, we met with a mention of the Emperor Trajan, who reigned A.D. 98—115, we should, without hesitation, either reject the manuscript as spurious, or deem the passage an interpolation by some later hand.

We have the prophecies of Isaiah, who wrote about B.C. 760—700. In those prophecies we find Cyrus, king of Persia, mentioned by name, although he does not appear in history until about B.C. 559, or about a century and a half afterwards. If, therefore, we "interpret Scripture like any other book," as Mr. Jowett prescribes, we must reject Isaiah's prophecies, simply because they *are* prophecies. "The mention of a name later than his own age," must condemn the 45th chapter of Isaiah, as by some Isaiah, real, or pretended, of a later age than him of Hezekiah's day.

But we can only treat Scripture in this way if we come to it with a persuasion that it is *not true*. Isaiah writes as a prophet, as one who had seen God, and received a mission from him. So do not Homer, or Herodotus, or Thucydides. Speaking as a prophet, he says, in God's name, "Who, as I, shall call, and shall declare it, the things that are coming, and shall come?" chap. xlv. 7; and he challenges the idols of the heathen to give a similar proof of Divine prescience: "Let them bring them forth, and show us what shall happen. Show the things that are to come hereafter, that we may know that ye are gods," chap. xli. 22, 23. Now, to have given these challenges, and yet to have shown no such proof of Divine foreknowledge himself, would have been to subject himself to an obvious retort. Hence it is in strict consistency that the prophet immediately names and describes Cyrus, who did not appear until more than a century afterwards.

Mr. Jowett tells us, that this mention of Cyrus in any other writer would have been held to prove that the prophecy was written long after the date which it professes to bear.

Of course it would, if such a mention had appeared in the writings of a man who laid no claim to inspiration or to prophecy. But what does it prove, when this prophetic power has been distinctly claimed by the writer? Is not the whole story, then, quite consistent? "Yes," it will be answered, "but we have resolved to disbelieve his claims to prophetic power, and therefore, when we meet with a prophecy, our only course is to say, 'This must have been written long after.'" And thus we discover the precise meaning of Mr. Jowett's rule. He says, "Interpret the Scripture like any other book," because he has brought himself to believe that the Scriptures are like other ancient books; that they are old histories and poems, like those of Homer and Herodotus, and ought to be read with the same freedom, and interpreted by the same rules. It is true, indeed, that these rules will lead us to reject one half of their assertions; but what then? "When I read the 'Iliad,'" Mr. Jowett may say, "I do not receive one half of what I read as fact; and why should I be more credulous in the case of Moses?" Those who take Mr. Jowett's ground have dismissed from their minds all belief of any Divine character or authority in the Scriptures. They receive them as they receive other old writings, and judge of them by the same rules. Thus another writer coolly says:—"The external authority of the Pentateuch is not very great; decidedly inferior, for example, to that of Thucydides." The position, in short, which is taken by all the disciples of this modern school of infidelity, is that of apparent respect for the Scriptures as ancient and venerable writings; which respect, however, is mingled with entire unbelief in their Divine character. "Inspiration," in their mouths, is an empty, unmeaning phrase, applicable alike to Isaiah, Isaac Newton, and William Shakespeare. They rank the writers of the Old and New Testament along with the other great authors of various times. The Bible is to be "interpreted like any other book," because it is of the same order. It is human, not Divine.

This may be a simple and intelligible proposition, but its authors will have to answer some difficult questions. Is it true that the Bible is really like any other book? Not at all. It is not true. He that alleges such a similarity or equality, declares his own moral blindness. Hear on this point Theodore Parker, as decided and

bold a sceptic and rationalist as ever lived. He thus speaks of the book which we call "Holy Scripture":—

"View it in what light we may, the Bible is a very surprising phenomenon. This collection of books has taken such a hold on the world as no other ever did. The literature of Greece, which goes up like incense from that land of temples and heroic deeds, has not half [say not a thousandth part] the influence of this book from a nation alike despised in ancient and modern times. The sun never sets on its gleaming page. It goes equally into the cottage of the plain man and the palace of the king. It is woven into the literature of the scholar, and colours the talk of the street. It enters men's closets; it mingles with all the grief and all the cheerfulness of life. The Bible attends men in their sickness; the aching head finds a softer pillow when the Bible lies underneath. The mariner escaping from shipwreck clutches this first of his treasures, and keeps it sacred to God. It goes with the pedlar in his crowded pack, cheers him in the fatigue of eventide, brightens the freshness of his morning face. It lifts man above himself; the best of our prayers are in its language, in which our fathers and the patriarchs prayed. The timid man, about to escape from this dream of life, looks through the glass of Scripture, and his eye grows bright: he fears not to take death by the hand, and bid farewell to wife and babes and home. Now for all this there must be an adequate cause. That nothing comes of nothing, is true all the world over. It is no light thing to hold a thousand hearts, though but for an hour; what is it, then, to hold the Christian world, and that for centuries? Are men fed with chaff and husks? A thousand famous writers come up in this century, to be forgotten in the next; but the silver cord of the Bible is not loosed, nor its golden bowl broken, as Time chronicles its tens of centuries passed by. Has the human race gone mad? Some of the greatest of human institutions seem built upon the Bible; such things will not stand on heaps of chaff, but on mountains of rock. What is the secret cause of this wide and deep influence? It must be found in the Bible itself, and must be adequate to the effect."

This is eloquent, chiefly because it is true. Yet, some one may say, an eulogium almost as glowing might be framed respecting the writings of Homer or of Shakespeare. We grant it; but there would be this essential, this all-important difference: that the human poet would be praised for his gifts, for his burning words, for his living pictures; while the Word of God is magnified for its mighty deeds, for its wondrous works.

(To be continued in our next.)

It is almost incredible how God enables us, weak flesh and blood, to enter into combat with the devil, and to beat and overcome so powerful a spirit as he, and with no other weapon but his Word, which by faith we take hold on. This must needs grieve and vex that great and powerful enemy.

THE SEASONS.

BEAUTEous Springtime, how I love thee !
 Robed in sunbeams, clad in flowers ;
 All seems bright, beneath, above thee,
 Songsters hail thee from their bowers.
 Oh, reign of beauty, of delight,
 Enchanter of the ear and sight,
 All seasons have their charms for me,
 But none of them such charms as thee.

Thou mindest me of childhood's years :
 Like them thou minglest smiles and tears.
 Thou art the dawn of Nature's life ;
 With her rich beauties thou art rife.
 Like childhood, too, thou dost disclose
 The flower that soon in beauty blows.
 Like childhood, thou art blithe and gay,
 But like it thou must pass away.

Glorious Summer, beauteous, bright,
 In Nature's richest garment dight,
 A charm around thee thou dost throw,
 Which gladdens all things here below.
 Touched with thy magic wand, the earth
 To all her glories now gives birth,
 And from thy dawning to thy close,
 Creation with thy beauty glows.

Thou mindest me of youth's bright days,
 When pleasure charms and gilds our ways,
 And care and sorrow glide away,
 Like gathering clouds beneath thy ray.
 Like youth, in beauty thou art clad ;
 Like it, thou makest all things glad.
 Like youth, thy charms soon pass away,
 And hasten on life's little day.

Golden Autumn, thou'rt rich and grand ;
 Thou com'st to all with open hand,
 Scatterest the fruits of earth and tree,
 And all Creation welcomes thee.
 All Nature smiles beneath thy sway ;
 The songbirds pour their richest lay :
 Beauty, grandeur o'er all prevail—
 Oh, glorious season, thee I hail !

Thou mindest me of manhood's years ;
 Thy gathering clouds are like its caves ;
 Thy changing leaves are like its joys,
 Which earthly care or trouble cloy ;
 Thy produce represents to me
 The fruit of manhood's industry ;
 Thy fading beauties tell me, too,
 That manhood fades as well as you.

Hoary Winter ! disrobed and bare
 Is all Creation, once so fair,
 And desolation reigns around,
 Where beauty at each turn was found ;
 And yet I love thee, for to me
 Nature's long sleep thou seem'st to be,
 From which she will again arise,
 And with her beauty charm our eyes.

Oh, thou dost mind me of old age,
 The close of this life's pilgrimage,
 When earthly joys will flee away,
 And cheer not life's declining day ;
 When tired Nature sinks to sleep,
 And, wrapt in slumbers long and deep,
 Dreams of a world beyond the sky,
 Where flowers bloom, but never die.

The Early Days of Good Men.

NO. XIII.—RICHARD KNILL—(concluded).

FAR from forgetting his early friends, and the scenes of his youth, he cherished their memory with tender affection, and lost no opportunity of renewing his intercourse with them. Writing to the son of his former employer, Mr. T. Isaac, he says :—

This season reminds me forcibly of my first acquaintance with you ; an acquaintance which, I trust, will be strengthened and matured even to eternity. It is now six years since that memorable hour when I began to seek the Lord—when I began to live. I am astonished when I consider the innumerable mercies the Lord has conferred upon me since that period. Oh ! that I could feel grateful, as I ought. At times I can very clearly trace the Lord's hand in leading me to live with you, in drawing me to hear that good man, Mr. Rooker, preach the glorious Gospel, in sweetly constraining me to attend the prayer-meeting, and at last, it bringing me to this place. And cannot you behold in it the Lord's doing ! Then lift up a song of praise for me.

How pleasant a Christian friendship like this, in which heart answers to heart, and there is a happy interchange of sympathy and mutual help in the good ways of God ! How different to the companionship of sinners and fools, who lead one another on in wickedness, and whose end is destruction ! Well has the inspired Psalmist begun his book of praises and blessings with the exclamation, "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."

Of his student days we have not much record ; but what little is related suffices to show that, from his first attempts at preaching, he gave evidence of that peculiar power he subsequently showed in touching and carrying with him the feelings of his listeners. When he preached his first sermon to his fellow-pupils, he spoke with so much force and pathos upon the love of Christ, and his claims to the gratitude of redeemed men, that they forgot to criticise, and melted into tears. What more speaking eulogy could they have given ?

In the month of April, 1814, a missionary meeting was held at Bridport, Dorset, a town twelve miles from Axminster. It was one of the first which had been held in that part of the country. Missionary meetings were then great novelties. Richard Knill had never been present at one, nor had any of his fellow-students. The Rev. Mr. Saltern wrote on the occasion to the tutor of the Academy, inviting him to attend and to bring his students, "for," said he, "it may do them good. The Rev. Dr. Waugh of London is to preach, and I should like them to hear him." Accordingly, the youths all went to Bridport, and the venerable and beloved Dr. Waugh preached. He spoke of the perishing heathen, and of the Gospel which could alone give them salvation from death. After a most impressive appeal, he concluded with these words, "Brethren, the trumpet of the Gospel cannot blow itself, it must be sounded by men—redeemed, converted men—those who themselves have tasted the joys of pardoned sin, and who can tell from their own happy experience what a Saviour Jesus is. We want such men, and we must have them." Then casting his eyes around, he fixed a piercing glance on some object, and in melting tones, said, "Is there in this congregation one young disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ who has love

enough to his Master to say, 'Lord, here am I, send me?'"

The appeal went to the heart of our young student, who silently uttered the words, "Lord, I will go." It was a solemn hour with him, one for which he afterwards blessed God, and rejoiced in the assurance that he should for ever bless God in its remembrance. When the service was ended, the party was invited to dine with the ministers; but he had no appetite for food, his heart was too full. He quietly retired, and procured from a friend the loan of a little chamber, where he spent some hours in solitary prayer and fasting. On that little room he often thought in subsequent days, for there he spent some of the most blessed hours he ever knew in self-consecration, and in solemn renewing of his vow, "Lord, I will go." The next day he opened his mind to his tutor, who, when he had fully conversed upon the matter, and revealed the feelings that were flowing in his heart, wrote to the secretary of the London Missionary Society to make inquiries. In the meantime, Knill went home to consult his honoured parents, and to obtain their sanction. He had occasioned them sufficient anxiety and trouble about enlisting, and he dreaded again wounding their feelings. His father listened to him with calmness, and said, "I will oppose no obstacle in your way; but what will your mother say?" The youth thought himself secure on that point, for he knew that her heart was full of love to the Saviour. But he was mistaken. The mother's feelings were too strong. She exclaimed, "How can you think of leaving me? I am now advancing in age, and have always comforted myself with the thought that you would be at hand to pray with me, and to cheer me when I pass through the valley of the shadow of death. I cannot give my consent. You should first lay me beneath the clouds of the valley." As he listened to her impassioned appeal, he felt utterly at a loss, for he knew that no blessing can accompany the son who disobeys his mother, and breaks her heart. He waited, and took no further step until he should see the way open to him. And it was not long before his desire was accomplished. His excellent mother betook herself to prayer; she prayed for many days and nights, too, and at length she came one morning to meet her son with a smiling countenance, and tranquil mien. Catching him to her heart in a fond embrace, she said, "Now, my dear boy, it is all settled; God has given me grace to say to you, Go! and I bless him for putting it into your heart to go; and I adore him that he has given me an Isaac to offer upon his altar. Go, my son, go!" And from that hour until the day she died, she did nothing but encourage and cheer him in all his way.

This great obstacle being so happily removed, he gladly signified his decision to those friends who promoted his object, and soon received an intimation that he should repair immediately to London, there to take the further steps needful. From thence he addressed a letter full of intense feeling to his revered friend, Mr. Rooker, at the close of which he exclaims,

Oh! my dear sir, how full of joy is the hope of spending an eternity with a multitude out of all nations, kindreds and people, and tongues, who shall all speak the same pure language, all join in the same harmonious song, and all unite in adoring our blessed Redeemer!

The committee who examined the qualifications of the youth were favourably impressed with the way in

which he passed his examination, and he was accordingly admitted to the institution at Gosport, where students preparing for the ministry in heathen lands were trained and instructed. Here he passed about a year and a half. It was a time of hard work and much excitement. In his "Reminiscences," he says:

For those who, like myself, were to remain but for a short time, it was "life in earnest." I have often wondered how any of us survived. We had to write from the doctor's various lecture books as much as would moderately fill up a man's time. In addition to this, we had to prepare for the various classes, and to preach almost every Sunday. The tutor's great soul was set on the conversion of sinners abroad, but he could not bear the thought that any should perish for lack of knowledge at home. Hence his zeal for breaking up every inch of fallow ground in Hampshire.

We cannot follow him through the particular details of this laborious season, but will quote from one passage in his "Reminiscences," written when he had been just a year at Gosport. After the other students had been dismissed, the tutor requested Knill to remain, and told him he had received a letter from the Secretary of the London Missionary Society at Leeds, earnestly begging that he would send a missionary to address the annual meeting which was just about to be held, and adding, "If you have a missionary about to leave, we wish him to be ordained in Leeds." "Now," said the Doctor, "you are one of the first who will leave, and I wish you to go. What say you to it?" Mr. Knill felt sorely disappointed, for his heart was set on having his ordination service at Bideford, among all his old friends and companions. He intimated as much. "It is natural you should wish this," was the reply, "but you are public property now. You must live for the whole world. We must sacrifice personal feeling if we wish to be useful. Remember, there are 80,000 people at Leeds. Take two days to consider it." At the end of the appointed time his answer was given in the affirmative, and he went to Leeds. The narrative of his journey is given in a letter to one of his friends:—

On Friday evening I reached the destined spot, after travelling nearly 300 miles without the least injury. Surely journeying mercies are not among our smallest blessings: for though there is no fiery cloudy pillar to direct, yet a providential Hand is visible in protecting amidst so many dangers and accidents. . . . On the Sabbath I preached three times, and on Monday gave the address to the united congregations. Thursday, the branch missionary society meeting commenced. I preached one of the sermons, and in the evening the meeting for business was held at Salem, which is by far the largest. If you had been there, I am certain your heart would have leaped for joy. The next day was appointed for my ordination. Ah, sir! this is important work; never did I feel more forcibly that remarkable saying of the Apostle, "Who is sufficient for these things?" I was almost overwhelmed: my departure, my work, my death and judgment, were all presented to my view, and scarcely any one present did not deeply feel it; scarcely an eye was seen but in it stood a tear. . . . On Wednesday last I preached my farewell, from the text, "Who am I, O Lord God?" &c. I believe there never was such a scene witnessed in Leeds before; it is not in my power to describe it.

The intense interest attending these services did not arise exclusively from the comparative novelty of the missionary enterprise, and the prepossessing character and aspect of the youthful missionary. It was a time of blessing, and it appears that permanent and happy results followed. One of the ministers who took part in the services, writing twenty years afterwards, said that great effects were produced in many congrega-

tions, and that many persons were added to the churches, who continued to adorn their profession, while a general impulse was given to the zeal of Christians. One result of the visit came to the knowledge of Mr. Knill himself, thirty-three years afterwards, in a singular manner. He was attending a public meeting, at which one of the speakers, a minister among the Wesleyans, gave an account of his conversion. He said a feeling of great interest had been produced in his native town by the ordination of a missionary there. At that time he was a stout, growing lad, and a bold blasphemer. One of his relations, a pious man, said to him, "Samuel, there is a young man in the town who is going abroad to preach to the black people, and he is to take leave this evening, by preaching to the young. Thou must go, lad." He accordingly went; the chapel was much crowded, but being a strong fellow, he pushed his way and got where he thought he should have a full view of the preacher. All were in expectation. Presently he made his way through the press to the pulpit stairs, and ascended into the pulpit. He was a tall, thin, pale young man; and the sturdy lad, as he looked with curiosity on the stranger, said to himself, "Is he going to the heathen? Then I shall never see him more; I will listen." He read and prayed, and then gave out his text, "There is a lad here." It pleased God to bless the words spoken, and the youth was pricked to the heart. Next Sunday he went and joined himself to the Sunday-school; then he began family prayer in his father's house, and was made the means of his father's and brother's conversion. He concluded his address at the missionary meeting with these words:—"I have now been a regular preacher in our society for thirty years; and God has smiled on my labours. I owe it all to that sermon. I have never seen the preacher since, and perhaps I shall never see him; but I shall have a glorious tale to tell him when we meet in heaven." The scene that ensued when Mr. Knill came forward and introduced himself to the speaker, may be more easily imagined than described.

From Leeds the newly-ordained missionary returned to Gosport, where he remained some short time longer, and, in the month of February, 1816, the time of his embarkation for India being at hand, he went to Devonshire, to take leave of those nearest and dearest to him. It was a sore trial to one so warm-hearted and quick in feeling. "Services such as those I then engaged in, surrounded by weeping friends and early associations, were very trying to my spirits," he says. "I use to think sometimes that I could weep no more, that the fountain of tears must be exhausted." But the most tender and afflictive of these parting scenes was when he came to take leave of his beloved parents, especially his admirable mother. She gave him, as a farewell token, her wedding ring, saying, "This is the dearest thing I possess. Your father gave it me as a pledge of his love; in his presence I give it to you as a proof of our united love to you."

In another month he was on the mighty ocean, hasting on his errand of mercy; and shortly after his arrival he wrote to his family, assuring them that "fourteen thousand miles had not in the least abated" his yearning love for the home of his youth, while, at the same time, he was so far from regretting the sacrifice he had made, that he rejoiced and looked onward in hope, while his heart overflowed with gratitude, and

he desired nothing so much as "strength, and grace, and zeal" to enter on the glorious work set before him.

And here we leave him, rejoicing when we remember that he was made, through God's blessing, a most useful and effective instrument in the conversion of sinners and the advancement of that Divine kingdom which is destined eventually to extend over the whole earth. Then shall be fulfilled the prayers, the expectations, and the confidence of all God's people, who have been for ages crying, "How long, O Lord, holy and true?" The Lord hasten it in his time!

Biblical Expositions,

IN REPLY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. H.—Does this passage imply that it is impossible for backsliders from religion to become reconciled to God?—Heb. vi. 4—6.

In the form in which the question is here put we may say that it does not. The healing of the backsliding is part of the great mercy of God in Christ: "I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely: for mine anger is turned away from him."—Hos. xiv. 4. Neither does this passage teach that a man may be once truly converted, and yet afterwards fall away and be lost. It does not describe a converted man, but one who has received many spiritual gifts short of conversion.

The mark of the carnal mind is enmity against God, manifested in not being subject to the law of God. Rom. viii. 7. The criterion of true conversion and renovation of heart and mind is love: "Every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God."—1 John iv. 7.

That there is a general grace of God to every member of the baptised Church is clearly taught in 1 Cor. xii. 7: "The manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal." Some of the results of that manifestation are—"the word of wisdom," "the word of knowledge," "faith" (*i.e.*, miraculous faith, so as to remove mountains, 1 Cor. xiii. 2, or mere belief in the preached word, Luke viii. 13), "gifts of healing," "working of miracles," "prophecies," "discerning of spirits," "divers kinds of tongues," "the interpretation of tongues."

In 1 Cor. xiii. the Apostle goes on to say that all these manifestations or operations of the Spirit are unavailing for salvation without love. Our Lord, in his parable of the sower, teaches the same truth. "They on the rock are they, which, when they hear, receive the word with joy; and these have no root, which for a while believe, and in time of temptation fall away."—Luke viii. 13. The natural truth is this: A thin layer of earth is spread over a rock. It is sufficiently thick to receive the seed, but not sufficient to allow it to germinate and strike its roots. It retains the moisture, and is quickly warmed by the sun's heat. The seed is even earlier in germinating than that in the deeper soil; but when it endeavours to strike its roots, it cannot penetrate the hard rock—it withers away. So it is with sincere, but only emotional religion. How many are superficially impressed, and gladly receive the

Word, whose hearts remain unchanged? They believe the Gospel to be true, but they do not savingly apply it to their own hearts. They have no root, for their unchanged heart, underneath their religious emotions, remains hard still. That root is declared in Eph. iii. 17, "rooted and grounded in love." With these passages in mind, let us return to Heb. vi. 4-6. Balaam had all the powers and emotions there described. He was once enlightened, for he saw clearly the blessedness of God's Israel. He tasted the heavenly gift, but he did not drink of it. (In Matt. xxvii. 34, tasting is distinguished from drinking.) He was made partaker of the Holy Ghost, for he prophesied by the power of the Spirit. He tasted the good Word of God, for he said, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." He tasted the powers of the world to come, for he had visions of the Almighty, "falling into a trance, but having his eyes open."

Our Lord speaks of similar cases. "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works?"—Matt. vii. 22. Our Lord tacitly admits that they did so, but that they never had been converted—"I never knew you."

The Apostle goes on to say, "Beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, and things that accompany salvation, though we thus speak. For God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love." Here, as in the preceding passages, it is love which is the distinguishing mark of God's true children. There is one expression which must be carefully attended to—"If they shall fall away," i.e., apostatise. It must not be confounded with falling, to which the holiest is liable.

We must also remember that the Apostle is not debating what God can do, but simply assigning a reason for ministerial duty. He would not always be laying the foundation, for if men leave the foundation he has no new truths to bring before their minds. They have apostatised from all that he had to bring before, and no human instrumentality could do anything for them.

The truths, then, which we should gather from that passage and its context are:—

1. Those who are rooted and grounded in love are saved souls.
2. Many gifts and graces of the Spirit may be received by unrenewed men.
3. When the gifts there enumerated have been received, and the recipients have afterwards apostatised, then the ordinary ministerial means are incapable of recovering such apostates.

Whether God may please to recover them is not declared.

T. B.—"To eat upon the mountains."—Ezek. xviii. 6. This probably referred to idol sacrifices, as we read in Isa. lvii. 7, 8. "Upon a lofty and high mountain hast thou set thy bed: even thither wentest thou up to offer sacrifice. Behind the doors also and the posts hast thou set up thy remembrance: for thou hast discovered thyself to another than me, and art gone up; thou hast enlarged thy bed, and made thee a covenant with them."

Such covenants were always made with sacrificial feasts, whether to the true God or to idols, Ps. l. 5; 1 Cor. x. 21.

T. C. D.—How is Amasa called an Israelite in 2 Sam. xvii. 25 and an Ishmaelite in 1 Chron. ii. 17?

Amasa was probably an Ishmaelite by birth, but upon his intermarriage with David's sister he probably was nationalised, and acquired the rights of "one born in the land."—Exod. xii. 48.

MOHAMMEDAN JUSTICE.

ONE of the Eastern princes is described by Major Price in his Mohammedan history as having established a system of police and discipline so severe and rigid, that, in the course of a very short time afterwards, not a single turbulent, factious, or disorderly individual remained alive to disturb or molest the tranquillity of the city. It appears that one of his first regulations was to issue an order that no person should be seen in the streets after evening prayers under pain of death; for the execution of which decree he appointed patrols to inflict immediate punishment. No mercy was shewn; and on the very first night of the enforcement of the penalty, 200 persons fell victims to the police; on the second night the warning had such an effect, that only five or six victims could be found, and on the third night, not one. A few nights after, however, an unfortunate Bedouin, or Arab of the desert, ignorant of the decree, was unconsciously employed in bringing in his sheep to market, when he was seized by the patrol, and instantly brought before the sanguinary and inexorable governor. To the customary question and charge, the Arab pleaded ignorance, when the governor replied, that although he was disposed to consider the statement as true, yet the welfare of the community demanded that the offender should be put to death, and he suffered accordingly.

In this short anecdote we perceive some portion of the blessings secured to a nation by the presence of Christianity. "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty;" and it is only in Christian countries that the lives of men are rightly appreciated, and justice duly maintained.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

In dark relief against the sky,
With ivy thickly clustered round,
The ancient church, grand, massy, high,
Arises from the holy ground.

The lights within send forth their beam,
Far in the gloomy, silent night,
And, in one grandly swelling stream,
Deep organ tones and voice unite.

For weak and pale, and near to death,
To thee, O Lord, this babe we bring;
Oh! give thy blessing; let its breath
Yet gather strength thy praise to sing.

Long years roll by; the church still stands,
And at the holy altar prays,
With fervent soul, uplifted hands,
The youth, and vows to keep Thy ways.

Oh! give him strength that he ne'er sink,
And aid him in the dire strife;
Oh! save him from sin's gloomy brink,
And lead him to the light of life.

Years still flow on; the bells now send
Their joyous summons far and near;
Happy those who, loving, blend
Their bliss with godly faith and fear.

The holy harmonies arise,
Soft floating through the trembling air
And, blessed, returning from the skies,
Descend upon the loving pair.

O Father, keep them safe and right,
And lead them to thy holy throne.
To those whom faith and love unite,
May hate for ever be unknown.

Still time flies on; the tolling bell
Clings sadly through the frosty air;
Of death the solemn tones now toll,
There is at last no more to bear.

The race of life at last is run;
'Twas for a high and noble goal;
The Father now receives his son,
And frees the long-imprisoned soul.

For dust thou art, to dust returnest;
And the earth now takes its due;
But God's thou art, to God returnest,
And heaven is thy portion, too.

Short Arrows.

It is much easier to appear good than to be as good as we appear.

"OPEN thy mouth wide," is the command; and "I will fill it," is the promise.

THERE are many fiery darts in store for us, but the shield of faith will quench them all.

GOD weigheth more with how much love one worketh, than how much it is one doeth.

As thrashing separates the corn from the chaff, so does affliction purify virtue.

THE shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at once.

NONE but the frivolous or the indolent will say, "I am too old to learn."

DR. JOHN MASON, in a very few sentences, has furnished an admirable analysis of true faith, thus:—"Reliance is its essence, Christ is its object, the Word is its food, and obedience is its proof; so that true faith is a depending upon Christ for salvation in a way of obedience, as he is offered in the Word."

To a person unacquainted with the process, the pruning of the tree, the clearing of the ground with the ploughshare, the operation of the chisel on the stone, would look like an effort to destroy. But look at the thing afterwards. Behold the vine, adorned with purple clusters; survey the field, enriched with its golden crops; examine the sculptor's labours, when he

has finished his design: then it is we discover that out of apparent injury arises this happy result; that the Christian loses nothing by his afflictions, but his sins.

NATURE is economic as well as prodigal of space. She fills the illimitable heavens with planetary and starry grandeurs, and she makes the tiny atoms moving over the crust of the earth the homes of the infinitely little. Far as the mightiest telescope can reach, it detects worlds in clusters, like pebbles on the shores of infinitude; deep as the microscope can penetrate, it detects life within life, generation within generation; as if the very universe itself were not vast enough for the energies of life. What man can approach in thought half-way to God—to portray his knowledge, his wisdom, or his power?

"WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?"—What are our views of his person, his priesthood, his atonement, his intercession, his power, truth, and love? Is he altogether glorious in our eyes, and precious to our hearts? Do we trust in him as the incarnate Son of God, and submit to him as anointed King of Israel? Do we apply to him in all his characters and offices? Do we desire that all his enemies should be put under his feet, without excepting any of our own sinful passions? Do we deem him entitled to all the service and honour which we can possibly render him, and far more? According to a man's practical judgment in these matters, will be his state, character, and conduct.

Youths' Department.

PROVIDENCE SEEN IN THE WAYS OF ANIMALS.

WHAT schoolboy is there who has not heard the story of the geese that saved Rome by the alarm they gave when the Gauls were attempting the Capitol? Many other anecdotes are recorded in the pages of history, showing how the natural instincts both of domestic and wild animals have at times proved useful to man. I am so much pleased with a passage in Plutarch's "Lives" bearing on this subject, that I will transcribe it here. "A good man," he says, "will take care of his horses and dogs, not only when they are young, but when old and past service. Thus, the people of Athens, when they had finished the temple called Hecatompodon, set at liberty the beasts of burden that had been chiefly employed in that work, suffering them to pasture at large, free from any further service. It is said that one of them came subsequently, of its own accord, to work, and, placing itself at the head of the labouring cattle, marched before them to the Citadel. This so pleased the people that they made a decree it should be kept at the public charge as long as it lived. The graves of Cimon's mares, with which he thrice conquered at the Olympic games, are still to be seen, near his own tomb. Many have shown particular marks of regard in burying the dogs which they had brought up and cherished, and among the rest, Xanthippus, of old, whose dog swam by the side of his galley to Salamis, when the Athenians were forced to abandon their city. This faithful creature was afterwards buried by his master, upon a promontory, to this day called 'The dog's grave.' We certainly ought not to treat living creatures like shoes

or household goods, which, when worn out with use, we throw away; and were it only to teach benevolence to human kind, we should be kind and merciful to other creatures. For my own part, I would not sell even an old ox which had laboured for me."

This tender-hearted consideration for the lower animals on the part of a heathen philosopher, is very striking; and his last observation reminds us of the words of Scripture: "Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn. Doth God take care for oxen? or saith he it altogether for our sakes? For our sakes, no doubt, this is written," 1 Cor. ix. 9, 10. "The merciful man is merciful to his beast," and children soon evince, by their conduct to the animals within their power, of what disposition they are. If you see a lad kind and gentle in his behaviour to these dumb creatures, you may be sure he is lovable, and you need not fear to choose him for your playmate.

There are many remarkable anecdotes of modern times, showing the moral effect produced on the minds of persons in times of difficulty and danger, by the observation of animals; and this is a particularly interesting matter for consideration. You will remember the instance of Robert Bruce, who, when reduced to the utmost straits, and doubtful whether he should again attempt to make good his right to the Scottish crown, or renounce his claims in despair, took counsel not of the birds of the air, but of the spider which was weaving its web on the roof of the cabin in which he lay. Six times had the persevering insect endeavoured in vain to swing itself from one beam to another, for the purpose of fixing the line on which it meant to stretch its web. As Bruce watched it, he recalled to mind that he had himself fought just six battles against the English and their allies; "The animal is precisely in the same situation with myself," thought he; "and as I have no means of knowing what is best to be done, I will be guided by the luck which shall attend it. Should it make the attempt the seventh time and with success, I will venture once more to try my fortune in Scotland." The result, you know, was favourable to the wishes of the Bruce, who, as he had never gained a battle before, from that time forward never sustained any considerable defeat. Sir W. Scott, after narrating this tradition, says, "I have often met with people of the name of Bruce, who would on no account kill a spider, because it was the insect which had shown the example of perseverance, and given a signal of good luck to their great namesake."

How often have the cruel sufferings of the captive in his prison-house been alleviated by means of the animals which he has contrived to lure and render friendly and companionable! Perhaps one of the most extraordinary instances of the kind is that of Masers de Latude, the son of the Marquis de Latude, a military officer, born in Languedoc. This unhappy man, at the age of twenty-five, was committed to the Bastille, and remained a prisoner in that and other prisons for the prolonged space of thirty-five years. Shut out from all communion with his fellow men, Latude found some amusement in the society of the rats which infested his dungeon. His first attempt to make them companionable was tried upon a single rat, which, in three days, by gently throwing bits of bread to it, he rendered so tame that it would eat from his hand. The animal even changed its abode, and established itself in another hole, that it might be

nearer to him. It was soon joined by a new comer, which was a female, and more timid. "When my dinner was brought in," says Latude, "I called my companions. The male ran to me immediately, the female, according to custom, came slowly and timidly, but at length approached close to me, and took what I offered her from my hand. Some time after, a third appeared, who was much less ceremonious than my first acquaintances. After his second visit, he constituted himself one of the family, and made himself so perfectly at home, that he resolved to introduce his comrades. The next day he came accompanied by two others, who, in the course of the week, brought five more; and thus, in less than a fortnight, our family circle consisted of ten large rats and myself. I gave each of them a name, which they learned to distinguish. When I called them, they came to eat with me from the dish, or from the same plate; but I found this unpleasant, and was soon forced to find them a dish for themselves, on account of their slovenly habits. They became so tame that they allowed me to scratch their necks, and appeared pleased when I did; but they would never permit me to touch them on the back. Sometimes I amused myself by making them play, and joining in their gambols. Occasionally I threw them a piece of meat, scalding hot; the most eager ran to seize it, burned themselves, cried out, and left it; while the less greedy, who had waited patiently, took it when it was cold, and escaped into a corner, where they divided their prize. Sometimes I made them jump up by holding a piece of bread or meat suspended in the air." In the course of a year, his four-footed companions increased to twenty-six. Whenever an intruder appeared, he met with a hostile reception from the old standers, and had to fight his way before he could obtain a footing. After Latude had been confined for more than three years in this loathsome dungeon, an overflowing of the Seine occasioned his removal to an apartment in one of the towers of the Bastille. It had no chimney, and was one of the worst rooms in the tower; but it was a paradise when compared with the pestiferous hole from which he had emerged. Yet so strong is the yearning for society, that, gladdened as he was by the removal, he could not help bitterly regretting the loss of his sociable rats. As a substitute for them, he tried to catch some pigeons which perched on the window; and by means of a noose, formed by threads drawn out of his linen, he finally succeeding in snaring a male and a female, "I tried," says he, "every means to console them for the loss of liberty. I assisted them to make their nest and to feed their young; my cares and attention equalled their own. They seemed sensible of this, and repaid me by every possible mark of affection. As soon as we had established this reciprocal understanding, I occupied myself entirely with them. How I watched their actions, and enjoyed their expressions of tenderness! I lost myself entirely with them, and in my dreams continued the enjoyment."

This pleasure was, unhappily, but of short duration. A brutal turnkey, having a grudge against the wretched prisoner, determined to kill the pigeons. While endeavouring to shield his innocent pets from the grasp of this monster, Latude, in his agony, crushed them himself. His distress was unbounded, and he remained several days without taking any nourishment. For want of any other pet, he tried

to familiarise a spider, but in this he was unsuccessful.

A similar instance to the above is recorded in the adventures of the unhappy Baron Trenck, who passed many of his years in captivity, and at length died by the guillotine. When confined at Magdeburg, he contrived to render a mouse so tame that it would play around him, come at his call, and eat from his mouth. One night, when it was capering on a trencher and nibbling at his door, the sentinel chanced to hear it, and reported to his officers that all was not right in the dungeon. Next morning they entered with a smith and mason to examine the cell. On their asking the cause of the noise, Trenck mentioned the mouse, and whistled for it, upon which the familiar animal instantly leaped upon his shoulder. Little to the credit of their humanity, they carried it off, but promised that it should be given to a lady who would treat it kindly. It was taken in a handkerchief to the guard-room, a hundred yards off, whence it contrived to escape, and found its way back to the cell, waiting till the door was opened, when it testified its joy by gambolling between its master's legs. It was again removed, presented to the lady, and caged. But the poor mouse pined, refused all sustenance, and died. As may well be believed, Trenck was much affected by the loss of his fond pet.

Not unfrequently, in the wonder-working orderings of God's providence, animals have been made instrumental in providing for the necessities and shielding the lives of his servants. You will remember the commandment and the promise given to Elijah (1 Kings xvii. 3, 4), "Get thee hence, and turn thee eastward, and hide thyself by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan. And it shall be, that thou shalt drink of the brook; and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there." And night and morning the winged messengers, with unerring punctuality, came, bringing the food of the prophet, till another resource was provided for him.

One can scarcely fail to be reminded of this incident of Scripture history when reading the account of the manner in which the life of Merlin, chaplain to Admiral Coligny, was preserved at the time of the dreadful massacre of St. Bartholomew. He had taken refuge in a garret, which was used as a lumber-room and hay-loft, and not daring to venture from this place of concealment, was in imminent peril of starvation. But God provided for his servant in a most unexpected manner. Scarcely had Merlin felt the pangs of hunger, when he was visited by a hen, which laid an egg, and then left. Day by day she continued to do this, until the danger having passed by, the minister dared to emerge and show himself free from alarm. Small as was this supply, it sufficed to preserve his life, and without it he must have perished.

Many an instance, equally remarkable, of the same kind might be gathered from the records of history; nor are similar interpositions, through the like agency, withheld in our time. One of these occurred but the other day, on occasion of the wreck of the "Central America" steamship. A friendly vessel, which arrived at the scene of the calamity some hours after the ill-fated vessel had sunk, was the means of rescuing several of the poor stragglers who were floating on the waves. The captain of this vessel afterwards gave the following most extra-

ordinary account of the manner in which he had been brought into the track of the lost steamer. "I was forced," he said, "by the wind to sail a little out of my course before I came up with you. Just as I had altered it, a small bird flew across the ship once or twice, and then darted into my face. I however took no notice of this circumstance till precisely the same thing occurred a second time, which caused me to think it somewhat remarkable. While I was thus reflecting about the incident, the same mysterious bird made its appearance again, and went through the very same extraordinary manoeuvres. Upon this I was induced to re-alter my course into the original one in which I had been sailing. I had not proceeded far, when I heard strange noises, and found that I was in the midst of people who had been shipwrecked." By this unusual, and surely providential interposition, it came to pass that several individuals were rescued from a watery grave. Surely here was the hand of God, who made, in this instance, the little storm-driven bird the messenger of his mercy.

All the agencies of Nature are under his control; how secure, then, and how happy are his servants! Rather than they should starve, the birds of the air shall bring them food; sooner than permit them to perish, he will make beasts, birds, and insects nourish or succour them. *Is this God your God, dear young reader?* Have you said unto him, "My Father, be thou the guide of my youth?" If so, let your whole life be devoted to him; confide in his love, and he will provide for you; be it your chief concern to please and serve him, and then you shall know the blessedness of the righteous man. "Thou shalt not be afraid of the beasts of the earth. For thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field; and the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee," Job v. 22, 23.

LIFE'S CHANGES.—A TALE FOR BOYS.

ARTHUR ARMSTRONG had a happy boyhood. His parents were opulent; and he was certainly born, as the vulgar say, with a silver spoon in his mouth. They had not always been wealthy, although respectable; but Arthur was the youngest of a numerous family, so that years before his birth the Armstrongs had taken their position amongst the higher ranks of society. He was certainly a noble little fellow—the pet of his mother, as the youngest generally is; and perhaps his disposition and temper were quite as good as those of most little boys similarly situated. He was a home boy, and—writing, as I now am, of his early years—his education was entrusted to the governess who taught his sisters; and all his outdoor recreations were taken in the company of some of the elder members of his family. Such arrangements as these are generally successful in shielding the young mind from that exposure to temptation which too commonly assails youth in public schools. But, then, on the other hand, it leaves the mind in ignorance of those dangers and difficulties with which it must, sooner or later, come in contact in the subsequent battle of life.

No doubt many a little boy might have felt jealous of Arthur's lot as they watched him issue from his father's house, dressed tastefully in a Knickerbocker suit of blue velvet, sparkling with changeable tints in the radiant sunshine; at times gaily walking and running, to keep pace with an elder brother, his fair

round face and flaxen curls rivalling each other, or—perhaps more correctly—blending together in a picture of childish beauty.

At other times little Arthur could be seen cantering along the high road—still dressed in velvet—upon the trusty little pony, which seemed proud of its burden, and fully conscious of the confidence which was placed in his carefulness. But mamma's darling was always in close company with one or other of the senior members of the family.

Thus Arthur was carefully watched over, and indulged in all the luxuries which wealth could afford. Like a hot-house plant, he was tended and shielded from unfriendly usage; but, like that, too, he was altogether unfit for a less genial position.

John Burch lived in the same town as Arthur Armstrong. He was a shoemaker's son. His father was in humble circumstances; and, having a large family to support, John with his brothers were all put early to the "seat," and were expected, through many long hours, to help the hard-working father in the general support of the family. Thus John had few play-hours; but right glad was he to have an hour or two, now and then, for exercise in the open air.

And although John worked hard and fared hard, still he was happy; and if I could confess that now and then he felt he could covet a longer indulgence at play, still a proper feeling about straitened circumstances soon subdued it.

The Burches, though poor, were a religious family. Both father and mother were sincere Christians, and, by instruction and prayer, they had laboured to sow good seed in their children's hearts. Thus John had early imbibed the fact that "the lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposal thereof is of the Lord." He felt his own lot to be hard sometimes; but he had learned to be resigned, and hope for better days.

Cradled thus early in the midst of want and toil, the little shoemaker was being prepared to do battle with the after cares and realities of life. The rough wind of the wilderness had so often passed over him, that he had become inured to its bitterness; and by the time that he had reached the age of fifteen, and circumstances led him from his early home and village, he had formed no idle dreams for the future, but expected to have to push his way in the world by industry and painstaking. But as John had some ambition, he hoped, by God's blessing, to succeed.

Arthur Armstrong's day of trial came at length. Ruined by extravagance, and tempted in his ruin, Arthur's father committed extensive forgeries. By this wretched plan he hoped to stave off the evil day; so that, when the storm fell, the once wealthy man was obliged to fly his country, to escape a criminal prosecution. His wife was his only companion; and the several members of his family were thus suddenly left to do the best they could for themselves. Friends looked blank upon them in their misfortunes, and dwelt with some asperity upon the improvidence of the father. Thus suddenly cast upon their own resources, the members of the once prosperous household had to look about them, and they were soon scattered hither and thither in the world.

Arthur was just fifteen when these reverses happened to the family. Sent home from school, where he had latterly been, and all his prospects for the

future dashed in a moment, his young mind was bewildered at the fallen fortunes of his family. But the greatest trial of all to Arthur was, to find that his father and mother had really left the country without seeing him; and their exact route was undecided, so that he could not follow them, even if he had possessed the necessary means; but he did not, and the silence observed by his elder brothers and sisters about what had happened only puzzled him the more. But it is a painful thing for affectionate children even to allow to their own minds the guilt of a parent, much more to speak of it, especially when they feel it occurred through a wrong feeling of pride towards themselves.

Arthur at the moment was received into the house of his maternal uncle; but he was given immediately to understand that he was expected to adopt some pursuit for his own support. His aunt was a strictly upright lady, and was both mortified and indignant at the wrong doings of Mr. Armstrong. She was his relation only by marriage, and it was her habit to deal out bitter insinuations against him at every opportunity, so that Arthur could not but see that something disgraceful hung about the misfortunes of his family. Proud as he was—pampered as he had been in high if not arrogant notions—this thought stung him to the heart. He was afraid to investigate; the reality might be even worse than the fear. He was so unhappy. He felt he was marked, if not shunned, by his very relatives. This made him quite as desirous as his uncle wished him to be to enter upon some engagement. Nothing, however, seemed to turn up. It was not an easy thing to find employ for a youth used to every indulgence and luxury. His small, white hands—his regular, delicate features—were no recommendation to the drudgery of the world. He might grace a drawing-room, but men of business felt he would be useless in counting-house or warehouse; and as his uncle was quite unwilling to assist him into either of the learned professions, there seemed no path of self-support open before him. How often he wished that he had been brought up more roughly—better fitted to cope with the stern facts of life.

Month after month thus passed away, still finding him an unwelcome dependant upon his uncle's bounty. He was often tempted to leave at all hazards, but he had been so utterly unused to act for himself in anything, that he shrank from the thought as soon as formed. At length his uncle obtained for him a situation in a family about to travel abroad, as a junior tutor to their little boy. He was glad of anything as a release from the meanness of dependence; but as vulgar wealth was the chief characteristic of his new employers, he met with many mortifications. His little pupil was a very tyrant towards him; but he endured all as well as he could; and hearing nothing of his parents, except that they were alive and unsettled, his young heart became deadened and hopeless.

What a change had come over Arthur Armstrong, so lately the spoiled darling of a reputed wealthy family!

John Burch, the shoemaker's son, is also out in the world. His home, such as it was, is broken up. Both father and mother, and several of the children, have been taken away by a malignant fever. But the parents died peacefully, as Christians die; and John felt that while his father left him unprotected for in the world, no stain of crime hung about his father's

memory, to awaken the burning blush of shame. He was a poor man's son, it is true; he was poor himself, but he was young; and who could foresee what might be? There was no time, however, to be lost; what should he do? This was determined, as matters often are, by circumstances. What wonderful mechanism is there in what some vaguely call the wheel of Fortune! How skilful must be the hand that turns the wheel! A casual remark, as it seemed to be, made by a neighbour, made John resolve to emigrate; and as he was a boy of great firmness of purpose, produced, no doubt, by a long habit of thinking and acting for himself, with him to resolve was to accomplish. The want of means was a difficulty, but his perseverance overcame it. Active and intelligent, he prevailed upon a captain of a vessel to allow him to work his way over. Australia was his object, and to Australia he went. On his landing, he found the gold discoveries upon everybody's tongue. The towns were being deserted. John heard all, and weighed the matter well over in his mind. Some of his fellow-emigrants at once prepared to follow the rage. But John at first felt afraid of the thing. The reports seemed too specious. However, his incredulity was before long overcome, and he went. He joined a party of three or four young men with whom he had become acquainted on the passage, whom he thought were, like himself, prepared to encounter difficulties and hard work. So they clubbed their moneys together and bought the mining requisites which were indispensable. And when they reached the diggings, and set to work upon their lot, they had but barely money enough to pay for their licenses.

To follow John in his work at the diggings—the discouragements, small gains, perseverance, and ultimate success which attended him and his party—would occupy too much space; suffice it to say that in less than twelve months he returned to Melbourne with his gains, still a very young man, but with a vast additional stock of knowledge, experience, and prudence. His intention was to establish himself as a merchant and store-keeper in that town. He had had quite enough of the diggings—he was, in fact, heartily disgusted with the wickedness and cupidity he had witnessed there—so that, having accumulated a good capital, he now purposed to work the more quiet if not equally gainful mine of commerce, instead of the fascinating gold-fields. In this he undoubtedly acted wisely.

John Burch, then, soon became a merchant in Melbourne; and as he picked his steps carefully, with that blessing of God's providence which generally attends honesty and industry, he quickly advanced to considerable repute and opulence.

John married too, very early. And in that he was successful. Being himself tolerably rich, he did not make money an object in what ought strictly to be an affair of the heart. But acting in the fear of God—that only but invaluable legacy which he had received from his poor parents—he sought and obtained the love of Martha, the youngest daughter of Deacon Brown. He believed her to be, and she proved to be, one of Solomon's women, who prove a crown to their husbands. It was a real love-match, sanctified by the grace of God.

The evening was growing dark, and showed signs of a change in the weather, as a pale-faced, thin young man drew near to a small inn on the road-side, within

a few miles of Melbourne. He had the appearance of a gentleman, although evidently much reduced. As he entered the house and quietly asked if he could be accommodated with a bed for the night, he seemed to attract the attention of a strongly-built, well-to-do looking man who was sitting in the only room which the house could boast for the accommodation of its customers, and the door of which was then standing open. Upon the landlord telling the traveller that he could have what he desired, calling for some slight refreshment, he entered the parlour. He looked very weary; he had evidently walked many miles.

"You look tired, sir," said the strongly-built man.

"I am," replied the other. "I have walked from such a place, to-day"—naming a well-known spot.

"Indeed!" said the first speaker; "then I am not surprised. It reminds me of my own journey, now some years since, when I first came from the old country. I remember I found it a long walk then; and yet I was always strong, and used to labour—stronger than you appear to be."

"Very likely," said the new-comer. "I had hoped, however, to reach Melbourne to-night, but I feel it is impossible."

"I am returning there to-night. My trap will be ready shortly. If you choose, you can ride with me," said the other.

The young man accepted the offer with evident pleasure.

"It is really important," he said, "for me to arrive there to-night, for I have a situation in prospect, which may otherwise be engaged."

"A situation?" said the other. "May I ask of what description?"

"As clerk."

"And to whom? I may know the party."

"To a Mr. Burch."

"Then I am the very man," said the broadly-built, well-to-do looking man. "But what is your name?"

"Arthur Armstrong," said the other.

"Is it possible?" said Burch, and he looked fixedly at the other, as if recalling events. At length he said—

"You are not greatly altered. I thought your face was familiar, at the first glance. But you are the same delicate, hot-house-looking plant as you always were. How is it you are out here, and seeking a situation?"

Arthur's tale was soon told. Our young readers are already in possession of the most part. It only remains to add that, being disgusted with scholastic engagements, and enticed by the flattering reports brought to England of the prosperity of Australia, he had come to the colony, hoping to obtain a situation; that he had seen Mr. Burch's advertisement for a clerk, and had been recommended to look after it.

Burch had left his home before the ruin and flight of Arthur's parents, and only remembered him as in the pride of wealth and prosperity.

Arthur briefly told the facts of his family's reverses; of course, he omitted to mention his father's flight, and its cause.

"But I do not remember you, sir," he said, addressing Burch.

"That is quite possible," said the other. "There were few folks in our part who did not know you,

although only the poor either knew or cared for John Burch, the poor shoemaker's boy."

"Ah!" said Arthur, recollecting by degrees, "were you that boy? You used, sometimes, to come to our kitchen——"

"Yes," joined in Burch; "I used to come for soup and scraps."

"And you once brought me a bird's nest."

"True; yes, I did; you are right," said Burch.

"And so times are altered, Mr. Arthur, eh? Well, it can't be helped; but you were little fit for battling in life."

"So I have found," said Arthur.

The two young men then recounted to each other their experiences after leaving their homes. Their previous discipline had been the very reverse of each other, and so had their subsequent success in life. Poor Arthur had gathered bitter fruit from early luxuriance. Burch, on the contrary, had sprung up like a hardy plant in the wild woods, and his early hardihood had been the secret of his after prosperity. Thus it is that the days of adversity and prosperity are set over against each other by the hand of Infinite Wisdom. That only is well that ends well.

We have only to add that after the meeting just recorded, Burch became to Arthur Armstrong as the sturdy oak to the lichen—both support and shelter. Early reminiscences had awakened a sympathy which grew into a strong and permanent attachment; and the two lads who, by the force of circumstances, had thus been cast up and down in the world, maintained in after years a more even path.

In after days, when surrounded by a numerous offspring, both Burch and Armstrong could quote their own histories as examples that contentment is better than envy; and that boys ought to be trained to usefulness, to fit them for the changes of life; and that usefulness, united with a pious and contented mind, never need fear of success.

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNING," "MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES," ETC.

CHAPTER LIII.

DANGER.

THE residence of the surgeon, Mr. King, was situated on the road to Barbrook, not far from the parsonage. It was a small, square, red brick house, only two storeys high, with a great bronze knocker on the door almost as large as the door itself, which was particularly narrow and modest. If you wanted to enter, you could either raise this knocker, which would most likely bring forth Mr. King himself in answer; or, ignoring ceremony—for ceremony was not much in fashion in that remote locality—you could turn the handle of the door and walk in of your own accord. As George Ryle did, and admitted himself into the strip of a passage. On the left was the parlour, quite a fashionable room, with a tiger-skin stretched out by way of hearth-rug; on the left was a small apartment fitted up with bottles and pill-boxes, where Mr. King saw his patients. One sat there as George Ryle entered, and the surgeon turned round, pouring some liquid, from what looked like a jelly-glass with a spout, into a half-pint green glass bottle.

Now, of all the disagreeable *contretemps* that could have occurred, to meet that particular patient George felt to be about the worst. Ann Canham had not been more confounded at the sight of Policeman Dumps's head over the hedge, than George was at Policeman Dumps himself—for it was no other than that troublesome officer who sat in the patients' chair, the late afternoon's sun streaming on his head. George's active mind hit on a ready excuse for his own visit.

"Is my mother's medicine ready, Mr. King?"

"The medicine ready! Why, I sent it three good hours ago!"

"Did you? I understood them to say——But there's no harm done; I was coming down this way. What a nice warm afternoon it is!" he exclaimed, throwing himself on a chair as if he would take a little rest.

"Have you been having a tooth drawn, Dumps?"

"No, sir, but I've got the face-ache awful," was the policeman's reply, who was holding a handkerchief to his right cheek. "It's what they call *tic-doloureux*, I fancy, for it comes on by fits and starts. I be out of sorts altogether, and I thought I'd ask Dr. King to make me up a bottle of physic."

So the physic was for Dumps. Mr. King seemed a long while over it, measuring this liquid, measuring that, shaking it all up together, and gossiping the while. George, in his impatience, thought it was never coming to an end. Dumps seemed to be in no hurry to go, Mr. King in no hurry to dismiss him. They talked over half the news of the parish. They spoke of Rupert Trevlyn and his prolonged absence, and Mr. Dumps gave it as his opinion that "if he warn't in hiding somewhere, he were gone for good." Whether Mr. Dumps meant gone into some foreign terrestrial country, or a celestial, he did not particularise. But George liked not the tone given to the words "in hiding;" he fancied it too significant a one.

Utterly out of patience, he rose and left the room, standing outside against the door-post, as if he would watch the passers-by. Perhaps the movement imparted an impetus to Mr. Dumps, for he also rose and took his bottle of medicine from the hands of the surgeon. But he lingered yet: and George thought he *never was* coming forth.

That desirable consummation did arrive at last. The policeman departed, and paced away on his beat with his official tread. George returned in-doors.

"I fancied you were waiting to see me," observed

Mr. King. "Is anything the matter?"

"Not with me. I want to put you upon your honour, doctor," continued George, a momentary smile crossing his lips. And it may as well be remarked, for the benefit of hypercritics, that the salutation "doctor" was universally used in Barbrook to Mr. King, as it is in many rural districts to general practitioners. The poor used it, believing it to be his proper style and title; the rich, from familiar custom.

"To put me upon my honour!" echoed the surgeon, staring at George.

"I wish to let you into a secret; but you must give me your word of honour that you will be a true man, and not betray it. In short, I want to enlist your own sympathies, your kindly nature, heartily in the cause."

"I suppose some of the poor have got into trouble?" cried Mr. King, not very well knowing what to make of the words.

"No," said George. "Let me put a case to you. One who is under the ban of the law and of his fellow-men, whom a word from them could betray to years of punishment—this one is lying in sore need of medical skill; if he cannot obtain it he may soon be past its aid. Will you be the good Samaritan and give it: and keep faithfully the secret?"

Mr. King regarded George attentively, slowly rubbing his bald head: he was a man of six-and-sixty now. "Are you speaking," he asked, "of Rupert Trevlyn?"

George paused, perhaps rather taken to; but the surgeon's face was a kindly one, its expression benevolent. "What if I were? Would you be true to him?"

"Yes, I would: and I am surprised that you thought it needful to ask. Look here, George: were the greatest criminal on earth lying in secret, and wanting my aid as a doctor, I'd give it and be silent. I go as a healing man; I don't go as a policeman. Were a doctor, taken to a patient under such circumstances, to betray trust, I should consider that he had violated his duty. Medical men are not informers.

"I felt that we might trust you," said George. "It is Rupert Trevlyn. He took refuge that night at old Canham's, it seems, and has been getting ill ever since, growing worse and worse. But they fear danger now, and thought fit this afternoon to send for me. Rupert scrawled a few lines himself, but before I could get there he was delirious."

"Is it fever?"

"Low fever, Ann Canham says. It may go on to worse, you know, doctor."

Mr. King nodded his head. "Where can they have concealed him at Canham's? There's no place."

"He is up-stairs in a bed-closet. The most stifling hole! I felt ill while I stayed. It is a perplexing, bad affair altogether," continued George. "That place of itself is enough to kill any one in a fever, and there's no chance of removing him out of it. There's hardly a chance of getting you in to see him: it must be accomplished in the most cautious manner. Were Chattaway to see you going in, who knows what it might lead to? If he should, by ill luck, see you," added George, after a pause, "your visit is to old Canham, remember."

Mr. King gave his head its short, emphatic nod; it was his frequent substitute for an answer. "Rupert Trevlyn at Canham's!" he exclaimed. "Well, you have surprised me!"

"I cannot tell you how I was surprised," returned George. "But we had better be going; I fear he is in danger."

"Ay. Delirious, you say?"

"I think so. He was quiet, but he evidently did not know me. He did not know Maude; I met her as I was leaving the lodge, and thought it only kind to tell her of the discovery. It has been a most anxious time for her."

"There's another that it's an anxious time for; and that's Madam Chattaway," remarked the surgeon. "I

was called in to her a few days ago. But I can do nothing for her: the malady is on the mind. Now I am ready."

He had been putting one or two papers in his pocket, probably containing some cooling powder, or other remedy for Rupert. George walked with him: he wished to go in with him if it could be managed; he was very anxious to hear his opinion of Rupert. They pursued their way unmolested, meeting nobody of more consequence than Mr. Dumps, who appeared to be occupied nursing his cheek.

"So far so good," cried George as they came in sight of the lodge. "But now comes the tug of war: my walking with you, if seen, is nothing: but to be seen entering the lodge with you might be a great deal. There seems nobody about."

Ah! unlucky chance! By some untoward fatality the master of Trevlyn Hold emerged in sight, coming quickly down the avenue, at the moment that Mr. King had his feet on the lodge steps to enter. George suppressed a groan of irritation.

"There's no help for it, doctor: you must have your wits about you," he whispered. "I shall go straight on as if I had come to pay a visit to the Hold."

Mr. King was not perhaps the best of all men to "have his wits about him" on a sudden emergency; and almost as the last breathed word left George's lips, Mr. Chattaway was upon them.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Chattaway. Is Cris at home?"

George had continued his way as he spoke, brushing past Mr. Chattaway without stopping. You know what a very coward is self-consciousness. The presence of Chattaway at that ill-omened moment set them all inwardly trembling. George, the surgeon, old Canham sitting inside, and Ann peeping from a corner of the window, felt one and all as if Chattaway must divine some part of the great secret locked within their breasts.

"Cris? I don't think Cris is at home," called out Mr. Chattaway to George. "He went out after dinner."

"I am going to see," replied George, looking back to speak.

The little delay had given the doctor time to collect himself, and he strove to look and speak as much at ease as possible. He stood on the lodge step, waiting to greet Mr. Chattaway. It would never do for him to make believe he was not going into the lodge, as George did, because Mr. Chattaway had seen him step up to it.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Chattaway? Fine weather, this!"

"We shall have a change before long; the glass is shifting. Anybody ill here?"

"Not they, I hope!" returned Mr. King with a laugh. "I give old Canham a look in now and then, when I am passing and can spare the time, just for a dish of gossip and to ask after his rheumatism. I suppose you thought I had quite forgotten you," he added, turning to the old man, who had risen now and stood leaning on his crutch, looking, if Mr. Chattaway could but have understood it, half frightened to death. "It's a long while since I was here, Mark."

He sat down on the settle as he spoke, as if to intimate that he intended to take the dish of gossip then. Mr. Chattaway—ah! can he suspect? thought old Mark

—entered the lodge; a thing he did not do once in a year. Conscience does make grievous cowards of us—and it is not obliged to be a guilty conscience to do this—and it was rendering Ann Canham as one paralysed. She would have given the whole world to leave the room and go up to Rupert, and guard, so far as her presence might guard, against any noise he might make; but she feared the construction that might be put upon it, the suspicion it might excite. Absurd fears! foolishly self-suggestive. Had Rupert not been there, Ann Canham would have passed in and out of the room unrestrainedly, without fearing its conveying suspicion to Mr. Chattaway.

"Madam Chattaway said you were ill, I remember," said he to Mark Canham. "Fever, I understood. She said something about seeing your fever mixture at the chemist's at Barmester."

Ann Canham turned hot and cold. She did not dare to even glance at her father, still less could she prompt him; but it so happened that she, willing to spare him unnecessary worry, had not mentioned the little episode of meeting Mrs. Chattaway at Barmester. Old Mark was cautious, however.

"Yes, squire. I've had a deal o' fever lately, on and off. Perhaps Doctor King could give me some at for't, better nor them druggists gives."

"Perhaps I can," said Mr. King. "I'll have a talk with you presently. How is Madam to-day, Mr. Chattaway?"

"She's as well as usual, except for grumbling," was the ungracious answer; and the master of Trevlyn Hold, perhaps not finding it particularly lively there, went out as he delivered it, giving a short adieu to Mr. King.

Meanwhile George Kyle reached the Hold. Maude saw his approach from the drawing-room window, and came herself to the hall door and opened it. "I wish to speak with you," she softly whispered.

He followed her into the room; there was no one in it. Maude closed the door, and spoke in a gentle whisper.

"May I dare to tell Aunt Edith?"

George looked dubious. "That is a serious question, Maude."

"It would raise her, as may be said, to renewed life," returned Maude, her tone one of impassioned earnestness. "George, if this suspense is to continue, she will sink under it. It was very, very bad for me to bear, and I am young and strong; and I fear my aunt gets the dreadful doubt upon her now and then whether—whether—that is not true that was said of Mr. Chattaway; whether Rupert was not killed that night. Oh, George, let me tell her!"

"Maude, I should be as pleased for her to know it as you. My only doubt is, whether she would dare to keep the secret from her husband, Rupert being actually within the precincts of the Hold."

"She can be stronger in Rupert's cause than you deem. I am sure that she will be safe as you—as I."

"Then let us tell her, Maude."

Maude's eyes grew bright with satisfaction. Taking all circumstances into view, there was not much cause for congratulation; but compared with what had been, it seemed as joy to Maude, and her heart was light. The young are ever sanguine; illness wears not a dangerous aspect to them, and this of Rupert's brought to her little fear.

"I shall never repay you, George," she cried with enthusiasm, lifting her eyes gratefully to his; "I shall never repay you for allowing me to tell my poor Aunt Edith."

George laughed, and made a sudden prisoner of her. "I can repay myself now, Maude."

And Mrs. Chattaway was told.

In the dusk of that same evening, when the skies were grey to darkness, and the trees on either side the lonely avenue were damp and gloomy, there glided one by them with timid and cautious steps. It was Mrs. Chattaway. A soft black shawl was thrown over her head and shoulders, and her gown was black; good precautions, rendering her less easy to be observed: and curious eyes might be about. She kept close to the trees as she stole along, ready to conceal herself amidst them if necessary.

And it was necessary. Surely there was a fatality clinging to that spot this evening, or else Mr. Chattaway was haunting it, perhaps in suspicion. One moment more, and he would have met his wife; but she heard the footsteps in time.

Her heart beating, her hands pressed upon her bosom, her very breath coming in gasps, she waited in her dark hiding-place until he had gone past. She waited until she believed he was in safety in the Hold; and then she went on.

The shutters were closed at the lodge, and Mrs. Chattaway knocked softly at them. Alas! alas! I tell you there was certainly some untoward fate in the ascendant. In the very act of doing so she was surprised by Cris. He was running in at the gate.

"Goodness, mother! who was to know you in that guise? Why what on earth are you shaking at?"

"You have startled me, Cris. I did not know you; I thought it some strange man running in upon me."

"What are you doing down here?"

"Ah! what was she doing? What was she to say?—what excuse to make? She choked down her throbbing breath, and strove to speak with calm plausibility.

"Poor old Canham has been so poorly, Cris. I must just step in to see him."

Cris tossed his head in scorn. To make friendly visits to sick old men was not in his line. "I'm sure I should not trouble myself about that old Canham if I were you, mother," cried he.

"But I should like to, Cris. I must, as I am here." And Cris, without further remonstrance, walked on. He had not taken many steps, however, when he found his mother's gentle arm laid on his.

"Cris dear, oblige me by not saying anything of this at home. Your papa has prejudices, you know; he thinks as you do; and perhaps he would be angry with me for coming. But I like to visit those who are ill, to say a kind word to them: perhaps because I am so often ill myself."

"I shan't bother myself to say anything about it," was Cris's gracious response. "I'm sure you are welcome to go, mother, if it affords you any pleasure. Ugh! fine fun it must be to sit with that rheumatic old Canham! But as to his being ill, he is not—if you mean worse than usual: I have seen him about to-day."

Cris finally went off, and Mrs. Chattaway returned to

the door, which was gingerly opened, about an inch by Ann Canham. "Let me in, Ann! Let me in!"

She did not wait, she pushed her way in; and Ann Canham, all in a tremor, shut and bolted the door. Ann Canham's tactics were uncertain: she was not aware whether or not it was known to Mrs. Chattaway. That lady's first words enlightened her, spoken as they were in the lowest whisper.

"Is he better to-night? What does Mr. King say?"

Ann Canham lifted her hands in an access of trouble. "He's not better, madam; he seems worse. And Mr. King said it would be necessary that he should visit him once or twice a day: and how can he dare venture? It passed off very well his saying this afternoon that he just called in in passing to see old father; but he couldn't make that excuse to Mr. Chattaway a second time."

"To Mr. Chattaway!" she quickly repeated. "Did Mr. Chattaway see Mr. King here?"

"Worse luck, and he did, madam. He came in with him."

A fear that almost seemed an ominous one arose to the heart of Mrs. Chattaway. "If we could but get him from here to a safe distance!" she exclaimed. "There would be less danger then."

"It can't be," returned Ann Canham. "He's too ill to be moved now, madam; and if he were not, he could never be got away without its being known. I fear me he is very ill," she added after a pause. "Dr. King said he must see him again to-night. Do you please to want to go up, madam?"

It was a superfluous question. Mrs. Chattaway was moving to the stairs, after exchanging a few words with old Mark, when a gentle knocking was heard at the outer door. Terrified at the consequences should she be seen there, Mrs. Chattaway knew not where to hide herself. Ann Canham hastened to reassure her.

"It's only Dr. King. He said he should be back at dusk. When you knocked but now, madam, I thought it was him."

She had drawn open the door as she spoke, and Mrs. Chattaway contrived to recognise Mr. King in the obscure light. Fearful of attracting undue attention to the lodge, Ann Canham was observing unusual precautions against it, and for several evenings had lighted no candle, but made shift with what light the fire gave.

"Oh, Mr. King, how thankful I am to you for your kindness!" exclaimed Mrs. Chattaway, taking his hand. "Is he in danger?"

"Well, I hope not: not in actual danger," was the surgeon's answer. "But—you see—circumstances are against him."

"Yes," she said, hesitatingly, not precisely understanding what were the circumstances to which he alluded. Mr. King resumed.

"Nothing is more essential in these cases of low fever than plenty of fresh air, and generous nourishment. The one he cannot get, lying where he does; to obtain the other may be almost as difficult. If these low fevers cannot be checked, they go on very often to—"

"To what?" she rejoined, a terrible dread upon her that he meant to say "to death."

"To typhus," quietly remarked the surgeon.

"Oh, but that is dangerous!" she cried, clasping her hands. "That sometimes goes on to death."

"Yes," said Mr. King; and it struck her that his tone was a significant one.

"But you must try and prevent it, doctor—you must prevent it, and save him," she cried; and her imploring accent, her trembling hands, proved to the surgeon how great was her emotion.

He shook his head: the issues of life and death were not in his power. "My dear lady, I will do what I am enabled to do; more, I cannot. We poor human doctors can but work under the hand of God."

CHAPTER LIV.

A RED-LETTER DAY FOR TREVLIN FARM.

THERE are some happy days in the most monotonous, the least favoured life; days on which we can look back always, even to the life's end, and say, "That was a red-letter one."

Such a day had arisen for Trevlyn Farm. Perhaps never, since the unhappy accident which had carried away its master, had so joyful a one dawned for Mrs. Ryle and George—certainly never one that brought half the satisfaction; for George Ryle was going up to the Hold that day, money in hand, to clear off the last instalment of the debt to Mr. Chattaway.

It was the lifting off them of a heavy tax; it was the removal of a nightmare—a nightmare that had borne them down, that had all but crushed them with its cruel weight. How they had toiled, and striven, and persevered, and saved, George and Nora alone knew. They knew it far better than Mrs. Ryle; she had joined in the saving, but very little in the work. To Mrs. Ryle the debt seemed to have been cleared off quickly—far more quickly than had appeared likely at the time of Mr. Ryle's death. And so it had been. George Ryle was one of those happy people who believe in the special interposition and favour of God; and he believed that God had shown favour to him, and helped him with prosperity. It could not be denied that Trevlyn Farm had been favoured with remarkable prosperity since George's reign at it. Season after season, when other people complained of short returns, those of Trevlyn Farm had flourished. Harvests had been abundant; crops had been abundant; cattle, sheep, poultry—all had been richly abundant. It is true that George brought keen intelligence, ever-watchful care to bear upon it; but returns, even with these, are not always satisfactory. They had been so with him in an eminent degree. His bargains in the buying and selling of stock had been always good, yielding him a profit—for he had entered into them somewhat largely—that had never been dreamt of by his father. The farmers around, seeing how all he put his hand to seemed to flourish, set it down to his superior skill, and talked one to another, at their gatherings at fairs and markets, of "young Ryle's 'euteness." Perhaps the success might be owing to a very different cause, as George believed—and nothing could have shaken that belief—the special blessing of God.

Yes, in spite of Mr. Chattaway's oppression, they had flourished. It almost seemed to that gentleman like magic, that the payments to him had not only been

kept up but increased, in addition to their other expenses. That the debt should be ready to be finally cancelled he scarcely believed, although he had received intimation to that effect.

It did not please him. No; dear as money was to the master of Trevlyn Hold, he had been better pleased to keep George Ryle still under his thumb, unemancipated. *He* had not been favoured with the like success: his corn had, some seasons, been thin in the ear; his live stock had been unhealthy; his bargains had turned out losses instead of gains; he had made some bad debts; his coal-mine had exploded; his ricks had been burnt. Certainly no extraordinary luck had followed Mr. Chattaway—rather the contrary; and he regarded George Ryle with anger and envy. A great deal more than would have pleased George, had he known it. Not that George cared, in the abstract, whether he had Mr. Chattaway's envy or love; but George wanted to stand so far well with him as to get the lease of his best farm. A difficult task! You'll never do it, George Ryle!

Mr. Chattaway sat in what was called the steward's room that fine autumn morning—but the autumn was merging into winter now. When rents were paid to him, it was where he sat to receive them. It was where the steward, in the old days of Squire Trevlyn, sat to receive them; to see the tenants and work-people upon other matters; to transact the business generally—for it was not until the advent of Mr. Chattaway that Trevlyn Hold had been without its steward or bailiff. In the estimation of Miss Diana, it ought not to be without one now.

Mr. Chattaway was not in a good humour that morning—which is not saying much: but he was in an unusually bad one. A man who rented a small farm of fifty acres under him had been in to pay his annual rent. That is, he had paid part of it, pleading unavoidable misfortune for not being able to make up the remainder, and begging time and grace. It did not please Mr. Chattaway—never a more exacting man than he with his tenants—and the unhappy defaulter wound up the displeasure to a climax by inquiring, innocently and simply, really not meaning any offence, whether any news of the poor young squire had come to light.

Mr. Chattaway had not done digesting the unpalatable remark when George entered. "Good morning, Mr. Chattaway," was his greeting; and perhaps of all his tenants George Ryle was the only one who did not on these occasions, when they met face to face as landlord and tenant, address him by his coveted title of "squire."

"Good morning," returned Mr. Chattaway, shortly and snappishly. "Take a seat."

George drew a chair to the table at which Mr. Chattaway sat, and opening a substantial bag, he counted out of it notes and gold and a few shillings in silver, which he divided into two portions; then, with his hands, he pushed each nearer Mr. Chattaway, one after the other.

"This is the year's rent, Mr. Chattaway; and this, I am happy to say, is the last instalment of the debt and interest which my father owed—or was said to owe—to Squire Trevlyn. Will you be so good as to give me a receipt in full?"

Mr. Chattaway swept towards him the heap designated as the rent, apparently ignoring the other and what had been said of it. "What have you deducted from it?" he asked, in an angry tone, as he counted it over and found that it came somewhat short of the sum he expected.

"Not much," replied George; "only what I have a right to deduct. The fences and—— But I have the accounts with me," he continued, taking three or four papers from his pocket. "You can look them over."

Mr. Chattaway scrutinised the papers one by one, but he was unable to find anything to object to in the items. George Ryle knew better than to stop money for aught but what fell to the legal cost of the landlord. But it was in Mr. Chattaway's nature to dispute and haggle.

"If I brought this matter of the fences into a court of law, George Ryle, I believe it would be given against you."

"I don't think you believe anything of the sort, Mr. Chattaway," returned George good-humouredly. "If you have any great wish to try it, you can: but the loss would be yours."

Probably Mr. Chattaway knew that it would be. He said no more, but proceeded to count the other heap of money. It was all there, all that remained to be paid, both of principal and interest. In vain Mr. Chattaway opened his books of the days gone by, and went over old figures; he could not claim another fraction. The long-pending two thousand pounds, the disputed loan, which had caused so much heart-burning, which had led in a remote degree to the violent death of Mr. Ryle, was at length paid off.

"As I have paid former sums, under the same protest that my father did, so I now pay this last and final one," said George, in a civil but straightforward, business-like tone. "I believe that Squire Trevlyn cancelled the debt on his death-bed; have lived in the belief; but there was no document to prove it, and therefore we have had to bear the consequences. It is all, however, honourably paid now."

Mr. Chattaway could not demur to this, and he gave a receipt—in full, as George had expressed it—for that and for the year's rent. As George put the former safely in his pocket-book, he felt like a bird set at liberty from a many years' cruel cage. He was a free man and a joyous one.

"That farm of yours has turned out well of late years," observed Mr. Chattaway.

"Very well: there's the proof," pointing to the money on Mr. Chattaway's desk. "To tell you the truth, I gave myself two years more, good, to pay it off in, and Mrs. Ryle thought it would take longer. But I have been exceedingly prosperous in my bargains with stock. Will you be afraid to try me on a farm on my own account?"

Had it been any eligible body except George Ryle, Mr. Chattaway would probably have said he should not be afraid to try him; but Mr. Chattaway did not like George Ryle. He disliked him, as a mean, ill-principled man will dislike and shun an honourable one.

"I should think that when you are making Trevlyn Farm answer so well, you would be loth to leave it," remarked Mr. Chattaway in an ungracious tone.

"So I might be, were Trevlyn Farm leased on my own account alone. Of all the returns which have accrued from my care and labour, not a shilling has found its way to me, my individual profit: I have worked entirely for others. But for the heavy costs which have been upon us, the chief of which were Treve's expenses and this old debt of Squire Trevlyn's, there would have been a fair sum to put by yearly, and I imagine my mother would have allowed me to take half as my portion. I believe she intends to do so by Treve, and I hope Treve will make as good a thing of the farm as I have done."

"That's not likely," slightly spoke Mr. Chattaway.

"He may do well if he chooses; there's no doubt of it; and he can always come to me for advice. I shall not be far away—at least, if I can settle where I hope to do. My mother wishes the lease transferred into Trevlyn's name: I suppose there will be no objection to it."

"I'll consider of it," shortly replied Mr. Chattaway.

"And now, Mr. Chattaway," George continued with a smile, "I want you to promise me the lease of the Upland Farm. It will be vacant in spring."

"You are mad to ask it," said Mr. Chattaway. "A man without a shilling—and you have just informed me you don't possess one, have not laid by one—can't expect to take the Upland Farm. That farm's only suitable for a gentleman"—and the master of Trevlyn Hold laid an offensive stress upon the word—"and one who has got his pockets lined with money. I have had an application for the Upland Farm which I think I shall accept: in fact, for the matter of that, I had some thought of retaining it in my own hands, and putting a bailiff to manage it."

"You had better let it to me," returned George, not losing his good humour. "Was the application made to you by Mr. Peterby?"

Mr. Chattaway stared in surprise at his knowing so much. "What if it was?" he resentfully answered.

"Why, then, I can tell you that it will not be repeated. Mr. Peterby's client—I am not sure that I am at liberty to mention his name—has given up the idea. Partly because I have told him I want the farm myself, and he says he won't oppose me out of respect to my father's memory; partly because Mr. Peterby has heard of another likely to suit him as well, if not better. All the neighbours would be glad to see me take the Upland Farm."

Mr. Chattaway's breath was nearly driven away with the insolence. "Had you not better constitute yourself the manager of my estate, and take possession of the Hold, and let my farms to whom you will?" he sarcastically answered. "How dare you interfere with my tenants, or with those who would become my tenants, George Ryle?"

"I have not interfered with them. This client of Mr. Peterby's happened to mention to me that he had asked that firm to make inquiries for him about the Upland Farm, and I immediately rejoined that it was the very farm I was hoping to take myself; and it seems he determined in his own goodwill not to oppose me."

"Who was it?" demanded Mr. Chattaway.

"One who would not have suited you, if you have set your mind upon the farm's being tenanted by a gentleman," freely answered George. "He is an honest man,

and a man whose coffers are well lined through his own industry; but he could not by any stretch of imagination be regarded as a gentleman. It is Cope the butcher. Since he retired from his shop, he finds his time hang on hand, and has come to the resolve to turn farmer. Mr. Chattaway, I hope you will let it to me."

"It appears to me nothing less than audacity to ask it," was the cold reply. "Pray where's your money to come from to stock it?"

"It's all ready," said George.

Mr. Chattaway looked at him, deeming the assertion to be a joke. "If you have nothing better to do with your time than to jest it away, I have with mine," was the delicate hint he gave to George.

"But the money is ready," continued George. "Mr. Chattaway, I do not wish to conceal anything from you; to be otherwise than entirely open. The money to stock the Upland Farm is going to be lent to me; you will be surprised when I tell you by whom—Mr. Apperley."

The master of Trevlyn Hold was surprised; it was not much in Farmer Apperley's line to lend money. He was too cautious a man.

"It's true," said George, laughing. "He has so good an opinion of my skill as a farmer, or of the Upland Farm's capabilities, that he has offered to lend me sufficient money to enter upon it."

"I should have thought you had had enough of farming land upon borrowed money," ungenerously retorted Mr. Chattaway.

"So I have—looking at it in one point of view," was the composed answer. "But I have managed to clear off the debt, you see, and I don't doubt I shall be able to do the same by Mr. Apperley's. He proposes only a fair rate of interest; considerably less than I have been paying you."

"It is a strange thing that you, a young and single man, should raise your ambitious eyes to the Upland Farm."

"Not at all. If I don't take the Upland, I shall take some other as large. But I should have to go a greater distance, and I don't care to do that. As to my being a single man—perhaps that may be remedied if you will let me the Upland."

He spoke with a laugh, and yet Mr. Chattaway detected somewhat of a serious meaning in his tone. He gazed hard at George. It may be that his thoughts glanced at his daughter Octave.

There was a long pause. "Are you thinking of marrying?" demanded Mr. Chattaway.

"Immediately that circumstances shall allow me," was the ready answer.

"And who is the lady?"

George shook his head; a very decisive shake in spite of the smile on his lips. "I cannot tell you that now, Mr. Chattaway; you will know it sometime."

"I suppose I shall if the match ever comes off," returned Mr. Chattaway, in a very cross-grained sort of manner. "If it has to wait until you rent the Upland Farm, it may wait some time."

"You will promise me the lease of it, Mr. Chattaway. You cannot fear but I shall do the land justice, or be anything but a good tenant."

"I won't promise anything of the sort," doggedly answered Mr. Chattaway. "I'll promise you, if you like, that you never shall have the lease of it."

And, talk as George would, he could not get him into a more genial frame of mind. At length he rose, good-humoured, gay, as he had been throughout the interview.

"Never mind for the present, Mr. Chattaway. I shall not let you alone until you promise me the farm. There's plenty of time between now and spring."

As he was crossing the hall on his way to the door he saw Miss Diana Trevlyn, and stopped to shake hands with her. "You have been paying your rent, I suppose," she said.

"My rent and something else," replied George, in his high spirits—and the removal of that incubus which had so long lain on him had sent them up to fever heat. "I have handed over the last instalment of the debt and interest, Miss Diana, and have the receipt safe here"—touching his breast-pocket. "I have paid it under protest, as I have always told Mr. Chattaway; for I fully believe that Squire Trevlyn cancelled it."

"If I thought that my father cancelled it, Mr. Chattaway should never have had my approbation to press for it," severely spoke Miss Diana. "Is it true that you think of leaving Trevlyn Farm? Rumour says so."

"Quite true. It is time I began life on my own account. I have been asking Mr. Chattaway to let me the Upland."

"The Upland! You!" There was nothing offensive in Miss Diana's exclamation: it was spoken in simple surprise.

"Why not?" said George. "I may be thinking of getting a wife; and the Upland is the only farm near that I would take her to."

Miss Diana smiled in answer to his laughing joke, as she thought it. "The house on the Upland Farm is quite a mansion," she returned, keeping up the jest.

"Will no inferior one suffice for her?"

"No. She is a gentlewoman born and bred, and must live as such."

"George, you speak as if you were in earnest. Are you really thinking of being married?"

"If I can get the Upland Farm. But—"

George was quite startled from the conclusion of his sentence. Over Miss Diana's shoulder, gazing at him with a strangely wild expression, was the face of Octave Chattaway, her lips apart, a shining spot of scarlet on her cheeks.

(To be continued.)

Temperance Department.

A HUSBAND RECLAIMED BY HIS WIFE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

HERR MUNTER's wife was certainly a very good creature. It was, indeed, whispered that she had a will of her own, but then that will was always directed to the well-being of those with whom she was connected, and not to her own comfort and pleasure. This good lady (known by the name of the "good woman" in her own circle) was in her youth a bonny, blooming girl, the daughter of a

respectable family; her husband was a tradesman in a small town, and one would almost have thought that she might fancy herself too good to weigh out snuff and measure oil day after day. But she didn't think so; whatever was most needful seemed to her to be the most respectable, too; and she bustled about among the herring-tubs and cheese-rennets with the same fresh air and cheerful smile with which she would have presided at a dinner-table had her husband been a minister. But there were very few ministers' wives who had so extensive a field of labour, and so many opportunities of doing good, and showing kindness, as the "good woman" had behind her counter.

Right glad were the good folk when they saw the kindly and good-looking woman at the counter, for she had a nice present for every little child, and for the old a good word, or a wise piece of advice. No counsellor ever had more, or more various human affairs on his mind than she: affairs of marriage or of espousals; the sighs of the old and the murmurings of the young; the cares of poverty and the fretfulness of wealth, were in her sympathetic heart fully embraced.

There entered one morning a woman for a small packet of chicory. "I can get coffee no more. My husband is so hard that he does not wish me to have what does me good, for I find that when I am tired coffee does me more good than porridge."

"Well, don't talk so of him, my good woman; all men have some sort of failing, and so has my own. As soon as ever he hears the pebble in the morning, he thinks the house is going to rack and ruin with roasting and baking; he does not mean so very ill. Now you have an industrious husband, and you ought to put up with a little from him."

"That is true; he is no drunkard, like that Schreider opposite, who drinks schnapps, and his wife coffee, till there is no more of either to be got," said the woman, somewhat softened.

Towards evening, the husband of this woman came to get a few ounces of tobacco.

"Won't you take a little coffee, too, neighbour, for the good wife, as to-morrow is Sunday?" inquired the shop-keeper.

"I cannot be bothered with carrying the coffee myself to her," said he.

"Well, but a cup of coffee now and then is very refreshing, and a change from heavier kinds of food. And your wife does not grudge you your pipe of tobacco."

"Ah, that is quite another thing!" said he.

"Not entirely; people get satisfied with coffee, but never with tobacco."

"Ah! but I have got to work for the money for the one as well as for the other."

"And again, your wife keeps together what you have earned; that alone is worth the expense of a little coffee. Come, there's a good husband, take your wife a little coffee; she has such hard nights with the children, and a little refreshment makes her kind and obliging enough to go through with anything."

"Ah, you women have a clever way of helping each other; you have succeeded in gaining your point, neighbour!"

The old lady smiled with sincere delight, as on the Sunday morning she saw the couple sitting so happily in the church together. And the brick-

layer's wife boasted, long after, how delighted she was in finding her husband bring her the coffee, and how accommodating he was to her ever after.

She had sometimes more serious misunderstandings to reconcile and to cure, with her friendly counsel, her open heart, and her liberal hand. She had acquired a thorough knowledge of human nature. The minister of the town little suspected how much he was indebted to the unassuming woman who seldom left the narrow limits of her house and counter. Yet the counter was not the only sphere of labour of the "good woman." House and children, of which latter there gradually accumulated a goodly progeny, were properly cared for; she was a good mother in their education; and above all, to her husband not only an active helpmate, but always a lovable companion, and one who discovered his ways and adapted herself to them.

Herr Munter, her husband, was at heart as good as she; but he did not at all come up to her in unwearied activity and energy, or in cleverness and decision to do what was necessary, even if she sacrificed her own pleasure.

In the first year of their married life they generally spent the evening together in the shop-parlour; and the wife used to tell her husband, who superintended the financial arrangements, of the principal events that had occurred to her during the day; and in the mild, pleasant evenings after the shop was shut, they used to take a walk with one another, and compare their accounts together, and thus it happened that they found many little items to set right. They then, with their maid and children, used to retire to family prayers, and lay themselves down to rest in peace.

But at length came the little children, who in the evenings became restless, and she could no longer give herself up so entirely to her husband. He, on his part, found the domestic condition of the house inconvenient; and instead of the one evening a week on which he used to go out and get his glass, he gradually went out seven times as often; and the mother had to take care to get her children to bed before the father came home, otherwise one or other of them was sure to find his humour not the very best when he returned.

The good wife saw with anxiety this growing inclination for the bottle. She prepared her husband the dish he liked best for his supper; she taught her children little stories and tricks to entertain themselves with. In vain: the fish was cold and the children sleepy; papa did not come home.

"But, my good man, you will remain at home to-day, surely? It is our Richard's birth-day," said she, one evening.

"Can not, wife: the host of the 'Bear' is exceedingly aggrieved if I remain away; and you know very well that he gets all his cheese from us."

"Cannot you go to him on Saturday?"

"That is the day I go to the 'Lamb.' The landlord there will never forgive me, for he is our best customer."

"But will you walk out with us on Sunday?"

"I would, very willingly; but what would the landlord of the 'Eagle' say? It would be a pretty thing, indeed, to get rid of all our best customers."

"Well, let customers be customers," said the woman, who for once lost her patience; "your children have more need of their father than two or

three landlords, in whose house you spend more money than they bring into your shop."

"You are quite wrong there, wife," said Herr Munter in loud tones; "you women only see what lies straight before you; you little observe how we get profit unawares. The landlord of one of those inns like as not asks me the price of snuff or tobacco, and I tell him what I charge for the best Portorico or Doppelmops, and so one thing leads on to another. Little do you think, wife, when you sit complacently at the counter, and jump up to serve customers, how I have the night before worked hard to secure them. Do you not think that I should prefer sitting at home in my parlour, and reading the newspaper, to going off by train, and encountering foul weather? But a father of a family must not think of that. Yes," concluded he in a paternal manner, as he put on his coat, "put your children to bed, reckon up your money, put the fish into fresh water, and keep yourself comfortable at home while I am providing for the future;" and in the fulness of his self-denying fatherly feelings, he went to the "Bear," while his wife gazed after him with tearful eyes.

Every Sunday morning Herr Munter went with his wife and the apprentice to church, and after Divine service, he had to settle with some friends to which of the inns he should devote his fatherly feelings. The wife looked after the property and read to the children in the Bible, or amused herself with their gambols. As she had in the week-days so often to supply the place of her husband at the counter, she had but little leisure for walking out; but she walked out one day, and made an earnest request that God would point out a way to her to rescue her otherwise so worthy husband from the dangerous path into which he had wandered, and bring him back to the comfort and happiness of home.

It so happened that in the first year of their married life, her husband's darling wish was to possess a garden of his own; he had already a sort of plaything of one at the back of his house, and they studied all the old garden books which he could find in his cupboards. But when the family began to appear, and she had her last one, a very little dear thing, she found she had matters nearer to her heart than any garden, however pretty. Now, however, in her present condition, the thought suddenly occurred to her, "You shall buy a garden wherewith to rejoice your husband. But where?" she added to herself, as she parted the locks of her eldest boy. In front of the higher gate there is a capital garden, and in excellent condition; but there the Bear stretches out his claws and paws. In front of the back gate are the beautiful fruit gardens; but there we must pass by the Eagle. Towards the common? but there lies the Lamb, looking very like a lion—indeed, if a lamb, a very ferocious one.

Meanwhile, in her walk she had reached the churchyard, a favourite play-ground of the children, and gazed feelingly upon the crosses and grave-stones beneath which the fore-elders of Herr Munter were buried. Greatly did the good woman respect and reverence these monuments. Beyond the lower wall of the churchyard her eyes fell upon a somewhat neglected garden, whose excellent soil seemed worthy of a better lot. It occurred to her that the garden, for a consideration, would be purchasable.

"Buy it thou, then," said she to herself; influenced, as she believed, by a higher inspiration, and to the

astonishment of her children she turned short round, let them gambol at will, and hastened immediately to the solicitor to whom the sale of the lands was deputed.

"The price was moderate on account of the situation," said the seller. That was pleasant hearing to the good woman, for there was the best possible prospect all round, and the neighbourhood of silent death had no terrors for her.

She went home, without looking much after her counter this time, where the apprentice found herself much troubled with the customers, dived into the deepest recesses of her clothes-chest and found an old black box, and told out the sum. It was a pretty considerable sum in silver money, with the addition of one or two pieces of gold. This money she counted out with great care; she had not seen so much for a long time in her own possession. Carefully did she wrap up the remainder, which formed a sum large enough to serve as the nucleus for a small garden-house. It might seem wonderful how so simple and homely a woman could have saved up such a sum of money, but it was a home-gift from her mother for especial purposes, and she had solemnly promised only to spend it in times of need. Now, since she had observed her husband's inclination to go to the different inns, she had gradually increased her treasure by means of little instalments, and intended to devote it to the education of her children. "The time meant by my mother has now arrived," said she to herself; "I cannot do better for my children than win their father back again to them." She took the gold to the lawyer, who gave her the key of the garden, and promised secrecy.

A favourable opportunity soon arrived of informing her husband of the new acquisition. Tuesday was the day of his mother's death, when they had always been used to visit the churchyard together, and on one particular occasion but little business was expected, and the counter was left in charge of the maidservant. The children, who had no suspicion of the matter, frolicked away in front. Munter walked out once more with his wife, but he had been so little used to it of late, that he felt ill at ease, and was calculating in his own mind whether or no he should find time to get to the "Lamb" that night. When they came to their grandmother's grave, the children laid garlands and posies upon it, and Munter related to his attentively observant wife stories told a hundred times before, which showed that his heart was still open to kind feelings. As they were returning, he glanced, as his wife had done before, into the garden beyond. The turf sod was brilliantly green, the trees were in their brightest bloom. "A nice place that," said Munter, "pity it is not in good hands." "There must be wild strawberries and primroses in it," cried the children, longingly; "can we not go in?" "The father unlocks the door for you," said the mother, laughing, and put the key into her husband's hand. "How? what?" inquired he, who marked his wife's demeanour more than he did her words, and saw that something particular was going on. "The key is yours, and the garden, too," said she, embracing him. "Mine?" cried the astonished husband. "Ours!" shouted the children in ecstasy, and rushing into it, they rolled on the grass and showed in every way that they understood the laws of possession as well as a commissioner.

Meanwhile the pair walked about the garden with

great satisfaction, and she related to her husband how she had bought it; but the reason why she carefully concealed from him. He was inexhaustible in his plans for improving it. "The first improvement must be a little garden-house, that we may be able to sit there in fine weather." "Understand," said his wife, "I have still a trifle left to go towards it." The host of the "Lamb" was clean forgotten that evening, and the next day he could scarcely wait for the holiday hour when he went with his neighbour the carpenter into the new garden to look out for a good situation for the house. They fixed upon a site, drew out a plan, and not a spare moment did he find that he did not employ upon the garden.

The children, overjoyed with their new possession, occupied themselves with various diversions—weed-ing, water-carrying, sand-bearing; and as they were often there, the father lived with them once more, and learned to enjoy their society most heartily.

The good woman who had made the free sacrifice of her private property for the sake of the new inheritance, had more than ever to replace her husband in the shop, and at the same time she was not without use in the garden; but she did all with joyous spirit and good will, and was delighted to see her husband living in harmony with nature around, happy in and with his own; the wild beasts, "Eagles," "Lions," and "Bears," and even the tame "Lamb," in vain stretched out their talons or paws. Apple-wine was soon a product of the soil, and served Herr Munter for drink; indeed, he pronounced it more full-bodied and substantial than what he could get at the brewer's, made it his winter's drink, and stayed at home.

Next summer the garden-house was ready; it was, and remained from that time, the centre of all their household joys, the scene of all their family rejoicings, the playground of the children, and at a later time the locality of their dearest recollections.

The neighbourhood of the Garden of Death, which would have seemed so shocking to many people, did not disturb this peaceable couple. If they sat cheerfully in the garden together, and heard the clock strike, and saw a pilgrim carried to his rest, the mother made a sign to her children to keep quiet, the parents clasped their hands and uttered a silent prayer for a blessing on themselves and their children, and then conversed about departed kindred and other topics, and so came round again to matters of real life. And how rich did the good woman feel herself in the means which she now possessed of rejoicing so many others with the beautiful blossoms, the good vegetables, and the precious fruits of the garden; and her husband rejoiced with her. He never discovered what really induced his wife to part with her private hoard; but although he was somewhat jealous of her superiority to him, he would often say, "Wife, that was a brave gift of thine."

Thus lived and worked this happy couple many long years in quietness and peace; and as the trees grew higher and broader in the garden, so did the children grow around them. On the green turf on which their children had gambolled, the grandchild in its turn played; and the children sat in the garden-house and tasted the apple-wine, which improved every year, and talked of the joys and cares of their little homestead.

The garden in the neighbourhood of the churchyard is still in the possession of her descendants, a blooming memento of her thrift and shrewdness.

"HAVE WE ANY 'WORD OF GOD?'"

III.—IS THE BIBLE "LIKE ANY OTHER BOOK?" (Continued.)

THE Bible is described in its own pages as a power. "Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" Jer. xxiii. 29. "As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and watereth the earth, and maketh it to bring forth and bud, so shall my word be," Isa. lv. 10, 11. It is "the sword of the Spirit," Eph. vi. 17. It is "quick and powerful," Heb. iv. 12. Of what other book can such things be asserted?

But the history of the human race fully bears out these extraordinary claims. If a thousand famous men, in various ages of the world, have relieved the darkness of the human race by shining like the stars which render beautiful the vault of heaven, it is the Word of God, and nothing else, which rises upon mankind with the power and vivifying influence of the glorious sun. And hence, very naturally, the history of the Bible, of its growth, and of its perpetually increasing influence, is the history of all that is hopeful and cheering in the annals of mankind.

While it was in course of formation it was limited, avowedly, in its message and in its operation to a single nation; but when, simultaneously with the preaching of Christianity, the canon of Holy Scripture was completed, it, like Christianity itself, was given to the whole race of mankind. And then were seen results wholly unlike any which can be attributed to any other book. A vast moral revolution was at once commenced. Destitute of wealth, of station, of influence, and of education, a few poor artisans and fishermen "turned the world upside down." They "went everywhere, preaching the word." This Book was never out of their hands, or absent from their addresses. Take the Acts of the Apostles, and turn over chapter after chapter; in each you find "the Word of God" made the basis of every argument. They did, indeed, "take the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God," and against its power, nothing could stand. The learned rabbis, with their immovable bigotry; the philosophical Greeks, with their picturesque and poetical idolatry; the haughty Romans, intolerant of this new "superstition," all opposed, and persecuted, and withstood, but all successively fell. "The faith of Jesus goes on, 'conquering and to conquer,'"

until, after a contest of nearly three hundred years, it stands on the throne of the Caesars, and temples, and towers, and realms, and kingdoms, fall before it." There is no other fact like this in the world's history. Mahomet put a sword into the hands of the fierce Arabians, and his successors soon conquered whole empires. So did Alexander, Attila, and Genghis Khan. But there is no resemblance between the two cases. Of the deeds of conquerors the earth's history is full, but for hundreds of years the sword was only drawn to exterminate Christianity, not to advance it. A few despised Jews, with the Bible in their hands, and braving the fiercest persecution, "succeeded in persuading multitudes of luxurious, educated, and ambitious Greeks and Romans to abandon wealth and power, and sensual indulgences, and to embrace a life of purity and self-denial. And this, not in one country, or among one people only, but in all parts of the known world." At Rome in the days of Nero, "a great multitude of Christians," says Tacitus, "were seized and punished." Forty years after, Pliny, in Pontus and Bithynia, speaks of "this superstition" as pervading all ranks, until the heathen temples were nearly deserted. Justin Martyr, thirty years after Pliny, declares that "there was not a nation among whom prayers to Jesus were not offered up." And Clemens Alexandrinus, a few years later, says that the Christian faith had spread throughout the whole world. Now, remembering how weak were the instruments employed, how fierce the persecution they had to endure, and how pure and self-denying was the doctrine they preached, this rapid spread and final triumph of Christianity is one of the most astonishing facts recorded in the history of mankind. And it was the triumph of the Word of God. For more than three hundred years the two were identified. Then, by degrees, the Church began to place itself before the Word, and gradually the light of Holy Scripture was obscured. In the seventh and eighth centuries the clergy withdrew the Scriptures from the people. A Paulician woman, referring Sergius to the New Testament, was told, "It is not permitted to us to read the Holy Scriptures, but only for the priests." This state of things continued down to the time of the Reformation. The council of Toulouse, A.D. 1227, says (can. 14)—"We strictly forbid the laity to have the books of the Old and New

Testament in the vulgar tongue." These ages, then, are justly termed "the Dark Ages." The name and forms of Christianity were kept up by the monks, and they preserved the Scriptures in their libraries; but among the bulk of the people religion became extinct, or was reduced to a veneration for saints, and crosses, and images. The Reformation was, in fact, a setting the Bible free, a bringing it forth out of its prison, a second proclamation of the Gospel to the nations. All the principal reformers, Wycliffe, Tyndale, Luther, and others, were translators of the Bible. Europe awoke suddenly from its slumber, and Christianity was again seen to be a living power.

That power has received a fresh impetus within the last fifty years, and again the Scriptures, the Word of God, are found to be the Spirit's sword. Many realms have been added to Christendom since the opening of the nineteenth century; but in every such instance the Bible has been the main agent of the change. New Zealand and Burmah, South Africa and South India, Hawaii, and many other islands of the Pacific, have now learnt to adore, "in their own tongues, the wonderful works of God." One of the latest examples of the power of the Word has been that seen in Madagascar. A few poor missionaries, chiefly Welshmen, were allowed to reside and labour there between 1823 and 1835, and then they were driven away. But they had translated God's Word into the language of the country, and they left some copies behind them. For five-and-twenty years the poor Malagase saw no European teacher, and their government proscribed Christianity. But the Spirit of God gave power to his Word. The Bible was eagerly read in secret, and disciples multiplied. The Queen raged, and slew Christians wherever she could discover them. But the Divine life imparted by means of the Bible was inextinguishable. More than one hundred poor Malagase became martyrs for the faith; and when the wretched Queen died, and the persecution ceased, it was found that the few believers whom the missionaries had left behind them in 1835, had grown to the number of 7,000. This had God wrought, by means of his Word. And when men tell us to "read and interpret the Bible like any other book," we ask them, in reply, whether any other book than the Bible ever wrought such a work as has been seen in Madagascar? That single case, though it

is only one among many, shows most conclusively that the Bible is not like any other book; and that it would be mere folly to treat it as if it were.—Yours sincerely,
R.

THE CHRISTIAN LIVES TO DIE.

I LIVE to die—I die to live,
And live no more to die again:
In death I shall a life receive,
In worlds remote from death and pain.
This life I owe to Him who died,
And rose, and reigns in yonder skies:
I triumph through the Crucified,
And, dead with Christ, with Christ shall rise.

His wondrous death my life insures;
His wondrous rising death destroys:
While Jesus lives my life endures—
That life the measure of my joys.
Then let me live, and let me die,
To Him who lived and died for me,
That I may rise with Him on high,
To life and immortality.

The Early Days of Good Men.

NO. XIV.—SIR POWELL BUXTON.

After all it is a noble thing—it is the noblest of all things—to be permitted to be a servant of the Infinite Ruler of the world; and how low and earthly is that wisdom which could prefer any delights before the delights of such self-dedication!

FILLED with the conviction he expressed in the above words, Powell Buxton devoted himself in the prime of his days to the service of his Creator and Redeemer, and his memory will ever be cherished as one of those who were bold and constant in the cause of righteousness, philanthropy, and truth; and who lived not for themselves, but for God and for mankind.

He was born on the 1st of April 1786, at Earl's Colne, in Essex, the residence of his father, Thomas Fowell Buxton, who died while his children, three sons and two daughters, were young. Thomas, who was the eldest son, was a vigorous child, and showed a bold and determined character. One who knew him well, said "he never was a child, he was a man in petticoats." Fearless and truthful, he was never known to have recourse to subterfuge or deceit. Shortly after his father's death, he was sent by his mother—who was the daughter of Mr. Hanbury, of Coggeshall, in Essex—to the school of Dr. Charles Burney, at Greenwich, in whom he found a kind and judicious master. Upon one occasion he was accused by an usher of talking during school-time, and desired to learn the collect, epistle, and gospel, as a punishment.

When Dr. Burney entered the school, young Buxton appealed to him, stoutly denying the charge. The usher as strongly asserted it, but Dr. B. stopped him, saying, "I never found the boy tell a lie, and will not disbelieve him now."

During the five years of his school life he does not appear to have made much progress in learning, and it is evident that his education was much more traceable to the effects of home influence, and above all, of maternal government, than to the instructions of his masters. Mrs. Buxton's character is thus briefly drawn by her son: "My mother was a woman of a

very vigorous mind, and possessing many of the generous virtues in a very high degree. She was large-minded about everything; disinterested almost to an excess; careless of difficulty, labour, danger, or expense, in the prosecution of any great object. With these nobler qualities were united some of the imperfections which belong to that species of ardent and resolute character." She belonged to the Society of Friends. Her husband being a member of the Church of England, their sons were baptised in infancy, and she never thought proper to exert her influence to bring them over to her own persuasion. Her anxiety was rather to give them a deep regard for the sacred scriptures and a lofty moral standard, than to inspire them with zeal about peculiar tenets or distinctive forms of religion.

Her system of education had in it much of her own characteristic traits. Though she gave but little indulgence, she permitted her boys to enjoy much liberty, leaving them free to go where they would and do as they pleased, so long as they yielded her due obedience. But her authority, when exercised, was paramount; and her rule, to use her own words, was "implicit obedience, unconditional submission." Yet the character of her eldest son was not without strong touches of self-will. He has described himself as being, when a boy, "of a daring, violent, domineering temper." There was, however, a strong principle of good sense and honourable feeling, to which his mother could always successfully appeal. It is related that on one occasion, when he had behaved ill, she determined to punish him, by leaving him at school during the Easter holidays. Meanwhile, however, some disorderly conduct took place among the boys, and two of the ringleaders were detained during the vacation. Mrs. Buxton found herself in a dilemma, and, on the first day of the holidays, she went to Greenwich, and fairly told Fowell her difficulty; saying that, rather than subject him to the risk of being alone with such boys, she was prepared to allow him to come home with his brothers. His answer was, "Never fear, mother, that I shall disgrace you or myself." Confident that he would keep his word, she undauntedly left him to his punishment.

Her aim appears to have been to give her sons a manly and robust character; and, both by precept and example, she strove to render them self-denying, and at the same time thoughtful for others. Long afterwards, when actively engaged in London, her son wrote to her:—"I constantly feel, especially in action and exertion for others, the effect of principles early planted by you in my mind." He particularly alluded to the abhorrence of slavery and the slave trade, with which she had strongly imbued him.

One of his schoolfellows has given an amusing description of him, when at Dr. Burney's:—

We were very intimate together; Buxton was then, as in after life, extraordinarily tall, and was called by his playfellows "Elephant Buxton." He was at that time, as afterwards—like the animal he was called from—of a kind and gentle nature; but he did not then exhibit any symptoms of the elephantine talent he subsequently evinced. I myself very often did his Latin lessons for him, and, as he was somewhat older and much bigger than I was, found him, in many respects, a valuable ally. When I was about twenty, I became a member of a debating society; there, on the first or second evening of my attendance, I heard a speech of great ability from a man of great stature; and I should have been assured it was my old schoolfellow I saw

before me, but that I could not suppose it possible so dull a boy should have become so clever a man. He it was, however, and our friendly intercourse was renewed, both in society and in private.

Young Buxton's great size and strength well fitted him for country amusements, and he early acquired a taste for field sports, which he retained through life. The gamekeeper, by whom he was instructed in these matters, was a remarkable character, and well fitted to train his young masters in those habits of fearlessness and hardihood which their mother wished them to possess. Mr. Buxton, in later life, thus mentions him in a letter, dated Cromer Hall, August 23, 1825:—

My father died when I was very young, and I became, at ten years old, almost as much the master of the family as I am of this at the present moment. My mother, a woman of great talents and great energy, treated me as an equal, conversed with me, and led me to form and express my opinions without reserve. Throughout life I have noted and thought for myself; and to this kind of habitual decision I am indebted for all the success I have met with. My "guide, philosopher, and friend" was Abraham Plaistow, the gamekeeper, a man for whom I have ever felt, and still feel, very great affection. He was a singular character; in the first place, this tutor of mine could neither write nor read, but his memory was stored with various rustic knowledge. He had more of natural good sense, and what is called "mother wit" than almost any person I have met with since; a knack which he had of putting everything into new and singular lights made him a most entertaining and even intellectual companion. He was the most undaunted of men; his fearlessness was proverbial. But what made him particularly valuable were his principles of integrity and honour. He never said or did a thing in the absence of my mother of which she would have disapproved. He always held up the highest standard of integrity, and filled our youthful minds with sentiments as pure and generous as could be found in the pages of Seneca or Cicero. Such was my first instructor, and, I must add, my best; for I think I have profited more by the recollection of his remarks and admonition than by the more learned and elaborate discourses of all my other tutors.

So high a testimony to the faithful conduct of a trusty servant is alike honourable to both master and dependent, and deserves to be recorded as an example of the good impression produced on the mind of a youth by a poor, unlearned servant-man.*

At the age of fifteen, Fowell Buxton left school, and persuaded his mother to allow him to remain at home for some months, the chief part of which time he devoted to field sports, and the remainder to desultory reading. There was an uncouth roughness of manners about him at this critical period—"twixt boyhood and youth"—which excited the criticism of his associates, and rendered him a fair butt for ridicule or reproof. He greatly needed the genial influence of wise and loving counsel, and the companionship of those who would judiciously cherish the germ of nobler qualities which lay beneath this somewhat repellant exterior; and, through the kindness of Providence (as he used emphatically to acknowledge), that influence was at hand.

* This worthy man died in 1836. The following inscription is placed on a mural tablet, erected, by the contributions of his neighbours, in Earl's Colne churchyard:—

"To the memory of Abraham Plaistow, who lived, for more than half a century, servant and gamekeeper in the families of Thomas Fowell Buxton and Osgood Gee, Esqs.

"Of humble station, yet of sterling worth,
Awaiting heaven, but yet content on earth;
Quaint, honest, simple-hearted, kind, sincere,
Such was the man to all our village dear.
He lived in peace; in hope resign'd his breath,
Go, learn a lesson from his life and death."

When in his sixteenth year, he was invited to visit the family of Mr. Gurney, of Earham, near Norwich, and there he at once found himself at home, in a household consisting of a numerous and delightful circle of young people. Charmed by the joyous and kindly spirit which pervaded the whole party, he was surprised at finding them all—even the younger members of the family—zealously occupied in self-education, and full of energy in the pursuit of their various objects, whether of amusement or of knowledge. They received him as one of themselves, early appreciating his powerful, though as yet uncultivated mind, and by their cordial and encouraging welcome, seeming to draw out all his latent powers. He at once joined them in reading and study, and from the time of this visit there was observed a remarkable change in the whole tone of his character; he received a stimulus not merely in the acquisition of knowledge, but in the formation of studious habits and intellectual tastes; and the same influence gradually extended to the refinement of his feelings and manners.

In his last letter from Mr. Gurney's house, he says, with boyish enthusiasm, "My visit here has completely answered; I have spent two months as happily as possible; I have learned as much (though in a different manner) as I should at Colne; and have got thoroughly acquainted with the most agreeable family in the world."

He returned home in December, 1801; but his mind never lost the impulse which it had received at Earham; and many years afterwards he thus refers to an early friendship, which, with good reason, he always reckoned among the choicest blessings of his life:—

I know no blessing of a temporal nature—and it is not temporal only—for which I ought to render so many thanks, as my connection with the Earham family. It has given a colour to my life. Its influence was most powerful and pregnant with good at that critical period between school and manhood. They were eager for improvement; I caught the infection. I was resolved to please them; and at the College of Dublin, at a distance from all my friends and all control, their influence, and the desire to please them, kept me hard at my books, and sweetened the toil they gave. The distinctions I gained at college (little valuable as distinctions, but valuable because habits of industry, perseverance, and reflection were necessary to obtain them)—these boyish distinctions were exclusively the result of the animating passion in my mind, to carry back to them the prizes which they prompted, and enabled me to win.

Mrs. Buxton was induced, by family reasons, to judge it advisable that her son should complete his education at Dublin; and accordingly, in the winter of 1805 he was placed in the family of an Irish clergyman who prepared pupils for the college, and subsequently became an undergraduate of the University of Dublin. Writing to his own son when in similar circumstances to those in which he now found himself, he makes some judicious observations well deserving the thoughtful attention of the young reader:—

You are now (he says) come to that period of life when you must make a turn to the right or to the left. You must now give proofs of principle, determination, and strength of mind; or you must sink into idleness, and acquire the habits and character of a desultory, ineffective young man; and if once you fall to that point, you will find it no easy matter to rise again. I am very sure that a young man may be very much what he pleases. It was so in my own case. I left school, where I had learnt little or nothing, at about the age of fourteen. I spent the next year at home

learning to hunt and shoot. Then it was that the prospect of going to college opened upon me. I then made my resolutions, and acted up to them; I considered every hour as precious; and, during the five years I was in Ireland, I made everything bend to my determination not to be behind any of my companions; and thus I speedily passed from one species of character to another. I had been a boy fond of pleasure and idleness; I soon became a youth of steady habits of application and irresistible resolution. I soon gained the ground I had lost, and found those things which were difficult and almost impossible to my idleness easy enough to my industry; and much of my happiness and all my prosperity in life have resulted from the change I made at your age.

This short extract gives us an epitome of his college life. He pursued his studies with the utmost ardour and success, greatly to the satisfaction of his mother and his friends in Norfolk, with whom he kept up an active correspondence. Whenever he could make his escape for a few weeks from Dublin, he gladly hastened to Earham, whither he was attracted by the growing attachment which he felt for Hannah, Mr. Gurney's fifth daughter, an attachment which was approved and sanctioned by both families.

In the summer of 1806 he had a very remarkable escape, of which he gave the following account:—

I was travelling with the Earham family in Scotland, and I left them to return to Dublin. In consequence of some conversation with H. G. about the Parkgate vessels, a promise was extracted from me that I would never go by them. I was exceedingly impatient to get back, in order to prepare for my examination. When I reached Chester, the captain of the Parkgate packet came and invited me to go with him. The wind was fair, the vessel to sail in a few hours; he was sure I should be in Dublin early the next morning, whereas, by waiting for the mail, I must lose the next day. My promise was a bitter mortification to me, but I could not dispense with it. I drank tea with a very large party. About eight or nine they all went away on board the vessel; and of the 119 persons who embarked as passengers, 118 were drowned before midnight.

Who can fail to see in this remarkable occurrence the providential care of God extended over his as yet thoughtless and inconsiderate servant? There is nothing in his letters on the subject to indicate that he recognised the loving and preventive care of his heavenly Father; but in after days he doubtless recalled to memory, with gratitude and devout acknowledgment, the mercy that had preserved him. One is reminded, when reading these memorials of his youthful days, of those beautiful lines of Addison:—

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

It seems, indeed, from his biography, that his attention was drawn about this time, with increased earnestness, to the subject of religion. He purchased a large Bible with the resolution, which he steadfastly kept, of reading a portion of it every day. He says, in a letter dated September 10, 1806, that quite a change had taken place in his mind with respect to reading the Scriptures:—

Formerly I read generally rather as a duty than a pleasure, but now I read them with great interest, and I may say happiness; indeed, I am sure that some of the happiest hours I spend here are while I am reading our Bible, which

is as great a favourite as a book can be. I never before felt so assured that the only means of being happy is from seeking the assistance of a superior Being, or so inclined to endeavour to submit myself to the direction of principle.

On the 13th May, 1807, having just attained the age of twenty-one, he married, and in one of his papers thus alludes to the event in connection with the closing circumstances of his academical career:—

I obtained the object of my long attachment, having refused, in consequence of the prospect of this marriage, a most honourable token of the esteem of the University of Dublin. The prospect was, indeed, flattering to youthful ambition—to become a member of parliament, and my constituents men of thought and education, and honour and principle, my companions, my competitors, those who had known and observed me for years . . . but having considered all points, I determined to decline the intended honour, and from that day to this, thanks to God, I have never lamented the determination.

The first few years of Mr. Buxton's married life were not without anxiety on the score of his worldly prospects. His expectations of wealth from different sources had been disappointed, and he now found that his fortunes must depend upon his own exertions. After deliberate consideration, he relinquished the idea of following the profession of the law, and entered into negotiations with a view to establishing himself in business, which resulted in his taking a situation in Mr. Truman's brewery, with a prospect of becoming a partner after three years' probation. He entered with characteristic ardour upon this new sphere of action, labouring to make himself master of his new vocation.

From childhood, says his biographer, the duty of active benevolence had been impressed on him by his mother, who used to set before him the idea of taking up some great cause by which he might promote the happiness of mankind. Upon settling in London, he at once sought opportunities of usefulness, and in this pursuit he received great assistance from an acquaintance, which ripened into friendship, with the Quaker philosopher and philanthropist, William Allen. This good man had long been engaged upon objects of enlightened benevolence, and by him Mr. Buxton was initiated into some of those questions to which his after life was devoted.

One of the most important of these had already attracted his attention. To one of his friends he writes in December, 1808:—

I have one reason for wishing to remain in town, which is, that I am going to become a member of a small society now instituting, for the purpose of calling the public mind to the bad effects and inefficiency of capital punishments.

At a later period, he says:—

From the time of my connection with the brewery in 1808—1816, I took a part in all the charitable objects of that distressed district, more especially those connected with education, the Bible Society, and the deep sufferings of the weavers.

Although a member of the Established Church, circumstances had cherished in the mind of Mr. Buxton a strong attachment to the Society of Friends; and he frequently spent Sunday under the roof of Mr. and Mrs. Fry, at Plashet, in Essex; and even when at home, during the first years of his marriage, he generally attended a Friends' meeting. In a letter written on Sunday, October 22nd, 1809, in his twenty-third year, he mentions that he had been reading Matt. v., "as a subject for reflection at meeting;" and adds:—

I think I almost always have a good meeting when I read before it, without any intermediate occupation of mind. It was a great pleasure to be able to engage myself so thoroughly when there. The verse that principally led me on to thought, was this: "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter the kingdom of heaven." This text is always very instructive to me. It is so serious a thing to be only on a par with the generality of those you see around you. This evening I have been thinking what I can do for the poor this winter. I feel that I have as yet done far short of what I ought and what I wish to do.

There is something very pleasing and instructive in tracing, as we may do by such memoranda, the happy influence of the study of the Scriptures upon his mind. He seems to have been evidently in earnest while endeavouring to practise the injunctions he found in those sacred pages, "to do good and to communicate;" and although, as yet, the great Gospel truths had not been brought home to his heart and conscience, he was in the way that leadeth unto life; like Cornelius, he was asking what he must do to obtain the Divine favour, and his prayers and his alms evinced the sincerity of his desire to approve himself to God. Happy was it for him that he was surrounded by good and pious friends, whose influence fostered every right desire, and constantly stimulated him to exertion. After a visit to Earlham, he says:—

I do not think I have enjoyed anything lately so much as the time I spent in that dear circle, and I hold it to be a treasure and blessing to have such relatives; I hope and believe, too, that it may be as useful as it is agreeable. Still I do not feel altogether confident that the stimulus they have given me will be of any duration; for it is not inducements to do our duty that we want; these we have already in abundance. They are, indeed, so many and so various, that if we were only as prudent and as rational with regard to our future state as we are to our present, none would utterly want religion but those who utterly wanted sense.

(To be continued in our next.)

EVENING HYMN.

SUNSET has faded from the sky;
Among the trees the night winds sigh;
Upon the earth deep shadows fall,
And darkness broodeth over all.
Saviour, whose deep and earnest prayer
Rose on the lonely midnight air,
Be near us—listen to our cry,
Ere slumber close the weary eye!

Soon will night's curtain be withdrawn,
And stars grow pale in early dawn;
Soon will the shadows pass away,
And darkness yield to glorious day.
Saviour, who while the world still slept,
A lonely, prayerful vigil kept;
When sunbeams chase the darkness drear,
Oh! let us wake to find Thee near!

READERS OF THE BIBLE.

THE Emperor Theodosius wrote out the whole New Testament with his own hand, and read some part of them every day. Theodosius II. dedicated a great part of the night to the study of the Scriptures. George, prince of Transylvania, read over the Bible twenty-seven times. Alphonsus, king of Arragon, read the Scriptures over, together with a large commentary, fourteen times.

Sir Henry Wotton, after his customary public

devotions, used to retire to his study, and there spend some hours in reading the Bible. Sir John Hartop in like manner, amidst his other vocations, made the Book of God so much his study, that it lay before him night and day.

M. de Renty, a French nobleman, used to read daily three chapters of the Bible, with his head uncovered, and on his bended knees.

Lady Frances Hobart read the Psalms over twelve times a year, the New Testament thrice, and the other parts of the Old Testament once.

Susannah, Countess of Suffolk, for the last seven years of her life, read the whole Bible twice annually.

Dr. Gouge used to read fifteen chapters every day: five in the morning, five after dinner, and five in the evening, before going to bed. Mr. Jeremiah Whitaker usually read all the Epistles in the Greek Testament twice every fortnight.

Joshua Barnes is said to have read a small pocket Bible, which he usually carried about with him, 120 times over. Mr. Roger Cotton read the whole Bible through several times a year.

The Rev. William Romaine studied nothing but the Bible for the last thirty or forty years of his life.

A poor prisoner being confined in a dark dungeon, had no light except for a few moments when his food was brought to him; he used to take his Bible and read a chapter, saying he could find his mouth in the dark, when he could not read.

Henry Willis, farmer, aged eighty-one, devoted almost every hour that could be spared from his labour during the course of so long a life, to the devout and serious perusal of the Holy Scriptures. He had read with the most minute attention all the books of the Old and New Testament eight times over, and had proceeded as far as the book of Job in his ninth reading, when his meditations were terminated by death.

THE LOVE OF MONEY.

"What are riches? Something more than a man possesses."

THE greatest endowments of the mind, the greatest abilities in a profession, and even the quiet possession of immense wealth, will never satisfy avarice. Lord Chancellor Hardwick, says Dr. King, when worth £800,000, set the same value on half-a-crown then as when he was worth only £100. The Duke of Marlborough, when he was in the last stage of life and very infirm, would walk from the public rooms, in Bath, to his lodgings, on a cold, dark night, to save sixpence in the hire of a sedan-chair. He died worth more than a million and a half sterling, which was inherited by a grandson of Lord Trevor, who had been one of his enemies. Sir James Lowther, after changing a piece of silver, and paying twopence for a dish of coffee, in George's coffee-house, was helped into his chariot (for he was then very lame and infirm) and sent home; some little time after, he re-

turned to the same coffee-house, on purpose to acquaint the woman who kept it that she had given him a bad halfpenny, and demanded another in exchange for it. Sir James, it is said, possessed an income of £40,000 per annum, and was at a loss whom to appoint his heir. Agur's prayer will be the language of the wise man; "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

CHRYSOSTOM IN EXILE.

"WHEN driven from the city," says this venerable Father, "I cared nothing for it. But I said to myself, If the empress wishes to banish me, the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof. If she would saw me in sunder, let her saw me in sunder; I have Isaiah for a pattern. If she would plunge me into the sea, I remember Jonah. If she would thrust me into the fiery furnace, I see the three children enduring that. If she would cast me to wild beasts, I call to mind Daniel in the den of lions. If she would stone me, I have before me Stephen, the proto-martyr. If she would take my head from me, let her do it; I have John the Baptist. If she would deprive me of my worldly goods, let her do so; 'Naked came I from my mother's womb, and naked shall I return.' An Apostle has told me, God respecteth no man's person; and if I yet pleased men I should not be a servant of Christ." Even Gibbon cannot refrain from remarking that these epistles "show a firmness of mind much superior to that of Cicero in his exile."

LESSONS FROM NATURE.

THE more the works of God are studied, the more suggestive will they become. They present the richest forms of beauty, and suggest the most sublime principles of art. Nature, indeed, is profuse in hints, and men of genius know how to value them.

It was observation on the part of the architect which led to the successful building of the Eddystone lighthouse. He observed that the form of the oak tree seemed the strongest in nature. He acted on this, and built the lighthouse after the model of an oak tree's trunk. Watt, the engineer, took the lobster's tail for his model when he was constructing pipes to convey water to Glasgow from the opposite side of the Clyde. The pipes were made to fit one into the other, like the joints of a lobster's tail, so that they might adapt themselves to the form of the bottom, when laid across the river.

Brunei acknowledged that he had taken his first lessons for forming the tunnel under the Thames from the shipworm, as he observed it perforate with its well-armed head the wood, first in one direction, and then in another, till the arched way was complete; the roof and sides of which it then daubed over with a kind of varnish. Copying this work exactly on a large scale, his great undertaking was accomplished.

Thus the works of creation become teachers to mankind.

Biblical Expositions,

IN REPLY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. H.—*How do you reconcile these two passages?—“And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart.”—Gen. vi. 6.—“God is not a man, that he should lie; neither the son of man, that he should repent: hath he said, and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?”—Numb. xxiii. 19.*

We only know God from his works, including his work in us; but it is impossible for the creature adequately to set forth the Creator. Whenever, therefore, human language is applied to God, it can only be in condescension to us. When we ascribe human qualities to God, such as love, joy, &c., we call them attributes, not qualities, in order to suggest that they are not in God in the same sense as they are in man.

When a man arranges a certain order of things, and then reverses that order because it has not accomplished an intended purpose, he is said to repent of what he had done, and to be grieved for having attempted it. When God's providence is of a similar character, it is described by the same words and phrases. They are intended to teach God's providence, not his nature as he is in himself. On this principle Moses says, “It repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart.” Gen. vi. 6.

In order to prevent our misapplying such declarations to God's nature and counsels, we read in Numb. xxiii. 19, “God is not a man, that he should lie; neither the son of man, that he should repent.”

E. P.—*What is the Scripture authority for calling upon a promiscuous assembly to unite in singing hymns?*

Our Lord declares that wheat and tares are to grow together until the harvest. He forbids us to root up the tares, lest we should root up also the wheat. He also compares the Church to a net which gathered together bad and good, not to be separated until the end of the world, Matt. xiii. 29, 30, 47, 48. The members of that visible Church are commanded to be “teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs,” and are also exhorted to do so “with grace in their hearts.” But each one is to be watchful for himself.

In all ages attempts have been made to collect bodies of converted persons, excluding the unconverted. All such attempts have signally failed, because they are contrary to our Lord's express command. Our blessed Saviour, in the supper chamber, engaged in worship with Judas; and did the same throughout his life in the synagogues, where the Psalms were sung.

G. M.—*“And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him: but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come.”—Matt. xii. 32.*

Our Lord's solemn warning here was against the danger of rejecting the grace of the Holy Ghost. He is the only Being who can sanctify the soul, and make it capable of receiving the Divine forgiveness. His blessed “strivings” are with all men, Gen. vi. 3; but when he with-

draws them there is no hope. It is a solemn question whether there is a period in this life when the Holy Ghost thus withdraws. There is no clear evidence in Scripture that the day of grace has passed from any man who is still in this life. On the other hand, there are innumerable exhortations to all men to repent and be saved.

Our blessed Lord's words should be simply taken as an admonition, and a very solemn one, to beware of neglecting, much more of resisting, the grace of that “good Spirit” who is able to save us, and most willing to renovate us.

P. I. A.—*“Now we know that God heareth not sinners: but if any man be a worshipper of God, and doeth his will, him he heareth.”—John ix. 31.*

These are the words of the blind man who was restored to sight. They are not necessarily true, any more than the reported words of the Pharisees. The Bible narratives of what men said and did are inspired accounts; but the things themselves are only the men's words and actions.

The once blind man's opinion was true in a modified sense, but it is not strictly true; for sinners, as such, are exhorted to seek the Lord while he may be found. Ahab's temporary humiliation was accepted by the Lord, and judgment was suspended, 1 Kings xxi. 27—29.

P. I. A.—*“Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you, Nay; but rather division.”—Luke xii. 51.*

The effect is here put for the cause, by a well-known figure of speech.

T. H.—*“When a person was declared ‘unclean,’ did that mean that the person was debarred from the privilege of public worship, or anything more?”*

“Uncleanness,” as a ceremonial or ecclesiastical condition, was simply unfitness for admission to public worship and for contact with those who were ceremonially clean.

It was not necessarily an immoral condition. For example, it was a moral duty to attend to the dead, yet the person who touched a dead body was ceremonially unclean.

The purpose of the ceremonial legislation was to remind the people continually by those outward defilements of the necessity of being holy both in body and spirit.

By disconnecting them from real moral pollution, the people were reminded that they were only representatives of moral defilement.

In this way the impossibility of a goat bearing a nation's sins compelled, or ought to have compelled, the people to look through the goat to Him who became “sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him,” 2 Cor. v. 21.

“GUIDO.”—*Was Rahab a harlot?*

Some learned men have suggested that Rahab was probably an inn-keeper.

“GUIDO.”—*Was Rahab's conduct justifiable?*

Her falsehood was not justifiable. Her faith was from God. Her concealing of the spies was a genuine fruit of faith. The falsehood was a wrong action tainting her holier deeds.

The union of holiness and unholiness even in our best actions is taught in the need of an atonement for them, Exod. xxviii. 38.

The Student's Page.

SERMONS IN MINIATURE; OR, AIDS TO THE BIBLICAL STUDENT.—XVIII.

"Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures."

WHEN thy Word goeth forth, it giveth light and understanding unto the simple; therefore, those who know not the Scriptures are in darkness, and those who use them not are in perplexity.

I. The people of God do often err.

1. They yield to unbelief, Luke xxiv. 4, 11.
2. They give way to despondency, Heb. xii. 5.
3. They sink into deadness, Ps. cxix. 25.
4. They yield to the power of temptation, Matt. xxvi. 31.

Because they know not the Scriptures as—

1. A ground of faith, Luke xxiv. 25; John ii. 22; xii. 16.
2. A remedy against despondency, Ps. cxix. 92.
3. A means of quickening the soul, Ps. cxix. 50, 93.
4. An instrument of power against temptation, Ps. cxix. 4, 11, 17; Eph. vi. 17; 1 John ii. 14.

II. How may we so know the Scriptures as to be preserved from error?

1. By diligently searching them, Acts xvii. 11.
2. By frequent meditation on them, Ps. i. 2; cxix. 97.
3. By exercising faith upon them, 1 Thess. ii. 13; Heb. iv. 2.
4. By direct application of them to ourselves, Acts ii. 37.
5. By seeking the teaching of the Holy Spirit, John xvi. 13—15.

Let us learn the importance of bringing everything to the test of Scripture, Isa. viii. 20; John v. 46.

Let us consult it in all perplexities, Ps. cxix. 24.

So shall it be a lamp to our feet and a light to our paths, Ps. cxix. 105.

THE SACRED BOOKS.

It is said when Ezra copied the sacred writings, that he corrected all the errors that had crept into those copies through the mistakes or negligence of transcribers. In the present Hebrew Bible you will frequently observe marginal readings; these are called Keri and Chetib, which some Jewish writers supposed to have been made by Ezra; and others, that they originated in the observations and corrections of the Masorites, at a much later period. Keri signifies "that which is read," and Chetib, "that which is written." When there is any such various reading, the wrong reading is written in the text—that is called the Chetib; the true reading is written in the margin, which is called the Keri.

Ezra collected together all the sacred books of which the Holy Scriptures did then consist. These books he divided into three parts: first, the Law; second, the Prophets; thirdly, the Hagiographa, a Greek word, signifying "holy writings;" called by the Jews, Chetubim, which division our Saviour refers to in Luke xxiv. 44:—"These are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled, which were written in the law of Moses, and in

the prophets, and in the psalms, concerning me." By the Psalms, he alludes to the third part, called the Hagiographa. Josephus mentions the same division in his book against Apion:—"We have only two-and-twenty books which are to be believed as of Divine authority, of which five are the books of Moses; the Prophets, in thirteen books; the remaining four books contain Hymns to God and documents of life for the use of men." It will be observed this division was made for the sake of reducing the books to the number of the Hebrew alphabet, which contains two-and-twenty letters.

THE HERODS.

THE New Testament treats of four personages of this name.

I. Herod the Great, son of Antipater, King of Judea, who murdered the infants (Matt. ii. 16), and died soon after Christ's birth (ver. 19).

II. Herod Antipas—his son, by Malthace, one of his eight wives—Tetrarch of Galilee. He it was who married, first, a daughter of Aretas, King of Arabia; and secondly (sending her back to her father, who revenged himself afterwards by making a war on that account), Herodias, wife of Herod Philip, a half-brother of his by another of his father's wives, who, though he had expected to succeed to the crown of Judea, had fallen under suspicion, on some account or other, and lived in obscurity, to the mortification of Herodias, who was niece both to him and to Herod Antipas; the latter of whom, therefore, as being the tetrarch, she gladly preferred to the former, and, to marry him, was readily divorced from her husband. She it was who, by means of her insinuating daughter, Salome, which she had by Herod Philip, induced her second husband to behead John the Baptist (Mark vi. 14, &c.). This was the Herod before whom Christ was mocked, and to whom Christ sent messages. He was persuaded by his second wife (out of mortification at the regal honours of her brother, the next Herod to be mentioned, who had returned from Rome to Judea laden with such honours by Caligula) to accompany her to Rome, to sue for an addition to his honours, where, being informed against by letters from the remaining Herod, he was banished, and his wife with him, to Lyons, in Gaul, and both died miserably.

III. Herod Agrippa, grandson of Herod the Great. Caligula raised him from a prison, into which he had been cast, to wear the crown of Judea. He put James to death, and Peter in prison; and was afterwards, at Casarea, smitten with a loathsome disease, by the just judgment of God (Acts xii.).

IV. Herod Agrippa, son of the above, succeeded when only seventeen years of age.

There were also two daughters: Bernice, who was married to Herod of Chalcis, her father's brother; and Drusilla, who was married to the Governor Felix.

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."—Luke i. 78.

THE term dayspring means the morning light—the rising of the sun. It is called the dayspring from on high, because the light of the Gospel shines forth from heaven.

THE ROYAL JOURNAL; OR, RELIGION ON THE THRONE.

THE following communication is translated from the German. A glance at the first few lines will suffice, we doubt not, to induce the pious reader to peruse the whole.

After the death of Frederick William the Fourth, King of Prussia (who died January 2nd, 1861), a journal was found among the king's papers, containing a certain number of secret outpourings and prayers, composed at those seasons when he was about to partake of the Lord's Supper. It was generally on Holy Thursday that, pen in hand, the monarch thus spoke to his God. Only the last prayer is dated from the time when he occupied the throne. It was composed in 1845.

The Queen Dowager has had these pious reflections printed in a small volume, and has added a short preface to these few copies, intending them for the members of the royal family and those persons who were intimate with the late king.

The *Volksblatt für Stadt und Land* (May 13th, 1863) contains several extracts from this remarkable volume. It begins with three verses of Scripture:—
"Mottoes. 'He that speaketh truth sheweth righteousness: but a false witness deceit.'—Prov. xii. 17. 'The light of truth shall be established for ever: but a lying tongue is but for a moment.'—Prov. xii. 19. 'Mercy and truth preserve the king: and his throne is upholden by mercy.'—Prov. xx. 21.—August 29th, 1805. Farrz."—The prince was then ten years of age.

The following are some of his prayers, composed for the Holy Communion:—

1816.—"Lord Jesus Christ, who art seated at the right hand of God the Father Almighty, Thou knowest if I love Thee, and how I love Thee: if I believe in Thee, and whether I give Thee my entire veneration. Saviour, grant me thy peace; grant it to all men. Blessed be thy name, Eternal Love. Amen."

1818.—"I invoke Thee, O Father, by thy eternal love, and by thy holy name, through which Thou wilt grant my request. It is not for earthly glory, nor the fleeting grandours of this world that I ask, O God, but rather for patience in suffering, following thy example, Saviour, with an humble heart, with holy thought and resolutions."

1819.—"Were I to pass days and nights in prayer, I should be in no wise benefited if thy grace failed me. Adorable Saviour of my soul, I confess it to Thee. I rest fully assured that not one of my loved ones, nor I myself, shall eat and drink this day to our own damnation (condemnation). Saviour, let me not fail in what is my duty. Awake my conscience; make me a prince worthy of the name: indefatigable, just, wise, persevering, the worthy son of a mother who has already entered into thy glory: a Christian, burning with thy love, full of faith and of the hope of

the blessed. May my heritage always be in Thee. Sanctify me by thy Holy Spirit. My Saviour, I will take up thy cross, and serve Thee. Amen."

1819 (31st October).—"My soul needs more than ever to turn from the world to look to Thee. Saviour, awake in me again, and more powerfully than in the past, a love for Thee—that love that has always been my hope, often my consolation—so that my human affections may be sanctified by thy love. Let me suffer for thy name's sake, without resisting, and perseveringly; and let me soon pain when my heart is lacerated at the thought of thy sufferings."

1822.—"Condescend to accept, O loving Saviour, my whole life as a sacrifice pleasing to Thee. I offer it to Thee accordingly; wilt Thou Thyself purify this gift?"

1823 (9th November).—"Since I last dedicated myself to thy service at the Lord's Supper, Thou hast condescended to heal a sore wound in my heart, and Thou hast permitted me to enjoy loving intercourse with my dear betrothed. Sanctify this joy. Forgive my sins and my weaknesses. Deliver me from these weaknesses and doubts. Help me to pray and to strengthen my faith. Grant to me, and to my beloved, and to my faithful friends and servants, that we may walk in thy way, towards Thee who art the beginning and end of all things, and the all in all. Saviour, thy will be done. Amen."

1824.—"Especially wilt Thou arm me against those temptations that have the most power over me: unsteadiness, idleness, envy, untruth, indifference, want of charity, bad example. I forget and overlook the seriousness of my relations with the world and of my vocation. I allow myself to take thy name in vain. I neglect to hearken to the voice of my conscience. O Saviour, where should I end did I attempt to make a list of all my faults and weaknesses? Thou knowest them. Take pity on me. Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief. Lord I love Thee; increase my love. Help my weakness, and purify me; as also that dear friend to whom my soul is united, and all those whom I revere and love; so that we may all belong to Thee, that Thou mayest be in us, and that we may no more live to ourselves, but that Thou, O Christ, mayest live in us. Grant my prayer, for the glory of thy name. Amen."

1836.—"O Eternal Word of the Eternal Father, one God with Him and the Holy Ghost, for ever blessed! As in the time of the old covenant, Hezekiah unfolded Sennacherib's insulting letter before the Lord, leaving vengeance in his hands, so I, at this season of blessing, unveil all my soul and all my being before Thee, O Lord, so that Thou mayest have pity on me. May the light of thy truth penetrate into the dark depths of my soul; purify them by thy holy presence, which is as a burning fire. Purify as by fire even the most secret folds of my heart, so that sin may no more dwell therein, as the shades of night cannot stand before the light of day. O Thou

who so admirably ledest thy children, I have felt thy workings in my heart, and I have been able to say, 'It is the Lord!' Thy most holy name be praised. Soon I shall approach thy holy table; let the old man die, and let the new man, blessed creation of the Holy Ghost, be born in me, conformably to the will of God. Oh, give me calmness and holy contemplation, and may I go to the Lord's Supper as if I were going to death; and one day may I finish my course as if I were going to the Communion of the Lord."

1845.—"I wish to try myself according to thy law; judge me according to thy mercy, that Thou, O King of glory, most holy Lamb of God, sinking under the curse of the sins of men, hast won for the perverse race of Adam, by that wrestling that no human thought can fathom, nor any human word express. Help me, so that by thy grace all things—silence, conversation, prayer, sleep, and watching—may become for me a preparation for the Lord's Supper."

HERBERT LANE'S SCHOOL DAYS.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

It was quite an eventful morning at Highbank Cottage when Herbert Lane left home for his first day at school. Florrie had begged her mamma to allow her to get up a little earlier than usual, that she might see him start; for to a timid little child, and that child an invalid, a grammar-school was an awful and mysterious sort of place, full of terrible and great dangers; and had her brother really been preparing for battle, she could scarcely have regarded him more tearfully than when, mounted on Snowball, the pony, with his bag of books at his side.

We must here say a few words about Snowball. Herbert and Florrie's parents were not at all rich, and could not afford to keep a horse; but Florrie's kind Uncle William had made her a present of the pony and a small reclining carriage; and Snowball, being accustomed to the wild Scotch mountains, was quite contented with the sweet grass of a paddock adjoining the cottage, and cost therefore little or nothing to feed.

Mr. Lane's business frequently obliged him to be away from home for many months together, and at such times it was Herbert who guided the pony, and very proud he was to be of use to his sister. When it was at first proposed that Herbert should attend the school at B—, there was some difficulty on account of the distance, it being quite four miles from Highbank Cottage, too far for Herbert to walk both there and back. But dear little Florrie was most unselfish, and insisted that Herbert should ride Snowball.

"It will do my pony good, mamma," said she, smiling; "he is getting too fat for want of exercise."

"But what will my little girl do when she wants a ride herself?" asked her mamma.

"There will be the half-holidays, mamma; besides, Herbert will always be home to tea, and these nice, long evenings we can go out afterwards, sometimes."

"You dear, kind, little Florrie!" said Herbert, kissing her; "depend upon me for every half-holiday, and whenever you like in the evening, besides."

So this was how Herbert came to have a pony to ride to school.

Few can estimate the sacrifice made by Florrie unless they are invalids as she was, and have, consequently, so little opportunity of out-door exercise and enjoyment.

Although Herbert had never been to school, he was by no means backward in his education. Mr. Lane was, as we said before, very often away from home, and could not, therefore, attend regularly to his son's education, and it was principally to his mother that Herbert owed his knowledge. Mrs. Lane was a woman of a highly cultivated mind, and had studied Latin and even Greek with her husband for the express purpose of being able to carry on her son's studies until such time as he should go to school. She was also an excellent arithmetician, and Herbert had early shown a decided taste for figures. His parents, therefore, felt little anxiety concerning the place he would take on entering the grammar-school.

The boy rode along the beautiful green lanes with a lightsome heart. A friend of his parents', who lived at the entrance of the town, had kindly offered Snowball stable-room whilst Herbert was at school; so, having dismounted, and left the pony at Mr. Allen's house, he went on to the grammar-school, which was a fine old building of greystone, standing in the midst of extensive lawns and play-grounds.

On his arrival he found it wanted still half an hour to the time of commencing studies. He had a letter from his father to the head master, whom he had seen several times when accompanying his father to B—, but no one was yet present in the large class-rooms except the boys themselves, who were bustling about, preparing their books, and arranging themselves according to their respective forms. Herbert felt rather lonely in the midst of so many strange faces. One or two boys, more good-natured than the rest, spoke a few words to him, but Herbert was naturally a timid boy, and they did not advance far.

He was sitting in a corner of the large room, wishing, with all his heart, that some of the masters would come and relieve him from his uncomfortable situation, when his attention was arrested by a rather loud whisper near him; he could not help hearing what was said.

"I say," said a boy to his companion, "who's the new chap?"

"Don't know his name; but Shaw told me he came in from the country this morning. He saw him riding a white pony."

"Has he been to school before?"

"No; Shaw says he has been brought up at his mother's apron-strings, and has never learned anything of anybody but her."

"Oh, a regular milksop, then. We shall have good fun with him. I thought he was something of the sort by his sheepish looks."

Poor Herbert! his great failing was a dread of being laughed at; and as he listened to the above remarks, he felt as if he should sink into the ground; but happily some words of his father's recurred to him—"A wrong action is the only thing of which you need ever feel ashamed"—and he reproached himself with having, even for an instant, felt any other sensation than that of pride and thankfulness for having such a mother as his. Whilst these thoughts passed through his mind, the bell rang for studies, and the masters entered the room.

Herbert looked around for Dr. Norton, and not seeing him, he asked one of the boys who had first spoken to him where the head master was.

"Oh, he will not be here to-day; he has been obliged to go and see his mother, who is very ill. But what did you want with him?"

"I have a note to him from my father."

"Then you had better speak to the second master—Mr. Green—the one in spectacles."

It was a sort of ordeal for Herbert to traverse that long room, with the consciousness that so many pairs of eyes were fixed on him; however, he summoned up his courage, and advanced to the master's desk.

"I have a note, sir, from my father for Dr. Norton."

A pair of rather stern and scrutinising eyes peered down upon him from the high desk.

"Are you young Lane?"

"Yes, sir."

"Dr. Norton spoke to me about you. Sit down there for a few moments, and I will examine you presently, and see what class you are fit for. You can leave the note here for Dr. Norton, and he will have it on his return."

Herbert sat down re-assured, and was beginning to feel himself again, when his eyes encountered those of the two boys whom he had heard whispering together a short time since. They were sitting very near him, and Herbert felt the colour rise in his face as they stared at him.

It was quite a relief when Mr. Green called him; but he still felt that those boys were almost within hearing, and he fancied he saw a mischievous glance in their eyes, as if they were enjoying his discomfiture. His examination did not last long. It is easy to see when a boy is really acquainted with a subject, and Herbert answered all the questions put to him so readily, and construed a passage from *Cæsar* so accurately, that the master was evidently both surprised and pleased.

"You have been well grounded, Lane. Were you ever at school before?"

"No, sir," said Herbert, in a trembling voice, for he felt that the eyes of the two boys were fixed on him.

"Oh, then you have had a tutor at home?"

A struggle was taking place in Herbert's mind between right and wrong, and he hesitated before giving an answer.

Mr. Green repeated the question in a louder tone, for he thought Herbert had not understood him.

"I suppose you have had a private tutor at home, then?"

"Yes, sir," said Herbert, colouring violently as he spoke.

Mr. Green did not observe his emotion; but the two boys did, and they whispered together.

Herbert was placed in a higher class than was usual for a boy of his age, and he got on very well with his lessons all that day. And yet his heart was very heavy; his conscience was continually reproaching him; and he was glad when school was over, and he left to return home.

As he was packing up his books before leaving, one of the two boys, whose name was Tolkien, came close to him, and, with a malicious smile, said, "I say, Lane, you must give us the name of your *private tutor*!" and he turned away with a sneer, which Herbert's conscience told him he had only too well merited.

CHAPTER II.

HERBERT'S REPENTANCE.

As Herbert rode slowly home, the green lanes looked as beautiful in the lengthening shadows of evening, as they had done in the bright sunny morning, but to him all seemed changed: his heart was no longer lightsome; his faithful conscience was making itself heard.

How he had failed in his very first trial! Had he not listened to the very first suggestion of the Tempter? Had he not denied his mother—that beloved mother, who had devoted herself so unremittingly to his improvement? And how true it was that one crime leads to another! How many falsehoods would he not have to tell in order to support the one uttered that morning! But in the calm and quiet of that evening ride, God put better thoughts than that into the boy's heart, and conscience whispered that the only way in which he could repair his fault was by acknowledging it at the earliest opportunity. Now when Herbert had formed the resolution of so doing, and had asked God to give him strength to act up to his resolve, he felt a great weight taken off his mind, and by the time he reached home, he had, to a great extent, recovered his usual spirits.

"Well done, my boy," said Mr. Lane, when he learned the place Herbert had taken at school; "See what it is to have such a mother as you have had. What did Dr. Norton say about it?"

"Dr. Norton was not there, papa," said Herbert, blushing.

"But you left the note for him?"

"Yes, papa."

"I thought you might have been deficient in some little matters, but I need not have feared," said Mr. Lane, looking with paternal pride at his son; "you have done your mother great credit, Herbert."

Every word of praise that fell from his father's lips seemed to Herbert to turn into a sentence of condemnation, for his conscience told him how little he had deserved it. Oh, the bitter, bitter feelings of that evening's praise!

Mr. Lane remarked his son's abstracted manner, and, attributing it to the effects of the excitement of the first day at school, advised him to retire to rest somewhat earlier than usual. Herbert was but too glad to comply, but he could not sleep. Bitter are the penalties attending the very first and slightest deviation from the path of truth and rectitude; and in mercy are they sent, to warn us, ere it be too late, to retrace our wandering steps. In the solitude of his chamber, Herbert felt that something more was required of him than his intended confession to Mr. Green. Had he not also deceived his parents? did he merit the praises they bestowed on him? Oh, no, he felt he did not, and he resolved that his father should know all.

Mr. Lane was writing letters until late that night in his study, for he was about leaving home in a few days for several months. Suddenly he thought he heard the handle of the room door turn, and, looking round, beheld with surprise his young son, whom he had thought fast asleep in bed, standing pale and trembling, the tears rolling down his cheeks.

"Herbert, my boy, what is the matter?" cried his father.

"Oh, papa, dear, dear papa, what will you think of me! I have been so wicked. I have——"

And with many tears, Herbert told all to his father.

Mr. Lane listened to his son's recital with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow—sorrow that he had yielded to the first temptation that beset him, and deep thankfulness that he had been enabled to form the determination of repairing his fault by a public avowal next day. There was no mistaking the sincerity of Herbert's repentance, and a parent's duty, in such a case, is less to chide than to soothe and confirm.

"My dear Herbert," said his father, "by God's grace, the events of to-day may have a lasting and beneficial effect on your whole after life. Let it teach you the immense importance of humility—'Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.' There is no temptation too small and trifling to overcome us, except we watch and pray to be kept up. 'If God be for us, who can be against us?' But if God withdraw his grace, and leave us to our-

selves, we are like a city without gates and without walls, a prey to the first enemy, however weak and contemptible. But God has mercifully provided that it shall never profit his servants to walk carelessly, or to give way to temptation. Sin is sure to lead to sorrow, and if we turn our backs on God, we shall be sure to suffer for it. Though he forgives us, he will make us feel the folly of our own ways."

Thus tenderly and lovingly did Mr. Lane deal with his truly repentant son; and when, after some time, Herbert again retired to rest, his heart felt lighter and happier than it had done since the morning.

CHAPTER III.

HERBERT'S CONFESSION.

MORE loving than ever, if possible, was the kiss with which Herbert's mother greeted him in the morning; more fervent the pressure of her hand as he left home for school; and a tear in her eye, and a tremulous earnestness in her voice as she whispered, "God be with you, and strengthen you this day and for ever, my dear son," alone intimated her knowledge of the events of the previous day.

Herbert's face was paler and more thoughtful that morning, as he rode along the bright green lanes. It was rather late when he arrived at B——, and the school-bell was ringing as he entered the room. All the boys were assembled, and the masters also. Dr. Norton, however, had not yet returned.

Herbert went straight up to Mr. Green's desk.

The boy's face was deadly pale.

"Good morning, Lane," said Mr. Green, as he approached.

"Good morning, sir. Can I speak to you for a few minutes?"

"Yes, certainly. Is it anything of consequence?" added the master, remarking Herbert's pale and agitated countenance: "if so, I will see you in my study after school-hours."

"No, thank you, sir; I would rather speak here."

"Very well, then," said Mr. Green, "what is it?"

"I told you an untruth yesterday, sir," said Herbert, in a distinct though trembling voice. "I told you I had learned of a private tutor: it is not so; I never had any one to teach me but my dear mother; but I was afraid of the boys laughing at me if they knew it, and that was the reason I did not tell the truth when you asked me. I am very, very sorry for my fault, and I hope God will help me to do better for the future."

There was a slight buzz of approbation from all around; even the two malicious boys forbore to sneer, and many whispered, "He's no coward, after all."

The stern master also was moved.

"And what made you come and confess your fault to me this morning, Lane?"

"I felt so unhappy all day yesterday, sir, that I could not rest until I had told you all about it."

There was a softened tone in Mr. Green's usually stern voice as he spoke.

"Be thankful to God that he has enabled you to do this, Lane, and thereby saved your parents and yourself a great disgrace. It was only this morning that I received a letter from Dr. Norton, in which he mentioned the fact of your having been instructed by your good mother, and asks me to make allowance for you on that account, should you not be quite as forward as we might expect for your age. He need not have feared on that point, for it is seldom, as I told you yesterday, that we have a boy enter the school better grounded than you have been. But had you not acted as you have done this morning, you would have been expelled immediately on the doctor's return, as we could have little to hope for in a boy who entered the school with a cowardly falsehood on his lips. I will not add to what I feel sure you have already suffered by any further comments on your fault; you have had grace given you to see the wickedness of it, and to repair it as far as lay in your power; let us see in your future conduct that the lesson has not been in vain."

How thankful Herbert felt as he rode home that evening, that he had acted as he had done! And when he reached the garden-gate of his home, his father and mother met him with eager anxiety in their faces, which was dispelled by one glance at their son's happy countenance; and when he saw his father's approving smile, and received his mother's warm embrace, he had indeed proved by experience that the only paths of peace and true happiness are those of truth and virtue.

[END OF PART THE FIRST.]

CARISBROOKE CASTLE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

As I lay idly on the grass,
I saw the strangest vision pass;
And of old days I dreamed again,
Weaving a dandelion chain.

I saw a castle, old and grand,
Stand firm upon the rising ground;
Its haughty turrets might be seen
Clearly from all the country round.
Upon the tower I saw a king,
With close-drawn lips and care-worn face;

I knew him king by bearing proud,
By dignity, and nameless grace.

I knew him for the martyr-king,
As sacrificed by years of woe;
I knew him one by whose untruth
The name of king was brought so low.

With regal mien, and folded arms,
He calmly stood, and stood alone,
As on the day when he resigned
The broken crown and crumbling throne.

So I lay idly on the grass,
And saw this strangest vision pass;
And of old days I dreamed again,
Weaving a dandelion chain.

It was a damp, cold, prison-room;
And on the window sill I spied
A maiden, lying cold and dead—
So far from kith or kin she died.
She, princess of the royal blood,
Lay calm, and still, and very pale,
For she had burst her prison-bars,
And now stood free, within the veil!
A bird sat on the window ledge,
Freed from its cage, and seemed to pour
A dream of glad, exulting sound,
To wait the soul to heaven's door.

So I lay idly on the grass,
And saw the strangest vision pass;
Of nearer days I dreamed again,
Weaving a dandelion chain.

A ruin 'gainst the summer sky
In bold and rugged outline stood,
Half buried in an ivy wreath,
Half hidden by a fir-tree wood.
I saw a lady and a prince
Ride slowly to the castle gate;
The portal still stands firm and proud,
Though all within is desolate;
The peasants smiled with welcome glad,
A child ran up, and waved its hand,
And by a look of joy on all,
I knew the lady of the land.
I looked again; there was but one!
I saw her slowly by me pass,
And I could see the widow's cap,
And sable robe that swept the grass.
The face was worn, and very wan,
As though the heart were far above.
Yet, Queen, thou hast for staff and stay,
The gift of a great people's love.

So I lay idly on the grass,
And saw the strangest vision pass;
Of nearer days I dreamed again,
Weaving a dandelion chain.

It was a lady, fair to see,
Who by her husband's side did move,
Half blushing to the yet new tale
Of constant vows and loyal love.
And even here, I caught the sound—
The echo of a nation's cry,
The welcome peal and glad acclaim,
That like a thunder sound rolled by!

My chain is done; and now I feel
Too idle for to solve or guess
The reason of this changement strange—
There murdered king, here grand success.
And now my chain I gather up,
With leaves and flowers into my gown;
And as the sun sinks in the west,
I saunter homeward through the town.

THE COTTON FAMINE.—ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Amount previously acknowledged ...		£	s	d.	Total	
...		£	s	d.	£	s
Miss Hackett, Bray	...	0	4	1	Mrs. R. James, St. Mawes	0 5 8
R. E. W., Edinburgh	...	0	2	6	Nomel Green	...
A Bedford Sinner, Cradley	...	0	2	0	A Few Friends	...
Heath	...	0	2	0	A Few National School	...
W. T. Leach	...	0	1	0	Children	...
Theodore, London, N.	...	0	3	0		...
Lillie, New Zealand	...	0	1	0		...
					£	s
					700	16 8

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES," ETC.

CHAPTER LV.

A DILEMMA IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

ABOUT ten days elapsed, and Rupert Trevlyn, lying in concealment at the lodge, was both better and worse. A contradiction, you will say; and it does sound so. The prompt medicinal remedies applied by Mr. King had effected their object in abating the progress of the fever; it had not gone on to brain fever or to typhus; and the tendency to delirium was stopped; in-so-far he was better. But these dangerous symptoms had been replaced by others, that might prove not less dangerous in the end: great prostration, alarming weakness, and what appeared to be a fixed cough. The old tendency to consumption was showing itself more plainly than it had ever done; and in that sense he was worse.

He had had a cough often before, which had come and gone again, as coughs do come to a great many of us; but the experienced ear of Mr. King detected a difference in this one. "It has a nasty sound in it," the doctor privately remarked to George Ryle. Poor Ann Canham, faint at heart lest this cough should be the means of betraying his presence in his hiding-place, pasted up with paper all the chinks of the door and kept it hermetically shut when anybody was down-stairs. Things usually go by contrary, you know; and it seemed that the lodge had never been so inundated with callers as it was now.

Two great cares were upon those cognisant of the secret: to keep Rupert's presence in the lodge from the knowledge of the outside world, and to supply him with nourishing food. Upon none did the first care—it may be more appropriate to call it fear—press so painfully as upon Rupert himself. His anxiety was incessant; his dread, lest his place of concealment should get to the knowledge of Mr. Chattaway, never ceasing. When he lay awake his ears were on the strain for what might be happening down-stairs, for who might be coming in; if he dozed asleep—as he did several times in the course of the day—he would be haunted by dreams of pursuers, and start wildly up in bed fancying he saw Mr. Chattaway entering the room, the police at his heels. For twenty minutes afterwards he would lie bathed in perspiration, unable to get the fright or the vision from his mind.

There was no doubt that this contributed to increase his weakness and to keep him back. Some of you may know personally what those sudden attacks of perspiration are, and how they tend to make weaker the already weakened frame. By night and by day, sleeping and waking, was the never-ceasing dread of discovery upon Rupert; there was the never-vanishing vision of the future that must succeed that discovery—the felon's exposure and punishment. Let Rupert Trevlyn's future be what it might; let the result be the very worst, one thing was certain—that the actual punishment could not be worse than this anticipation of it. Imagination is more vivid than any reality. He would lie and go through in his mind the whole ordeal of his future trial: he would see himself in the dock, not

before the lenient magistrates of Barmester, but before one of the scarlet-robed, severe judges of her Majesty's realm; he would listen to the damning evidence of Mr. Chattaway, of Jim Sanders, bringing home to him the crime and all its shame; he would hear the irrevocable sentence from those grave presiding lips—penal servitude. Nothing could be worse for Rupert than these anticipatory visions, but there was no help for them. Not all the skill that the faculty can put forth, not all the medicatory drugs, the healing tonics known to science, can prevent the diseased vagaries of the imagination. Had Rupert been in strong bodily health he might have been able to shake off some of these haunting fears; lying as he did in his weakness, they took almost the form of morbid disease, certainly adding greatly to the sickness of body.

His ear strained on the watch (if the expression may be used), he would start up whenever a footstep was heard to enter, from without, the down-stairs room, start up breathing softly to Ann Canham or to whoever might be sitting in the closet-chamber with him, "Is that Chattaway?" And Ann would cautiously peep down the ladder of a staircase, or bend her ear to listen, and then tell him who it really was. But, sometimes, several minutes would elapse before she could discover; sometimes she would be obliged to go down and enter the room upon some plausible errand, and look, and then come back and tell him. The state that Rupert would fall into during these moments of suspense no pen could adequately describe: his heart wildly bounding in loud thumps; the cold perspiration oozing out and pouring from him; he feeling sick almost unto death. It was little wonder that Rupert got weaker.

And the fears of discovery were not misplaced. Every hour brought its own danger. It was absolutely necessary that Mr. King should visit him at least once a day, and each time he ran the risk of being seen by Chattaway, or by some one equally dangerous. Old Canham could not feign to be on the sick list for ever, especially sufficiently sick to require daily medical attendance. George Ryle ran the risk of being seen entering the lodge; as well as Mrs. Chattaway and Maude, who could not abandon their stolen interviews with the poor sufferer. "It is my only happy hour in the four-and-twenty; you must not fail to come to me!" he would say to them, holding out imploringly his trembling and fevered hands. Some evenings Mrs. Chattaway would steal there, sometimes Maude, now and then both of them together.

Overlying it all in Rupert's mind was the sense of guilt, of shame, for having committed so desperate a crime. But that its record was there in the blackened spots where the ricks had been, in his own remembered conviction, he might have doubted being himself the perpetrator. Perhaps, putting apart those moments of madness, which the neighbourhood had been content for years to designate as the Trevlyn temper, few living men were so little likely to commit the act as Rupert. It may seem an anomaly to say this; but it was so. Rupert was of a mild, kind, meek temperament, of the sweetest disposition in an ordinary way; one of those inoffensive people of whom we are apt to say, they would not hurt a fly. Of Rupert it was literally true;

could he have gone out of his way to save harming a fly, he would have gone. Only in these rare fits was he transformed; and never had the fit been upon him as it was that unhappy night.

It was not so much repentance for the actual crime that overwhelmed him, as surprise that he had perpetrated it. He honestly believed that to commit such a crime in his sober senses would be a moral impossibility; were the temptation held out to him, it seemed that he should flee in horror, that he should do violence to himself rather than succumb to it. "I was not conscious of the act," he would groan out; "I was mad when I did it." Yes, perhaps so: but the consequences remained. Poor Rupert, poor Rupert! Remorse was his portion, and he was in truth repenting in sackcloth and ashes.

The other care upon them—the supplying Rupert with appropriate nourishment—brought almost as much danger and difficulty in its train as the concealing him. A worse cook for the sick, or indeed a worse cook of any sort, than Ann Canham, could not well be. The deficiency of the lower class of English in this art, is proverbial, and Ann Canham was a favourable specimen of incapacity in it. It was her misfortune, rather than her fault. Living in extreme poverty all her life, no opportunity for learning or improving herself in cooking had ever been afforded her; and apart from this, she was naturally inept at it. The greatest luxury that ever penetrated old Canham's lodge was a bit of toasted or boiled bacon. Butcher's meat was seen in it once a year, rarely oftener: on Christmas day Miss Diana took care that a piece of beef should be sent to them,—and Ann managed to cook it somehow. On other high days and festivals they would have a piece of bacon boiled with cabbage, beans, carrots, or field-peas, according to the season, or a rasher toasted with potatoes. Ann Canham could almost as soon have cooked a calf's head as a mutton chop; and of light dishes, sage, milk-puddings, beef-tea, she was entirely ignorant. Old Canham, putting aside his pain and helplessness from rheumatism, had always been a healthy man, requiring nothing but the coarse dry food that ordinarily constitutes a peasant's fare. How, then, with this utter incapacity upon her, was Ann Canham to cook any delicacies required by Rupert?

But it was not sick dishes that Rupert wanted now. As soon as the fever began to leave him, his appetite returned. It may be known to some of you that in certain cases of incipient consumption, the appetite is unnaturally great, scarcely to be satisfied; and this unfortunately became the case with Rupert. A good portion of a roast fowl twice or thrice a day; a slice or two out of a sirloin of beef; a fine cut from a leg of mutton; these he craved and required. In short, had he been at the Hold, or in any plentiful home, he would have played his full part at the daily meals—breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper, and assisted their digestion with interludes of something nice besides.

How was he to get this, or any of it, at the lodge? Mr. King said he must have full nourishment, with wine, strong broths, and other things in addition; it was the only chance, in his opinion, to stop or counteract the weakness that was growing upon him, and which

bid fair soon to attain an alarming height. Mrs. Chattaway, George Ryle, even the doctor himself would have been quite willing to supply the cost; but cost, though it goes a great way, generally speaking, is not always everything. It was not here. Where was the food to be cooked?—who was to cook it?—how was it to be smuggled into the lodge? Raw or cooked, who was to get the meat inside the lodge? This may appear a very trifling difficulty in theory, but I assure you in practice it was found almost an insurmountable one. Given that the gentlemen could have carried in a joint of meat in their pockets, or say only a paper of mutton chops; how were they to get cooked? Had Ann Canham's skill been equal to it—it was not; but let us allow for argument's sake that it was—she would not have dared to cook them in the lodge. The only room possessed of a grate was that front one, opening to the avenue, and only fancy Mr. Chattaway's nose being regaled in passing with the scent of mutton chops! Only fancy his going in, and seeing a piece of beef or a fowl before the fire! Old Canham with a fowl! Chattaway would have thought the world was coming to an end, or the old man's senses. He would have set on and catechised, and they must have answered beyond hope of escape. "Where did you get that? Did you steal the fowl?—if not, who gave it you?" It was Ann Canham who first suggested this particular drawback.

"Can't you dress a sweetbread?" Mr. King testily asked her, when she was timidly confessing her incapability in the culinary art. "I'd manage to get it up here."

This was the first day that Rupert's appetite came to him, just after the turn of the fever. Ann Canham hesitated. "I'm not sure, sir," she said meekly. "Could it be put in a pot and biled?"

"Put in a pot and biled!" repeated Mr. King nettled at the question. "Much goodness there'd be in it when it came out! It's just blanched; blanched well, mind you, and dipped in egg and crumbs, and toasted in the Dutch oven. That's the most relishing way of doing 'em."

Egg and crumbs in connection with meat dishes were as much of a mystery to Ann Canham as sweetbreads themselves. She shook her head. "And if, by ill-luck, Mr. Chattaway come in and saw a sweetbread in our Dutch oven afore our fire, sir; or smelt the savour of it as he passed—what then?" she asked. "What excuse could we make to him?"

This was a phase of the general difficulty which had not before presented itself to the surgeon's mind. It was one that could not well be got over; the more he dwelt upon it, the more he became convinced that it could not. George Ryle, Mrs. Chattaway, Maude, all, when appealed to, said it could not. There was too much at stake to permit the risk of exciting any suspicious on the part of Mr. Chattaway; and unusual cooking in the lodge would inevitably excite them.

But it was not only Mr. Chattaway. Others who possessed noses were in the habit of passing the lodge: Oris, his sisters, Miss Diana, and many more; and some of them were in the habit of coming into it. Ann Canham was giving mortal offence, was causing much wonder, in declining her usual places of work; and many a dis-

appointed housewife, following Nora Dickson's example, had come up in consequence to invade the lodge and express her sentiments personally upon the point, Ann Canham, than whom one less able to contend or to hold out against another's strong will could not be, was driven to the very verge of desperation in trying to frame plausible excuses, and she had serious thoughts of making believe to take to her bed herself—had she possessed just then a bed to take to.

No, it was impossible. She could not give out that her father was so poorly "in'ardly" as to render it unsafe to leave him—for all the excuses had to revolve round that one point—and allow her astonished visitors to see a sweetbread egged and crumbed, or any similar dainty, browning delicately in the Dutch oven before the fire. The wonder would have raised a commotion, might spread to the ears of Mr. Chattaway, and one, more cunning than the rest, might connect together that unusual dish and Rupert Trevlyn. At least, it so appeared to those who were interested for him, who lived in daily dread, almost as great as his, lest some untoward discovery should supervene.

There could be nothing beyond an egg or two, or some quiet thing of that nature, prepared at the lodge; that was clear. Then where could food for him be prepared? Mr. King could not get it done at his own house, for his wife was the most curious person in all the parish, never at rest until she had ferreted out everybody's business, and was utterly incapable of keeping a secret: as good tell Mr. Chattaway Rupert was in the neighbourhood, as tell her. Neither could George Ryle assist much in this. Mrs. Ryle he dared not trust: Nora he was not sure that he might trust. Nora would intend to be faithful, but her propensity for gossip was great, and might cause her unwittingly to betray the secret.

In the dilemma Mrs. Chattaway came to the rescue. "I will contrive it," she said: "the food shall be supplied from the Hold. My sister does not interfere personally with the preparation of meals, further than to give her orders in the morning, and I know I can manage it."

There appeared indeed to be no other way, and the proposition was gratefully received; how gratefully by Ann Canham, and what a relief it was to her, she alone knew. Mrs. Chattaway went home in high spirits, and then began to consider a little of the practical details necessary for its accomplishment.

And then, as does many another of us speaking in impulse, she found she had undertaken what it would not be well possible for her to perform. What had flashed across her mind when she spoke was, "The cook is a faithful, kind-hearted girl, and I know I can trust her." Mrs. Chattaway did not mean trust her with the secret of Rupert, but trust her to cook a few extra dishes quietly and say nothing about it. Yes, she might, she was sure, so far trust her, the girl would cook them and be true: but it now struck Mrs. Chattaway with a sort of horror, to ask herself how she was to get them away when cooked. She could not go into the kitchen herself, get the meat, or fowl, or jelly, or whatever it might be, put in a basin, and tie a cloth round it—as she had seen the labourers' wives bring their dinners—and walk off with it to the lodge. If she bade the cook bring it to her sitting-room up stairs, it might be seen by one or

other of her children, who would ask a host of questions as to its destination. Alas! alas! Mrs. Chattaway wrung her hands and wondered whether Rupert must be suffered to starve.

It was somewhat curious, but at this moment, while she was deliberating, the cook herself knocked at the door of her sitting-room. In the absence of Miss Diana, who was spending the evening from home, the girl had come to ask orders upon some point from Madam Chattaway. She was a somewhat rough-looking woman as to features; but though her face was harsh, it was honest and sensible; and none of all the servants had shown deeper respect and sympathy for her mistress than she. She was generally called by her Christian name in the house—Rebecca.

"It's about the ham, madam," she said, as she came in. "Miss Diana said something this morning about having one of the old hams cooked to-morrow, but she did not give positive orders, and I don't know what to be at. If it is to be cooked it must be put in soak to-night."

Mrs. Chattaway was just as ignorant as the girl as to the housekeeping intentions of Miss Diana; but she told her, as the shortest way of ending it, to put the ham in soak. She had been rapidly making up her mind to speak then, and she turned to the door herself and closed it.

"Rebecca, I am going to trust you with a slight matter that I wish kept between ourselves, and to ask you to do me a little service. I think I can trust you," she added looking confidently into the honest face that was gazing at her.

"I should hope you could, madam," replied the girl, recovering her surprise. "I'll do anything to serve you that I can."

"It is not much that I want done," said Mrs. Chattaway. "I—have a poor pensioner, Rebecca, very sick and ill—at least, very weak; and—and—she—requires a good deal of strengthening nourishment," continued Mrs. Chattaway, far more hesitatingly than would have been expedient to any penetrating listener who might be given to suspicion. She was making up the story as she went on, and she thought it quite a point to have hit upon the expedient of calling the pensioner "she."

"And what then, madam?" rejoined Rebecca, interrupting the pause.

"You know, Rebecca, the squire, and—and perhaps Miss Diana—do not like my giving away and interfering with the poor; perhaps they think I am easily imposed upon: which is true. Miss Diana gives away a great deal on her own account, and she certainly knows more about the different claims than I. But still—in short, Rebecca, a case of great distress on the estate has been brought under my notice, and I wish to relieve it myself privately: but I can't do it without you. Will you help me?"

"To be sure I will," was the girl's reply.

"And keep the secret—you and I between us?"

"I'll never open my lips about it to a soul, madam," she said earnestly.

"But you must do something for me in secret, as well as keep silence. At least in secret as far as may be. She is poor and has no conveniences in her cottage, and I want to send her some nice things ready cooked."

"And you 'd wish me to cook them, and say nought about who they're for," was the ready interruption. "Madam, it's easy done."

"I'll make you every recompense, Rebecca. She is a person who has never, never wanted charity before, and she is much valued by me. Her life is of value to me, Rebecca—do you understand?—and I shall spare nothing that may restore her. You must be as particular in dressing the things as though they were for me. First of all you shall make some strong beef-tea and some strong calves'-foot jelly, and you shall cook a fine fowl—and you must manage to get all that's necessary for this as if it were for the household, and keep it from Miss Diana. Can you do so?"

Rebecca considered. She thought there'd not be much difficulty about it. It was easy enough to go to the poultry-yard and order a fowl killed, and the butcher of course brought up anything he was told to bring. "The worst is, the young ladies are inquisitive," she said aloud. "They are often running into the kitchen, and of course they see what's going on, and Madam, they ask all manner of questions. 'Cook, when are those creams for?' or 'Rebecca'—for they as often call me one as the other—are those fowls for dinner to-day?' But I can manage to put 'em off, I dare say," she added, nodding her head. "And, madam, where am I to send the things to when done?"

It was the worst question of all. "You must not send them. I—I must manage to take them myself. If—"

"Shall I take them?" eagerly interrupted Rebecca in her anxiety to oblige. "I'll do it with pleasure."

"No, Rebecca, I must take them myself, I think. I am so anxious this should not be known. Get the beef-tea ready as soon as you possibly can to-morrow morning, put it in a small milk-can, or a bottle, and bring it up to me here. I'll manage the rest. Take care that you are not seen bringing it. You will be sure to be true?"

The ill-concealed anxiety with which the last injunction was urged astonished Rebecca considerably. But she reiterated her assertion that she would be true, and left the room.

Mrs. Chattaway saw no cause to doubt the girl; quite the contrary. But nevertheless a strange sense of uneasiness lay upon her own heart, and she felt she had undertaken that which it might be found was impossible to perform.

CHAPTER LVI.

A LETTER FOR MR. CHATTAWAY.

ALTHOUGH an insignificant place, Barbrook and its environs got their letters early. The bags were dropped by the London mail train at Barmester in the middle of the night; and as the post-office arrangements at that town were well conducted—which cannot be said for all towns—by eight o'clock Barbrook got its letters.

Rather before that hour than after it, they were delivered at Trevlyn Hold. Being the residence of chiefest importance in the neighbourhood, the postman was in the habit of beginning his round there; it had been so in imperious old Squire Trevlyn's time, and it was so still. Thus it generally happened that breakfast would be commencing at the Hold when the post came in.

It was on a morning of which we must take some notice—a morning which, as Mr. Chattaway was destined afterwards to find, he would have cause to remember, to date from, to his dying day. If Miss Diana Trevlyn happened to see the postman approaching the house, she would most likely walk to the hall door and receive the letters into her own hands. And it was so on this morning.

"Only two, ma'am," the postman said, as he delivered them to her.

She looked at the address of both. The one was a foreign letter bearing her own name, and she thought she recognised the handwriting of Mr. Daw; the other bore the London postmark, and was superscribed "James Chattaway, Esq., Trevlyn Hold, near Barmester."

With an eager movement, somewhat foreign to the cold and stately motions of Miss Diana Trevlyn, she broke the seal of the former; there, at the hall door as she stood. A thought had flashed into her mind, that the boy Rupert might have found his way at length to Mr. Daw, and that gentleman be conveying intimation of the same—as Miss Diana by letter had requested him to do. It was just the contrary, however. Mr. Daw wrote to beg a line of news from Miss Diana, as to whether tidings had been heard of Rupert. He had visited his father and mother's grave the previous day he observed, and he did not know whether that had caused him to think more of Rupert; but ever since, all the past night and again to-day, he had been unable to get him out of his head; a feeling was upon him (no doubt a foolish one, he added in a parenthesis) that the boy was taken, or that some other misfortune had befallen him, or was about to befall, and he presumed to request a line from Miss Diana Trevlyn to put him out of his suspense.

She folded the letter when read; pushed it into the pocket of her black watered-silk apron, and returned to the breakfast-room, carrying the one for Mr. Chattaway. As she did so her eyes happened to fall upon the back of the letter, and she saw it was stamped with the name of a firm—Connell, Connell, and Ray.

She knew the firm by name; they were solicitors of great respectability in London. Indeed, she remembered to have entertained Mr. Charles Connell at the Hold for a few days in her father's life-time, that gentleman being at the time engaged in some law business for Squire Trevlyn. They must be old men now, she knew; those brothers Connell; and Mr. Ray, she believed to have heard, was the son-in-law of one of them.

"What can they have to write to Chattaway about?" marvelled Miss Diana; but the next moment she remembered that they were the agents of Pterby and Jones, of Barmester, and the mystery was solved in her mind: some technical law details, she supposed, connected with the estate.

Miss Diana swept to her place at the head of the breakfast table. It was filled, with the exception of two of its seats. The arm-chair opposite to her own was vacant, Mr. Chattaway's; and Cris's seat on the side. Cris was not down, but Mr. Chattaway had gone out to the men. Mrs. Chattaway was in her place next Miss Diana. She had used rarely to be down in time to begin breakfast with the rest, but that was altered now.

Since these late fears concerning Rupert, it seemed that she could not rest in her bed, and would quit it with morning light.

Mr. Chattaway came in as Miss Diana was pouring out the tea, and she passed the letter down to him. Glancing casually at it as it lay by his plate, he began helping himself to some cold partridge. Oris was a capital shot, and the Hold was generally well supplied with game.

"It is from Connell and Connell," remarked Miss Diana.

"From Connell and Connell!" repeated Mr. Chattaway, in a tone of bewilderment, as if he did not recognise the name.

"Connell, Connell, and Ray, it is now," returned Miss Diana. "The firm of the old days comes more familiar to me than the later one."

"What should they be writing to me about?" cried Mr. Chattaway. But he was too busy with the partridge just then to ascertain.

"About some local business, I conclude," observed Miss Diana. "Octave, send me a small piece of that bacon. They are Peterby's agents, you know."

"And what if they are?" retorted Mr. Chattaway. "Peterbys have nothing to do with me."

That was so like Mr. Chattaway. To cavil as to what might be the contents of the letter, rather than to put the question at rest by opening it. However, when he looked off from his plate to stir his tea, he took it up and tore off the envelope.

He tore off the envelope, and cast his eyes on the writing of the letter. Miss Diana happened to be looking at him. She saw him gaze at it with an air of bewilderment; she saw him go over it again—there were apparently but some half dozen lines—and then she saw him turn green. You may cavil at the expression if you like, but it is a correct one. The leaden complexion with which nature had favoured Mr. Chattaway did assume a green tinge in moments of especial annoyance.

"What's the matter?" questioned Miss Diana.

Mr. Chattaway replied by a half-muttered word, and dashed the letter down. "I thought we had had enough of that folly," he presently said.

"What folly?"

He did not answer, although the query was put by Miss Diana Trevlyn. She pressed it, and Mr. Chattaway flung the letter up the table to her. "You can read it if you choose." And with some curiosity she took it up, and read as follows:—

SIR,—We beg to inform you that the true heir of Trevlyn Hold, Rupert Trevlyn, is about to put in his claim to the estate, and will, in a short period, require to take possession of the Hold. We have been requested to write this intimation to you, and we do so in a friendly spirit, that you may be prepared to quit the house, and not be taken unawares, when Mr. Trevlyn—henceforth Squire Trevlyn—shall arrive at it.—We are, sir, your obedient servants,

"CONNELL, CONNELL, & RAY."

"James Chattaway, Esquire."

"Then Rupert's not dead!" were the first words that broke from Miss Diana's lips. And the exclamation, and its marked tone of satisfaction, proved of what nature had been her fears for Rupert.

Mrs. Chattaway started up with white lips. "What of Rupert?" she gasped; believing nothing else than that discovery had come.

Miss Diana, without in the least thinking it necessary to consult Mr. Chattaway's pleasure first, handed her the letter. She read it rapidly, and her fears calmed down.

"What an absurdity!" she exclaimed; and knowing what she did know of the sick, helpless position of Rupert, the contents sounded not only absurd but impossible. "Somebody must have written it mischievously, to frighten you, James."

"Yes," said Mr. Chattaway, compressing his thin lips; "it comes from the Peterby quarter. There is no doubt of it. A fellow threatening to take possession of Trevlyn Hold!"

But in spite of the scorn he strove to throw into his manner; in spite of the indomitable resolution within him to bring Rupert to punishment when he did appear—and a felon could not contend for Trevlyn Hold—Mr. Chattaway was right there; in spite of even his wife, Rupert's best friend, acknowledging the absurdity of this letter, it did disturb him in no measured degree. He stretched out his hand for it, and read it again, pondering every word; he pushed his plate from him. He had had enough breakfast for one day; he gulped down his tea at a draught, and declined to take more. Yes, it was shaking his equanimity to its centre; and the Miss Chattaways and Maude, only imperfectly understanding what was amiss, looked at each other, and at him.

Mrs. Chattaway began to feel indignant that poor Rupert's name should be thus made use of; only, so far as she could see, for the purpose of exciting Mr. Chattaway further against him. "But Connells' is a most respectable firm," she said aloud, following out her thoughts; "I cannot comprehend it."

"I say it comes from Peterby," roared Mr. Chattaway. "He and Rupert are in league. I daresay Peterby knows where he's concealed."

"Oh, no, no; you are mistaken," burst incautiously from the lips of Mrs. Chattaway.

"No! Do you know where he is, pray, that you speak so confidently?"

The taunt recalled her to a sense of the danger. "James, what I meant to say was, that it is scarcely likely Rupert would be in league with any one against you," she said, in a low tone. "I think he would rather try to conciliate you."

"If you think this letter emanates from Peterby's house, why don't you go down and demand of them what they mean by writing it?" interposed Miss Diana Trevlyn, in her straightforward, matter-of-fact tone.

He nodded his head significantly. "I shall not let the grass grow under my feet before I am there."

"I cannot think it's Peterby and Jones," resumed Miss Diana. "They are quite as respectable as the Connells, and I don't believe they would league themselves with Rupert, after what he has done. I don't believe they would league themselves secretly to work mischief against any one: anything they may have to do, they'd do openly."

Had Mr. Chattaway prevailed with himself so far as

to put his temper and his prejudices aside, this might not have been far from his own opinion. He had always, in a resentful sort of way, deemed Mr. Peterby to be an honourable man; had never cared to be in his presence—as mean-spirited, false-hearted men, conscious of their own deficiency of truth, do shrink from upright ones. But if Peterby was not at the bottom of this, who was? Connell, Connell, and Ray were his town agents.

The very uncertainty only made him the more eager to get to them and set the matter at rest. He knew it was of no use attempting to see Mr. Peterby before ten o'clock, but he would see him then. He ordered his horse to be ready, and rode into Barmester attended by his groom: as ten o'clock struck, he was at their office door.

A quarter of an hour's detention, and then he was admitted to the room of Mr. Peterby. That gentleman was sweeping a heap of open letters into a corner of the table at which he sat, and the master of Trevlyn Hold shrewdly suspected that his waiting had been caused by Mr. Peterby's opening and reading these letters. He proceeded at once to the business that brought him there, and taking his own letter out of his pocket, handed it to Mr. Peterby.

"Connell, Connell, and Ray are your agents in London, I believe? They used to be."

"And are still. What's this?"

"Be so good as to read it," replied Mr. Chattaway.

The lawyer ran his eyes over it, carelessly as it seemed to those eyes watching him. Then he looked up. "Well?"

"In writing this letter to me—I received it, you perceive, by post this morning, if you'll look to the date—did they, Connell and Connell, get instructions for it from you?"

"From me!" echoed Mr. Peterby, "not they. I know nothing at all about it: can't make it out."

"You are a friend of Rupert Trevlyn's, and they are your agents," remarked Mr. Chattaway after a dubious pause.

"My good sir, I tell you I know nothing whatever of this. Connells are our agents, it's true; but I never sent any communication to them with regard to Rupert Trevlyn in my life; never had cause. If you ask me my opinion, I should say that if the lad—should he be still living—entertains hopes of coming into Trevlyn Hold after this last escapade of his, he must be a great simpleton. I expect you'd prosecute him instead of giving him up the Hold."

"I should," quietly answered Mr. Chattaway. "But what do Connell and Connell mean by sending me such a letter as this?"

"It is more than I can tell you, Mr. Chattaway. We have received a communication from them ourselves this morning upon the subject. I was opening it when you were announced to me as being here."

He bent over the letters previously spoken of, selected one, and held it out to Mr. Chattaway. Instead of being written by the firm, it was a private letter from Mr. Ray to Mr. Peterby. It merely stated that the true heir of Squire Trevlyn, Rupert, was about shortly to take possession of his property the Hold, and they (Connell, Connell, and Ray) should require Mr. Peterby to act as

local solicitor in the proceedings, should a solicitor be necessary.

Mr. Chattaway began to feel cruelly uneasy. Rupert had committed that great fault, and was in danger of punishment for it—would be punished for it by his country's laws; but in this new uneasiness that important fact seemed to lose half its significance. "And you have not instructed them!" he repeated.

"Nonsense, Mr. Chattaway, it is not likely. I cannot make out what they mean, any more than you can. The nearest conclusion I can come to is, that they must be acting from instructions received from that half-parson who was here, Mr. Daw."

"No," said Mr. Chattaway, "I think not. Miss Trevlyn heard from that man this morning, and he appears to know nothing of Rupert. He asks for news of him."

"Well, it is a funny thing altogether. I shall write by to-night's post to Ray, and ask what he means."

Mr. Chattaway, suspicious Mr. Chattaway, pressed one more question. "Have you any notion at all where Rupert is likely to be? That he is in hiding, and accessible to some people, is evident from these letters from Connell's house."

"Mr. Chattaway, I have already informed you that I know nothing whatever of Rupert Trevlyn. Whether he is alive or whether he is dead, I know not. You cannot know less yourself than I do."

He was obliged to be contented with the answer. He went out and proceeded direct to Mr. Flood's, and laid the letter—his letter—before him. "What sort of a thing do you call that?" he intemperately uttered. "Connell and Connell must be infamous men to write it."

"Stop a bit," said Mr. Flood, who had got his eyes strained on the letter, "there's more in this than meets the eye."

"You don't think it's a joke—done to annoy me?"

"A joke! Connell and Connell would not lend them selves to a joke. No, I don't."

"Then what do you think?"

Mr. Flood was several minutes before he replied, and his silence drove Mr. Chattaway to the verge of exasperation. "It is difficult to know what to think," he presently said. "I should be inclined to say they have been brought into personal communication with Rupert Trevlyn, or with somebody acting for him: perhaps the latter is the most probable. And I should also say they must have been convinced, by documentary or other evidence, of there existing a good foundation for Rupert's claims to the Hold. Mr. Chattaway—if I may speak the truth to you—I should dread this letter."

Mr. Chattaway felt as if a bucket of cold water had been suddenly flung over him, and was dripping down his back. "Why is it that you turn against me?"

"Turn against you! I don't know what you mean. I don't turn against you; quite the opposite. I am willing to act for you, to do anything I legally can to meet the fear."

"Why do you fear it?"

"Because Connell, Connell, and Ray are keen and cautious practitioners as well as honourable men, and I do not think they would write such a decided letter as

this, unless they know they were fully justified in it, and were prepared to follow it out," was the concluding reply of the lawyer.

"You are a pretty Job's comforter!" gasped Mr. Chattaway.

(To be continued.)

The Religious World.

AT HOME, the public eye is now fixed eagerly on the Bishop of London's new enterprise for the spiritual improvement of the metropolis. His lordship's appeal has met with a hearty and well-deserved response. Large and small donations are received daily by the treasurer, and it is expected that the sum of £1,000,000, large as it is, will be realised. The subscriptions are coming in so freely, that the committee have resolved to commence operations at once. This is a wise measure, as it gives the whole scheme a chance of immediate reality. When we consider the spiritual condition of hundreds of thousands of immortal beings dwelling in this vast metropolis, we must regard with favour every plan calculated to diminish the evil.

THE BISHOP OF MAURITIUS.—On July 24th Miss Burdett Coutts opened her splendid establishment to a numerous company, who had gathered together to hear some interesting statements from the Bishop of Mauritius. His lordship gave a most instructive account of his vast diocese, and related what he had personally seen in the island of Madagascar. In spite of the bloody revolution which has lately overturned the throne, the bishop seems to hope in the future, and to trust that a merciful Providence will educe much good from that great evil. He stated in conclusion that he intended to form a chaplain's fund, besides one for schools and seminaries, so that when young men came to him from Madagascar, he should no longer have to refuse to keep them. We hear that Messrs. Seeley and Co. have recently published an interesting little volume upon the subject of Madagascar, her missions, and her prospects.

IN SCOTLAND public attention is engaged by the proposed amalgamation of the Free and the United Presbyterian Churches. Great catholicity of feeling has been displayed in the discussion of this subject in the high courts of the two churches. We rejoice at this movement, because, whatever may be its issue, it has made manifest a spirit of truly Christian forbearance and large-heartedness in many useful and devoted servants of the Lord.

A NEW PROTESTANT CHURCH IN FRANCE.—At Beuzeval, not far from the spot where William the Conqueror embarked for England, hundreds of Protestants were in the habit of coming every year to enjoy rest and sea-bathing. The Sunday was rather a desolate day; there was no Divine service, for there was no church. To remedy this evil, a generous Parisian Protestant has built, at his own expense, a pretty religious edifice. On the 16th of last July it was consecrated according to the simple forms of the French Reformed Church. Twenty-three ministers were present, as also some very distinguished Government officials. Next year an invalid home will be established in connection

with the church, for the benefit of such poor Protestants as need the restoring influences of sea-breezes. We hail every new advance in the right direction which takes place in France with pleasure and thankfulness. True religion is what our neighbours want, and true religion alone will make them what they ought to be as a nation.

A MUCH NEEDED ASSOCIATION.—Not long ago Mr. Dannaut published a work on the battle of Solferino. He was on the spot when war was slaughtering thousands of our fellow-creatures, and went over field after field covered with the dead and dying. In his book he merely states what he saw with his own eyes. His style is simple and plain, but the facts thus related leave upon the reader's mind a terrible impression of the sufferings which attend those fearful struggles, and of the want of adequate means to alleviate those sufferings. In spite of the self-devotion of the medical attendants, hospital orderlies, and nurses, many thousands of soldiers were racked and tortured with pain without the comfort of a kind word or look. The work is far too great for the number of persons who can possibly be set apart for it. Mr. Dannaut, to meet the claims of humanity, proposes that an international society should be established for the purpose of relieving wounded soldiers on the field of battle, of dressing their wounds and seeing that they are properly attended to—work for which no regular ambulance or official medical staff can prove adequate. This society would prepare and instruct a numerous staff of attendants, who, when the thundering voice of war made itself heard, would be sent to the field of battle in the mere interests of philanthropy, without regard to nationality. The proposition has excited considerable interest at Berlin, at Neuchâtel, and in France. A committee has already been formed, presided over by the Grand Duke of Baden. Paris will soon have an association, under the patronage of a long list of highly honourable individuals. Surely our own land will not be backward in this novel but essentially useful enterprise. Let the object be clearly set before our eyes, and all, from the palace to the cottage, will hail it with cordial approbation. So long as the horrors of war exist, is it not a duty by all means to alleviate the sufferings of the noble and brave men who peril their lives and limbs for the safety and honour of their country?

DR. BEE, a Roman Catholic priest of Hesse, well known for his vast learning, and much esteemed for his personal character, was received last month into the Protestant Church.

GENEVA.—The religious societies of Geneva held their public meetings from the 22nd to the 26th of last June. They were attended by crowded audiences, and by many foreign ministers. On the whole, the committees have cause to thank God for the success which has attended their labours during the past year. At these meetings an excellent spirit of unity and brotherly love was displayed. It has pleased God to take to himself two of our most excellent brethren of Geneva—the Chevalier Eynard, well known for his attachment to the cause of Greece, and for his great liberality; and the Rev. Dr. Gausson, whose labours, both literary and pastoral, have been much blessed.

"HAVE WE ANY 'WORD OF GOD?'"

IV.—THE INTRINSIC CHARACTER OF THE BIBLE

DEAR JAMES,—I endeavoured to show you, in my last letter, that it is unreasonable to regard the Bible as "like any other book," for the plain and obvious reason that it has wrought works upon this earth which are utterly unlike, and inconceivably beyond, any works wrought by "any other book." It is called, in its own pages, "the sword of the Spirit," and the deeds which it has done are such as no inferior power could have achieved.

But an evidence of its real character, hardly inferior to that afforded by its results, may be found by any one who calmly examines and weighs its intrinsic features. When we do this, we quickly discover, if not blinded by prejudice, that instead of being "like any other book," it presents the strongest possible contrast to all other books, excepting, of course, those which are derived from it.

To judge accurately of this almost immeasurable difference, we must necessarily shut out of view those innumerable writings of Christians which present portions of Holy Scripture paraphrased, discussed, and expounded. Excluding these, let us take up the works of the greatest men that the heathen world has ever seen, and ask them for their explanation of the many all-important problems which the world and the human race present; and let us then compare these with the facts and the hopes which are revealed to us in the Bible.

The natural doubts, and fears, and aspirations of a man capable of reflection, and willing to reflect, are forcibly depicted by Pascal:—

"I know not (such an one will say) who placed me in the world, or what is the world, or what I am myself! I know not what is my body—what my senses—what my soul. I find myself placed upon a single point of the universe, unknowing why I am *there* rather than elsewhere, or why the petty period assigned for my existence has been fixed at this moment rather than another, amidst the entire Eternity which has preceded, and that which is to follow.

"All that I know is, that I am shortly to die; yet what I am most ignorant of, is that very death which I am unable to avoid.

"As I know not whence I came, so I know not where I am going; and I only know that, on my quitting this world, I shall fall for ever,

either into annihilation, or into the hands of an angry God; but I cannot tell of which of these states I shall be an eternal partaker.

"This is my condition: full of misery, of weakness, and of ignorance. . . . I look around me on all sides, and I see nothing but obscurity. Nature presents to me only matter of doubt and disquiet. If I could see in her nothing that furnished proof of a God, I might resolve to believe nothing. If I saw everywhere the traces of the Creator, I might settle down into a tranquil faith. As, however, I find in her evidence too great for denial, and too little for assurance, I feel embarrassed and distressed."

Pascal here depicts those common doubts and fears of man, which form the substance of the reasonings and speculations of the wisest of the heathen philosophers. Whoever takes the trouble to search the writings of the most celebrated of the sages of Greece and Rome, will find nothing better than guesses, surmises, and uncertainty.

"The truth is," says Plato, "that to determine or establish anything certain about these matters, in the midst of so many doubts and disputations, is the work of God only." He then gives, as the words of Socrates, such as these: "You may pass the rest of your days in sleep, or in despair, if God send you not some other instruction." The speculations, too, of this last-named philosopher, Socrates, all end in uncertainty: "That these things are so as I have represented them, it does not become any man of understanding to affirm. . . . There is ground for hope that death is a good, for either the dead man is nothing, and has no sense of evil, or it is only a change or migration to another place." Aristotle is equally doubtful, sometimes believing in a future state, and sometimes denying it, as in the Nicomachian Ethics, where he asserts (chap. ix., b. 3), that "death is the end of our existence; and to him that is dead there remains nothing, either of good or evil."

In the same manner argues Cicero, comforting himself with the thought that, "If I shall exist, I shall not be troubled with remorse; and if I shall not exist, I can suffer nothing." In his oration for Aulus Cluentius, he speaks of future punishment as "silly fables," and adds, "if these things are false, as all men understand them to be, what has death taken from him (Oppianicus) but the sense of pain?"

So argues, also, Pliny, who denies a future

state; and Plutarch, who treats the fear of future punishment as vain and childish; and Seneca, who asserts that no man in his senses fears the gods, and derides the idea of future punishments as an invention of the poets. The truth is, that throughout all the speculations of these great men, there runs a visible evidence of the Apostle's assertion, that "the world by wisdom knew not God."

To the sincere and earnest inquirer, then, who anxiously demands, "Who am I? Where am I? Whither am I going?" there is not to be found on the earth, apart from the Bible, a rational answer. Plato and Aristotle know not; Cicero and Seneca know not; Voltaire and Rousseau know not; and the searcher after truth comes back to the Bible, at last, as the only book in the world which even professes to be able to give him an answer. But if this be so—and the fact is undeniable—then what can be more absurd than to regard this book as being "like any other book?" On the contrary, if we were to say that the Bible is the diamond among common pebbles, the gold among the sand, we should but dishonour God's Word by the comparison. Far greater is the distance between it and all other writings, than between the Koh-i-noor and the merest fragment of flint. Between things of earth and things of heaven there can be no comparison.

Whenever a human being rises above the condition of a savage, and strives to use the intellect which God has given him, the question will, at some time or other, press itself upon him. What is this world? How came it into being? and man: who formed such a creature, and when, and for what purpose? In a word, Was the earth, with all its inhabitants, self-created, or the product of accident; or, if created, who created it?

Of hundreds or thousands of books written by Greek and Roman, Hindoo or Chinese philosophers, not one can furnish any answer to these questions which a rational being can receive. "Gross darkness covers the people." But the moment we open the Bible, all these things are explained, in the fullest and clearest manner, and that, not by human guesses or surmises, but by the inspiration of God's Holy Spirit; describing the creation with the minuteness and certainty of an eye-witness. Surely, then, it is the merest folly to regard the Bible as "like any other book."

Again, no serious observer can watch the progress of things around him—the prevalence of wickedness and violence, and the apparent triumphing of the wicked, or scrutinise the workings of his own heart, and the strivings of his own conscience—without perceiving that things are "out of joint;" that the machinery of the world must have been some way or other deranged; that some great moral change must have taken place. He searches in vain through the writings of the philosophers. They can give him no light or information. They do, indeed, recognise the fact of which I have spoken; but they can give no rational account of it. So Hesiod tells us of a woman formed by Jove, "a beauteous evil, from whom sprang a pernicious race."* And Ovid describes first a golden age, then a decline, till the age of brass and that of iron followed, and "every species of crime broke forth."† But these fables are but the echoes of the truth. Of the real fact of the Fall they can give him no reliable information. Again he opens the Bible, and the mystery is at once explained. The third chapter of Genesis simply but fully clears up the whole difficulty. The key is found. When he comes to appreciate this great fact, no one will ever be able to make him believe that the Bible is "like any other book."

But the remedy for this disorder, the cure for this malady, and the ultimate triumph of the right over the wrong? Where are they? Perhaps it would be preposterous to expect to hear of a cure when the malady itself is not understood. And certain it is that a man might search through every heathen work that ever was written, without obtaining the least glimpse of hope as to a restoration of the human race to its lost purity and happiness. Again, in the Bible, and in the Bible only, does he find it. God's Word had explained how man became a lost being, and it, and it alone, then shows how Christ sought and found that which was lost. Assuredly, in these respects, above all others, the Bible is "like no other book."

It had told man how his race first came into being; and if the desire is naturally felt to know "what shall be the end of all these things," that desire, also, the Bible is enabled to gratify. It had described the beginning, and it goes on to describe the end. The first page in this

* "Theogony." † "Metam." lib. iv.

wonderful book had told how this globe, wrapt in chaotic darkness, was clothed with beauty, peopled with the various tribes of earth, air, and sea, and placed under the dominion of man, an unfallen and sinless being. The last page completes the circle, and brings a saved and restored race of men once more into friendship with their Creator, and once more enjoying his presence upon earth, and the absence of evil. What other book than the Bible can offer such assurances as these?—can offer them with grounds and warrants of belief sufficient to gain the credence of such minds as those of Locke and Newton, of Bacon and of Butler? In the hopes it supplies of the future, as well as in the information it furnishes of the past, the Bible is assuredly "like no other book."

(To be continued in our next.)

THE SAYINGS OF THE WISE.

SEVENTEENTH CLUSTER.

161. Life is made up of little things. He who is faithful to God and to man in little things, will rarely be found to fail in greater matters.

162. In punishing for a wrong committed, let us take heed lest we commit another wrong, and perhaps a greater.

163. Gains obtained honestly will wear well, but a little damaged corn will sometimes spoil the contents of a whole granary.

164. Satan tempts the busy man, but the unoccupied man tempts Satan.

165. Pride is a flower nowhere to be found but in the devil's garden.

166. God says to Christian men as he said to the sun and the moon; "Let them be for lights to give light upon the earth."

167. Let the angry man learn wisdom from the bird of paradise: when his feathers are ruffled by the storm, he rises still higher, and thus dwells serenely in a calm atmosphere, although the storm prevails.

168. To render knowledge acceptable, blend it with piety, good-humour, and sincerity; preserve the sunny side of good sense.

169. None are poor but those who want faith in God's providence.

170. He that comes to the Scriptures to seek after knowledge with a mind to scorn and censure, shall be sure to find enough for his humour, but nothing for his instruction.

EASTERN PRESENTS.

It is the custom of the East, when one invites a superior, to make him a present before or after the repast, as an acknowledgment of his trouble. But as there is no increase of honour in going to the house of an inferior, Orientals make no presents to equals, or persons who are below themselves.

CHEMISTRY ADDUCED AS A WITNESS TO THE WISDOM, POWER, AND LOVE OF GOD.

WHICHEVER way we turn, we are confronted by the handiwork of God. Proofs of his presence, his wisdom, his power, and love, meet us everywhere. Each science as it advances and frees itself from the crude theories of its first professors, joins in the general chorus. The readers of THE QUIVER have lately had some of these proofs drawn from geology, and another writer has excellently illustrated the same subject by the instances of "adaptation" and "compensation," which meet us in the study of natural history. It is our design in this paper to convey plainly and popularly one or two illustrations of the same great theme from the rapidly advancing science of chemistry.

Forty years ago many substances were supposed to be simple and elementary, which are now found to be compounds. One substance after another is crossed off from the rapidly diminishing list of elements. This fact alone is sufficient to call forth profound reverence and wonder. Wherever we look in Nature, the greatest variety meets our eye—variety in colour, in taste, in form, and use. The various properties of different substances are innumerable; and yet all these are formed from a very few elementary substances. Here, then, we come in view of the first great fact. The Maker of all things has in his wisdom produced an infinite variety out of a very few elements.

But if this is the case in *inorganic* chemistry—that is to say, in that department of the science which deals with substances without life, such as metals, earths, salts, and the like—how infinitely is our wonder increased when we find that the same thing holds good to a still greater extent in *organic* chemistry, or things possessing life! Behold that gorgeous Eastern lily, successful rival of Solomon in all his glory, or those varied and curious orchidaceæ, or these simpler and more common flowers and plants which are gathered by the wayside! Add to them these blades of wheat, these trefoils. Place them together, and consume them. We have as the result a charred and blackened heap. They are reduced to ashes. Try to distinguish now between the remains. Let us single out, if we can, the eccentric orchid, or the humbler wild flower. We cannot do it: it is one heap of charred remains; yet, a few moments since, how different they were, in form, in colour, in smell, in properties!

We say they are reduced to ashes; but what is the meaning of that? What are ashes? Why do so many things, when subjected to the action of fire, leave the same residuum? These ashes are analogous to a substance, which, when pure, we call carbon. And here comes in the great truth, which is always startling, familiar as it is to many, that into the composition of all the living things which we see around us, *four* chief elements enter; and that though other substances and principles are present in small quan-

tity, yet that the *bulk* of organised matter is made up of these four. Wonderful as this statement is, it becomes still more so when it is added, that of these four *three* are impalpable, gaseous fluids; the other is this carbon, which is the invariable result of the action of fire on organised matter.

Here, then, we have the explanation of the fact, that our lilies and orchids, our trefoils and ears of wheat, all present a uniform charred appearance. The carbon was one of the main factors in their composition. It had, indeed, three mighty co-agents—oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen—but the fire has dissolved the union between them; and as these last were, so to speak, of a spiritual nature, they have passed away, and are around us now, in new combinations.

The carbon alone was earthy, palpable material; therefore it is lying before us. Minute chemical analysis would indeed detect in the various remains certain distinctive salts and essences, but they are not present in any quantity. We repeat, that carbon, with its wonderful gaseous companions, is answerable for the *bulk* of what we see around us. Those charred remains are surely an apt emblem of the body. The rude test to which you subjected your flowers drove away the more spiritual matters; and they being gone, it is but a poor mass of charcoal which remains. But the gaseous elements are not destroyed. We cannot, indeed, see them, but they exist as much as they ever did. So it is with the friend whose loss we may have mourned. *Body* and *spirit* he was, just as those rare flowers were solid and gaseous. The spirit has fled, driven away by some rude shock to nature; the body remains, like the charred remnants of our orchids, or the humbler wild flower; but the soul exists just as surely, though it has for a time forsaken the companionship of the body.

There is a familiar experiment, which will illustrate what we have been saying as to the small number of elements which enter into the composition of organised matter.

Let us suppose we are about to breakfast. A youth enters; he sees the loaf sugar before him, white, granular, and sparkling. "And what is sugar made of?" is his inquiry. We proceed to show him, by taking a common earthen jar and a bottle of sulphuric acid. Into the jar we put one or two lumps of sugar, and from the urn we take sufficient boiling water to make a thick syrup. The little jar is placed upon a breakfast plate. Upon the syrup we pour a little sulphuric acid. Instantly a black seething mass boils over the jar into the plate. The youth is amazed—the white sugar is turned black. We tell him it is carbon. "Is sugar made of charcoal?" he asks. We proceed to explain the experiment, and show him that sugar is composed of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. In the trio, carbon is the only solid substance. We remind him that oxygen and hydrogen are the component parts of water, and that sul-

phuric acid has a wonderful affinity for water. When added to the syrup, it not only combines instantly with the water, but it dissolves the union between the carbon and the atom of water which together form sugar, and forcibly takes the water to itself, upon the principle of might against right. The consequence is, that we have in the jar sulphuric acid and water, and at the top and on the plate the charcoal, which has been thus forcibly robbed of its companion, and ejected in the manner we have seen. Many would tell us that the acid had charred the sugar; but as in ordinary life we find strange histories lying beneath the surface, so in this little experiment there is a history—viz., the strong affection of the sulphuric acid for the companion of the carbon. Hence the contest we saw, with this strange result: charcoal is left.

During breakfast, we say to the youth, "You know what spirit is?"

"Alcohol you call it, as you are a chemist," is his reply.

"True; and it is very curious that its composition is the same with that of sugar, with this very small difference, that one has an atom more of water than the other."

"But," he asks, "how is it that when the component parts are the same, the substances are so different?"

We cannot tell; it is impossible to say. In the study of organic matter we are baffled at every step. The arrangement of the ultimate atoms is supposed to be the cause of the difference. No branch of human knowledge is calculated to fill us with more awful reverence for the power and wisdom of God than that of chemistry. When we look around us, and see on every side the beautiful things by which we are surrounded—flowers and fruit, the golden corn, the waving trees, the clouds, and rain, and stormy wind—and remember that God has made them out of but few elements, and further, that out of nothing He called even these, then we, in some small degree, realise the wonder and mystery of creation. We stand in awe of the mighty power of Him who spake, and it was done; and there comes to us not only a sense of his power, but of his incomprehensible wisdom. What infinite variety stamps all his works! The flowers are not of one uniform hue or shape; the leaves of the trees are not cut in one pattern; and the perfumes which rises to our gratified sense is not the same from each flower. The oak, casting abroad its mighty arms, clothed to its smallest twig with myriad leaves, is altogether different from the neighbouring elm; and yet each leaf on each tree is shaped, and cut, and coloured to perfection, as though that alone had engaged its Maker's care. How delicate the scent of that bunch of early cowslips, and yet it is altogether distinct from the scent of a bank of primroses, or a tuft of purple violets. How many things has God formed

for our delight, and also for our curious and intelligent scrutiny, that through his works we might know more and more of the love and wisdom of Him who has revealed himself to us in his Word.

Let us take another instance of his wisdom and providential care. Our atmosphere consists, as to its main elements, of oxygen and nitrogen, in the proportion of four of nitrogen to one of oxygen. Of these is formed the balmy breath of spring; of these also the fresh and bracing breeze which comes to us from the sea. But notice this. Oxygen and nitrogen are capable of combining in various proportions. Of these I single out one—nitric acid—as most familiar. What a caustic, acrid substance we have here! the very fumes are dangerous; and yet the elements of this are just the oxygen and nitrogen which are present in such untold abundance in the air. Of two gaseous fluids, then, which are capable of combining in various proportions so as to form deadly poisons, God has formed a combination which is the pleasant and blessed air we breathe. And further, if the electric spark be passed through a mixture of nitrogen and oxygen, it serves to combine them, and to produce one of these caustic substances; yet the abundant electricity in the atmosphere has had a very slight effect in this way upon the enormous body of air in which it is contained. Here again we have proofs of the wisdom and loving-kindness of our God. Let us gain our chief knowledge of him from a constant study of the pages of his inspired Word; but let us have eyes and ears open to the sights and sounds of Nature. Let us question Nature with reverential feelings and an unprejudiced mind. She will reveal to us her secrets, and the testimony which all her parts will bear will be this, "THE HAND THAT MADE US IS DIVINE."

The Early Days of Good Men.

NO. XV.—SIR FOWELL BUXTON—(concluded).

ABOUT three years after his marriage an event occurred which made a deep impression on his heart. It has been mentioned that he was the eldest of three sons. Edward North, the third brother, a wayward lad, had been sent to sea as a midshipman in an East Indiaman; but in his first voyage he left his ship and entered the King's service, and from that time his family received no tidings of him. At the end of five years their suspense was painfully terminated by the arrival of a letter from one of the young man's shipmates, announcing that he had arrived in a dying state at Gosport, and was then in Haslar Hospital, and earnestly desirous to see some of his relations. As soon as this melancholy tidings reached Mr. Buxton, he hastened, in company with his brother Charles, to Gosport, which they reached on the following morning. With mingled emotions of hope and fear, they set out for the hospital. Having been directed to a large ward filled with the sick and the dying, they walked through the room without being able to discover the object of their search; till at

length they were struck by the earnestness with which an emaciated youth upon one of the beds was gazing at them. On their approaching him, although he could scarcely articulate a word, his face was lit up with an expression of delight that sufficiently showed he recognised them; but it was not for some moments that they could trace in his haggard features the sorrowful wreck of their lost brother. A few days after Mr. Buxton thus communicated to his family the sad, yet hopeful condition of the poor prodigal son:—

It is pleasant to be with Edward; he seems so happy in the idea of having his friends about him. This morning I thought him strong enough to hear part of a chapter in St. Luke on prayer, and the 20th Psalm. I mentioned to him how applicable some of the passages were to his state; he said that he felt them so, and that he had been very unfortunate in having been on board a ship where religion is so neglected; that he had procured a Bible, and one of his friends had sometimes read to him, but not so often as he wished. He added that he had hoped and prayed he might reach England, more that he might confess his sins to me than for any other reason. When I told him that, as his illness had brought him into such a frame of mind, it was impossible for me to regret it, let the event be what it would, he said he considered it as a mercy now, but that nobody could tell what his sufferings had been. I then entered into a kind of short history of what I considered to be inculcated in the Testament, that "Christ came to call sinners to repentance." He felt consolation from this, but again said that he had been indeed a sinner. I then told him that I hoped he did not ever omit to pray for assistance, and I added that Charles and I had joined in prayer for him last night. He seemed much affected by this. Does not all this furnish a striking proof how our sorrows may be converted into joys? I can look upon this illness in no other light than as a most merciful dispensation. It is most affectingly delightful to see his lowliness of mind and his gratitude to us all. I cannot help thinking that his mind is more changed than his body.

The young penitent—he was only nineteen—survived about a fortnight after his brothers reached him, and had the comfort, so earnestly desired, of being nursed by his mother, and of seeing once more his whole family. His sister, Sarah, in describing the solemn, and yet peaceful, meeting round the death-bed of the returned wanderer, thus mentions her eldest brother:—

Fowell, the head of our family, is a strong support; and when religious consolation was so much wanted, he seemed most ready to afford it. The power of his influence we deeply felt; it was by far the most striking feature of the past remarkable month.

It was not until he had attained his twenty-sixth year that Mr. Buxton first addressed a public meeting. During one of his periodical visits to Earlham at the instigation of his brother-in-law, Mr. J. J. Gurney, he was prevailed on to give his aid at the second meeting of the Norwich Auxiliary Bible Meeting, at which there were several county gentlemen present. His speech on the occasion was afterwards thus alluded to by Mr. Gurney:—

There are many who can still remember the remarkable effect produced, in one of the earliest public meetings of the Norwich and Norfolk Auxiliary Bible Society, more than thirty years ago, by one of his speeches, distinguished for its acuteness and good sense, as well as for the Christian temper in which it was delivered. His commanding person, his benevolent and highly intellectual expression of countenance, his full-toned voice, together with his manly yet playful eloquence, electrified the assembly, and many were those on that day who rejoiced that so noble and just a cause had obtained so strenuous and able an advocate.

The time was now at hand when his religious character was to become more decided, and when,

according to his own conviction, a great and vital change passed upon his spirit. We have seen how gradually but increasingly the influence of religious principle had been growing within him; yet he had not been brought entirely to yield himself to its power, nor were his views of Divine truth clear and evangelical. In the year 1811 he was induced by the advice of one of his friends to attend the ministry of Rev. J. Pratt, in Wheeler Chapel, Spitalfields, and to the preaching of that excellent man he attributed with the liveliest gratitude his first real acquaintance with the doctrines of the Gospel. He himself says:—

It was much and of vast moment that I there learned; whatever I have done in my life for Africa, the seeds of it were sown in my heart in Wheeler-street Chapel.

For a time, indeed, the light within was but obscure, and his self-consecration far from complete. He was himself conscious of the necessity of an absolute surrender of all his powers to the great concerns of eternity, and thus feelingly expresses the solemn convictions which pressed upon him with growing force:—

I see the madness of dedicating myself to anything but the preparation for that journey which I must so shortly take. I know that if success shall crown all my projects I shall gain that which will never satisfy me—"that which is not bread." I know the poverty of our most delicious prospects—the transitoriness of our most durable possessions—when weighed against that fulness of joy and eternity of bliss which are the reward of those who seek them aright. All this I see with the utmost certainty—that two and two make four is not clearer; and how is it then that, with these speculative opinions, my practical ones are so entirely different! I am irritable about trifles, eager after pleasures, and anxious about business; various objects of this kind engross my attention at all times; they pursue me even to meeting and to church, and seem to grudge the few moments which are devoted to higher considerations, and strive to bring back to the temple of the Lord the sellers, and the buyers, and the money-changers. My reason tells me that these things are utterly indifferent; but my practice says that they only are worthy of thought and attention. My practice says, "Thou art increased in goods and hast need of nothing;" but my reason teaches me, "Thou art wretched and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." This train of thinking is constantly recurring to my mind.

In the commencement of the year 1813, he was visited by an illness which brought him to the brink of the grave. How momentous an era he felt this to have been is evident from a private paper written after his recovery:—

Feb. 7, 1813.—After so severe an illness as that with which I have lately been visited, it may be advantageous to record the most material circumstances attendant upon it. May my bodily weakness, and the suddenness with which it came, remind me of the uncertainty of life; and may the great and immediate mercy bestowed on me spiritually be a continual memorial that "the Lord is full of compassion and long suffering," and "a very present help in trouble."

I was seized with a bilious fever, in January. When I first felt myself unwell I prayed that I might have a dangerous illness, provided that illness might bring me nearer to my God. I gradually grew worse; and when the disorder had assumed an appearance very alarming to those around me, I spent nearly an hour in most fervent prayer. I have been for some years perplexed with doubts; I do not know that they did not arise more from the fear of doubting than from any other cause. The object of my prayer was that this perplexity might be removed; and the next day, when I set about examining my mind, I found that it was entirely gone, and that it was replaced by a degree of certain conviction, totally different from anything I had before experienced. It would be difficult to express the satisfaction and joy which I derived from this alteration. "Now know I that my Redeemer liveth," was the

sentiment uppermost in my mind, and in the merits of that Redeemer I felt a confidence that made me look on the prospect of death with perfect indifference. No one action of my life presented itself with any sort of consolation. I knew that by myself I stood justly condemned; but I felt released from the penalties of sin by the blood of our Sacrifice. In Him was all my trust.

In this simple and most instructive record, we cannot but observe how the great work of converting grace is always sealed by the same evidence. Though "at sundry times, and in divers ways," men are brought to Christ for salvation, the landing-place is always one and the same. Self-righteousness is renounced—the soul is "convinced of sin," and brought to feel that there is no safety, nor peace, nor joy, save in the redemption that is by the blood of atonement. The exercises of the mind may be as varied as the individual peculiarities of the men, but the truth which they embrace is one and unchanging.

Most happily for the subject of this sketch, having been thus made to "know the grace of God in truth," his spirit was ever after preserved from wavering and doubt. A child-like simplicity characterised his faith, and he reposed, with unshaken confidence, his eternal interests on the great Foundation which God has laid in Zion. He rested every hope on Christ as a Divine Redeemer, and looked to the Holy Spirit as the Teacher, Comforter, and Sanctifier of his soul. Some few lingering shadows for awhile overcast his spirit before he attained to an unclouded sense of reconciliation and adoption; but these were speedily dissipated.

Once or twice only (he says) I felt some doubt whether I did not deceive myself, arguing in this manner:—"How is it that I, who have passed so unguarded a life, and who have to lament so many sins, and especially so much carelessness in religion—how is it that I feel at once satisfied and secure in the acceptance of my Saviour?" But I was soon led to better thoughts. Canst thou pretend to limit the mercies of the Most High? "His thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor his ways as our ways." He giveth to the labourer of an hour as much as to him who has borne the heat of the day. These were my reflections, and they made me easy.

Those who watched him through this critical illness were surprised at the degree of hopeful spirit and cheerfulness he evinced. His medical attendant expressed his concern lest the depressing nature of his disorder should render him desponding. "Very far from it," was his reply. "I feel a joyousness at heart which would enable me to go through any pain." After referring to the clear view he now enjoyed of Christ's redeeming love to him, he said, "It is an inexpressible favour, beyond my deserts. What have I done all my life long? Nothing; nothing that did God service; and for me to have such mercy shown! My hope," he added, "is to be received as one of Christ's flock; to enter heaven as a little child."

Again and again he broke forth into thanksgiving for the mercy, "the unbounded, the unmerited love" displayed towards him in having the Christian doctrine brought home to his heart. "I shall never again," he said, "pass negligently over that passage in the Prayer-book, 'We bless thee . . . for thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

After his recovery, he wrote to his Earlham friends, assuring them that he regarded this illness as a gift and a blessing, rather than a chastisement; and that so great was the confidence inspired within him by

the view of redeeming love, embraced with the assurance of personal interest in all its blessings, that the prospect of death was unattended with any terror.

But he was not appointed unto death: it was the will of his heavenly Father that he should live, and spend a useful, energetic, and honourable career in the service of his fellow-men, and in active obedience to the principle of Divine love implanted by the Holy Spirit in his heart. From this time forward his whole care was to make everything subservient to the highest ends; and while, as a man of business, he conducted affairs so prudently and successfully as to render himself secure of ample property, and pave his way to the attainment of influence in public life, he ever "sought first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." His "entire devotion to the practical," which was one of his most distinguishing characteristics, was brought to bear upon the culture of his spiritual nature in a remarkable manner, as is shown in the following remarks, written in 1813:—

I have often observed the advantage of having some fixed settling time in pecuniary matters. It gives an opportunity of obtaining the balance of losses and gains, and of seeing where we have succeeded and where failed, and what errors or neglects have caused the failure.

Now, why not balance the mind in the same way—observe our progress, and trace to their source our mistakes and oversights? And what time better for this than Christmas-day, followed by Sunday? After breakfast I read *attentively* the 1st of St. Peter, with some degree of that spirit with which I wish always to study the Scriptures. To me, at least, the Scriptures are nothing without prayer; and it is sometimes surprising to me what beauties they unfold, how much even of worldly wisdom they contain, and how they are stamped with the clear impression of truth when read under any portion of this influence; and without it, how unmoving they appear.

I also read a sermon on the text, "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" This is a subject which, of all others of the kind, most frequently engages my thoughts. I then went to church, where I heard one of Mr. Pratt's best sermons, and I stayed the communion. I could not but feel grateful to see so many persons who at least had some serious thoughts of religion. I am not so ignorant of myself as to think I have made any suitable advances. No; every day's experience is a sufficient antidote against any such flattering delusion; but yet I feel it an inestimable blessing to have been conducted to the precincts of the threshold of truth.

In the evening, I sat down, in a business-like manner, to my mental account. In casting up the incidental blessings of the year, I found none to compare with my illness; it gave such a life, such a reality and nearness to my prospects of futurity: it told me, in language so conclusive and intelligible, that here is not my abiding city; it expounded so powerfully the scriptural doctrine of the atonement by showing what the award of my fate must be if it depended upon my own merits, and what that love is which offers to avert condemnation by the merits of another: in short, my sickness has been a source of happiness to me in every way.

Many years afterwards, we find him again referring to the impressions produced on him at this time.

It was then (he says) that some clouds in my mind were dispersed; and from that day to this, whatever reason I may have had to distrust my own salvation, I have never been harassed by a doubt respecting our revealed religion.

As his health and strength returned, he engaged, with increasing earnestness, in supporting various benevolent societies, especially the Bible Society, and his common-place books, during the three following years, are chiefly filled with memoranda on these subjects. Occasionally, these private papers contain pleasing glimpses of his spiritual growth, and the devout earnestness with which he studied the Holy

Scriptures as his guide and directory. Here, for example, is a Sabbath morning's entry:—

I have spent the morning (with occasional wanderings in the fields) in reading and pondering upon the Bible—viz., St. James's and St. John's Epistles. How much sound wisdom and practical piety in the first, how devout and holy a spirit breathes through the second: the one exposing, with a master's hand, the infirmities, the temptations, and the delusions of man; the other, evidencing the love he teaches, seems of too celestial a spirit to mingle much with human affairs, and perpetually reverts to the source of his consolation and hope; with him Christ is all in all, the sum and substance of all his exhortations, the beginning and end of every chapter.

Referring on another page to some personal and relative trials, he says:—

These two events have been very mortifying to me, but I have endeavoured to meet them with submissive fortitude. In this I hope to improve, and to be enabled to look upon trials, in whatever form they appear, as visitations from the merciful hand of God. I hope my late uneasinesses have not been entirely thrown away upon me. They have brought me to feel the poverty and unsteadfastness of all human possessions, and to look upon life as a flower that falleth, while the grace and the fashion of it perisheth—as a vapour that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away. It has made me, too, though still sadly deficient, more earnest and more frequent in my appeals to God, that he would give me his wisdom to direct me and his strength to support me; and above all, that he would emancipate my heart from the shackles of the flesh, and fix my hopes beyond all that is in the world, "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life."

His tendencies were naturally of the kind which is called "practical," and one of his most distinguishing characteristics was good sense, a quality which led him to cast aside all the superfluities of a question—everything which did not directly bear upon the point. Hence he secured great concentration of his powers upon whatever might engage his thought or require his attention; the consequence was that he did thoroughly whatever he undertook, and suffered nothing to divert him from his end. Yet, sensitive to everything that endangered his spiritual well-being, he observes on one occasion, after saying, "I fancy that I could brew one hour, study mathematics the next, shoot the third, and read poetry the fourth, without allowing any of these pursuits to interfere with the others," "This habit of full engagement of the mind has its advantages in business and other things, but is attended with this serious disadvantage, that it immerses the mind so fully in its immediate object, that there is no room for thoughts of higher importance and more real moment to come in."

In a similar spirit of self-watchfulness, he occasionally notes and laments the want of earnestness he experienced, his too great devotion to worldly affairs, and his slow advances in the heavenly race; yet he takes courage in the witness of his conscience that his eyes were ever toward the Lord, and that he did in all his ways refer to and acknowledge him.

I see (he writes) the hand of a directing Providence in the events of life, the lesser as well as the greater; and this is of great importance to me; for the belief that your actions, if attempted aright, are guided and directed by superior wisdom, is to me one of the greatest inducements to prayer; and I do think that the little trials I have met with have materially contributed to produce with me a habit of prayer.

This strong reliance on the presiding care of God appears to have grown stronger year by year as his experience increased, and he delighted to count up the instances in which, as he firmly believed, he had

seen the ways of himself and others directed by the hand of Providence to the accomplishment of its wise and beneficent designs.

The winter of 1816 was one of intense severity, and great were the sufferings of the London poor, whose distress awakened the sympathies and called forth the benevolence of many philanthropic persons. In these exertions Mr. Buxton joined with ardour; in this cause his first labours were expended; and with these efforts his public career may be said to have commenced. He was now launched upon that stream of devotion to the good of others, which bore him through the remainder of his life on its swelling current. Year by year he worked and fainted not. Hand in hand with the benevolent and the good, co-operating with all the choicest spirits of his day, he ceased not, till death terminated his earthly existence, to do all that was in his power to mitigate the sorrows of the forlorn and the destitute, and to redress the wrongs of the oppressed and down-trodden.

It does not come within the scope of this sketch to trace his progress through the remainder of his course; we leave him at the threshold of his public life, and we shall do so by giving our readers the letter—beautiful and instructive it is—which he addressed to his wife, whom he had left at Earlham that he might hasten to town to attend a meeting on the subject of the distress in Spitalfields. It is dated Nov. 22nd, 1816:—

I had a pleasant journey up. I had much upon my mind; our conversation about the eclipse. The vastness of the creation is indeed a subject for meditation. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handywork." "When I consider the stars which thou hast made, and the heavens which are the work of thy hands, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?" How truly do these words describe the thoughts to which the vast spectacle of Nature, especially the heavenly bodies, rolling in their appointed orbits, give rise!

What a sermon these are upon the mightiness of the Creator, and upon the insignificance of man! and yet that we, who are truly dust and nothingness, should have the presumption to defy the power of the Almighty, to resist his commands, and to place our whole souls and hearts upon that which he tells us is but vanity—this is a demonstration that the heart of man is "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." On the other hand, that a Being so infinitely great should condescend to invite us to our duty, and call that duty his service, proves as strongly that he has crowned us with loving-kindness and tender mercy. I am well, and our proceedings about the poor prosper; but oh, my speech! When shall I be able to think of it! I do fear lest it should injure the good cause. I try, I hope, not to mingle too much of self in my earnest desires for its success, and I am not forgetful of my usual resource in difficulty—prayer.

His prayers were answered in the success of the effort he made on this occasion, and the universal attention which his speech received. Among the many letters it brought him from all sides was one by Mr. Wilberforce, the first he ever addressed to his future ally and successor:—

My dear Sir (thus his letter closes),—I must in three words express the real pleasure I have received from your successful effort on behalf of the hungry and naked. The feeling is partly selfish, for I anticipate the success of the efforts which I trust you will one day make in other instances, in an assembly in which I trust we shall be fellow-labourers, both in the motives by which we are actuated, and in the objects to which our exertions will be directed.

Meet fellow-labourers, congenial spirits, together they worked then, together they rejoice and give thanks now. Let us "glorify the grace of God in them."

Biblical Expositions,

IN REPLY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. F. G.—"How may these passages be reconciled?—*"And the Midianites sold him into Egypt."*—Gen. xxxvii. 36.—*"And Potiphar . . . bought him of the hands of the Ishmaelites."*—Gen. xxxix. 1.

The Midianites and the Ishmaelites were both descended from Abraham. They lived in the same part of the country, and were so much mingled together, that they were called indifferently Midianites and Ishmaelites.

E. M.—"And God said, *Let there be light,"* Gen. i. 3. *What are we to understand by the expression "said?"*

That God *willed*; for so vast is the power of God that with him *to will* is to effect.

E.—"And God said, *Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven, to divide the day from the night."*—Gen. i. 14.

In the third verse God says, *Let such a thing be*, and in the fourteenth verse he says, *Let such a thing do*, so or so. By the first he produced the thing out of nothing; by the other he gave laws to it, then in being.

In the fourteenth verse God gave laws to the light which he had before made, *where* he would have it *be*, and what he would have it *do*. This is what is called the law of Nature; that law which God hath put into the nature of everything, whereby it always keeps within appointed bounds, and acts according to appointed rules, and thus the works of creation show forth the wisdom and the power of God.

J. L.—"We trust in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men, specially of those who believe."—1 Tim. iv. 10.

Some learned divines maintain that the Apostle is not speaking of Christ here, but of God the Father; and these persons are of opinion that the word which is rendered in our English version Saviour, should be rendered "Preserver." It is not usual with good writers first to make a general statement, and then to diminish it by a qualification; therefore the sentence, "who is the Saviour of all men, specially of those who believe," ought to be read not as diminishing in its statement, but as expanding in its blessings—"We trust in the living God, who is the Preserver of all men, specially of those who believe." Thus the Apostle, in his statement, rises from temporal up to eternal blessings.

J. H.—"Who is a god like unto thee?"—Micah vii. 18. *How are we to understand the word "like?"*

As denoting the unity of God; that there is none *else*; none *before* him; none *with* him; none *beside* him.

"The Lord he is God; there is none *else*," Deut. iv. 35.

"*Before* me there was no God formed," Isa. xlii. 10.

"See now that I, even I, am he, and there is no god *with* me."—Deut. xxxii. 39.

"Thou shalt know no god but me; for there is no saviour *beside* me."—Hosea xiii. 4.

S. E.—"Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, *Take, eat; this is my body.*"—Matt. xxvi. 26.

The phrase, "This is my body," is a Hebrew idiom. In Hebrew there is no term corresponding to "denotes," "signifies," or "represents." Hence such phrases as, "The three branches are three days," that is, "the three branches signify three days," Gen. xi. 13. See

all. 26. In like manner, having regard to the Hebraism, the phrase "This is my body" must be interpreted, "This represents my body."

The fallacy of a literal interpretation of the phrase may be proved by a striking example. Our Lord, speaking of John the Baptist, said, "This is Elias," Matt. xi. 14. Now, if we ignore the Hebraism, and interpret the phrase literally, our Lord's assertion that "John is Elias" cannot be reconciled with the Baptist's denial that he is "that prophet," John i. 21.

If we are to understand by the phrase "This is my body" that there is "a conversion of the natural substance of bread into the natural substance of flesh," we must likewise understand by the phrase "This is Elias" that "John the Baptist" was truly and essentially "Elias, that prophet." Thus a literal interpretation would lead to a conclusion palpably absurd.

We have no "warrant of Scripture" to make the phrase "This is my body" an exceptional one; therefore the sense of it must be most properly determined by the admitted rule of interpretation of all similar Hebraisms; such as, for example, "I am the door;" "I am the vine;" "That rock was Christ;" "The seven candlesticks are the seven churches," &c.

"Jesus took bread, and brake it." The bread could not be his natural body whilst he was alive; for it was this body that performed the action of breaking and giving the bread. Neither could the disciples suppose that they had eaten the Lord's body, when they saw that body whole before them.

"This is my body." These words, when uttered by a priest, cannot signify more than when they were spoken by our Lord; and he evidently alluded to the approaching sacrifice of himself (Luke xxiii. 15), when his body was to be broken on the cross.

The phrase, then, is a figurative expression. The bread is denominated the Lord's body, because he ordained it to be a representation of his body; and when consecrated, or set apart for a sacramental purpose, it "remains still in its natural substance" of bread.

S. E.—"Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you."—John vi. 53.

There is nothing of religious mystery in these expressions. Spiritual blessings are simply represented under the metaphors of "meat and drink" (ver. 55). The "eating" mentioned in the several places of this chapter cannot relate to a sacramental, much less to a material eating of the real body and blood of Christ, according to the irrational doctrine of transubstantiation, for this discourse was delivered probably a year at least before the Lord's Supper was instituted, and it originated from the incidental mention of the miracle of the loaves by which a multitude had been the day before fed (ver. 26).

Our Lord, after his accustomed manner of teaching, made a spiritual application of the passing incidents in figurative language suggested by the occasion.

Our Lord himself throughout shows that the discourse is to be taken in a spiritual sense. Thus, we read in ver. 35—"He that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." Here "coming" to Christ is synonymous with "believing" in him; for the people were, at the time, bodily present, and so could not approach him in any other way than

by a mental action—by faith. Again, in ver. 47, we read—"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life;" and in ver. 54—"Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life." Here "believing," in the one place, is synonymous with "eating" and "drinking" in the other; and faith in Christ is the means whereby eternal life is communicated. Yet again, we read, in ver. 63—"It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." When the many, offended, "went back," and our Lord demanded of the Twelve—for the trial of their faith—"Will ye also go away?" Peter, without hesitation, answering, said, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." Peter and his fellow-disciples evidently understood our Lord to have spoken spiritually, not literally, and that his words, not his flesh, gave eternal life. They therefore remained, while the unbelieving crowd, disappointed of their carnal expectations (ver. 26), "walked no more with him."

Besides, if this discourse is to be interpreted, according to the Church of Rome, of the sacrament, then the drinking of Christ's blood is as necessary to eternal life as the eating of his flesh; consequently no layman in their communion can possibly be saved, for he eats the flesh, but is not allowed to drink the blood.

The notion, "Christ is entire and truly under each kind," is the "commandment of men;" and on no better authority rests the conceit that, at the time of the institution, the disciples were consecrated priests; so that they were no longer of the laity when they received the cup.

The command for all to drink of the cup was positive and express; moreover, the emphatic reason should be noticed why all are to drink of it. The wine represented the blood about to be shed for the "remission of sins;" all, therefore, who stand in need of "remission of sins"—that is, all mankind, laymen as well as priests, for all are SINNERS.

J. P. C.—Can we reconcile John iii. 13 with 2 Kings ii. 11?

It is true that Elijah ascended up to heaven before our Saviour ascended; but he did not so ascend thither as to know the secret will and counsels of God, and return to this world to make them known to perishing sinners. These, our Saviour says, could only be "declared" by himself as "the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father." It is in this sense that Prov. xxx. 4 is supposed to be used.

The following remarks of Bishop Hall will give a clear interpretation of the Saviour's words to Nicodemus:—"If, while I have discoursed of those principles of Christianity, which both our enlightened reason and experience can easily make good, thou believest not, but findest such difficulties, what possibility is there that thou shouldst believe when I shall tell thee of the great mystery of salvation, and of those high and incomprehensible matters of another world? These are things which no man can tell thee, but he that has been in heaven; and no man hath been there to see them, but He that is now come down from heaven, even that Son of man (that talketh with thee), who, in respect of his Deity, is still in heaven."

Thoughts for Spare Moments.

ON THE PASSAGE FROM JERUSALEM TO JERICHO.

"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves," &c.

NOTHING can be more savage than the present aspect of these wild and gloomy solitudes through which runs the very road where is laid the scene of that exquisite parable, "The Good Samaritan," and from that time to the present it has been the haunt of the most desperate bandits, being one of the most dangerous in Palestine. Sometimes the track leads along the edges of cliffs and precipices which threaten destruction on the slightest false step; at other times it winds through craggy passes overshadowed by projecting or perpendicular rocks. At one place the road has been cut through the very apex of a hill, the rocks overhanging it on either side. Here, in 1820, an English traveller, Sir Frederick Henniker, was attacked by the Arabs with fire-arms, who *stripped him naked, and left him severely wounded*. "It was past mid-day, and burning hot," says Sir Frederick. "I bled profusely, and two vultures, whose business it is to consume corpses, were hovering over me. I should scarcely have had strength to resist, had they chosen to attack me."

ON CHRIST'S ATONEMENT.

THERE can be no peace without reconciliation; there can be no reconciliation without remission; there can be no remission without satisfaction; there can be no satisfaction by any recompence of ours. Our best endeavour is worse than imperfect and faulty; if it could be perfect, we owe it all; what we are bound to do cannot make amends for what we have not done. Where shall we then find a payment of infinite value but in Him, the dignity of whose person gave such worth to his satisfaction that what he suffered for a short time was proportionable to what we should have suffered beyond all times. He did all, suffered all, paid all. He did it for us; we did it in him.

PROVIDENCE.

PROVIDENCE is—God in motion.

Providence is—God teaching by facts.

Providence is—God fulfilling, explaining, enforcing his own word.

Providence is—God rendering natural events subservient to spiritual purposes.

Providence is—God rousing our attention when we are careless; reminding us of our obligations when we are ungrateful; recalling our confidence when we depart from him by dependence upon creatures.

Providence is—God seeing and foreseeing.

"Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord."

LIFE.

LIFE is everywhere—in the air we breathe, in the water we drink, in the earth we tread on. Nature lives: every pore is bursting with life; every death is only a new birth; every grave a cradle. And of this we know so little, think so little! Around us, above us, beneath us, the great mystic drama of creation is being enacted, and we will not even consent to be spectators. Unless animals are obviously useful, or obviously hurtful to us, we disregard them. Yet they are not alien, but akin. The life that stirs within us, stirs within them. We are all "parts of one transcendent whole." The scales fall from our eyes when we think of this; it is as if a new sense had been vouchsafed to us, and we learn to look at Nature with a more intimate and personal love.

ANCIENT CHRISTIANS.

WE learn from Chrysostom that in the Primitive Church women and children had frequently the Gospels, or parts of the New Testament, hung round their neck, and these were carried constantly about with them. The rich had splendid copies of the sacred writings on vellum in their libraries and bookcases; but as the art of printing was not known till many ages after, complete copies of the Scriptures were, of course, exceedingly scarce. Children were particularly encouraged in the efforts which they made to commit to memory the invaluable truths of the Divine volume. Though in those times the Bible was to be multiplied by no other means than the pen, and every letter was to be traced out with the finger, so repeatedly were the Scriptures copied, that many of the early Christians had them in their possession; and they were so copied into their writings, that a celebrated scholar declared that if the New Testament, by any accidental circumstances, should be lost, he would undertake to restore it, with the exception of a few verses of one of the Epistles, and he pledged himself to find these in a short time.

THE TEACHINGS OF SCRIPTURE.

SCRIPTURE always leads us to a consideration of the comforts and hopes of the Gospel, by first laying before us the darkness and sins, the fears, and the dangers, of our natural condition; and by proving that in ourselves we have neither strength, nor life, nor hope, but only in the free mercies of God through his Son, Jesus Christ, our Redeemer.

CHILDHOOD.

THINK how simple things and lowly

Have a part in Nature's plan,
How the great hath small beginnings,
And the child will be a man.

Little efforts work great actions;

Lessons in our childhood taught

Mould the spirit of that temper

Whereby noblest deeds are wrought.

Cherish, then, the gifts of childhood,

Use them gently, guard them well,

For their future growth and greatness

Who can measure? who can tell?

GOD'S GIFTS TO MAN, GOD'S GIFTS TO WOMAN, COMPARED AND CONTRASTED.

MAN is strong; woman is beautiful. Man is daring and confident; woman is diffident and unassuming. Man is great in action; woman in suffering. Man shines abroad; woman at home. Man talks to convince; woman to persuade and please. Man has a rugged heart; woman a soft and tender one. Man prevents misery; woman relieves it. Man has science; woman taste. Man has judgment; woman sensibility. Man is a being of justice; woman of mercy. Each possesses peculiar gifts and a wide sphere of usefulness, and by the wise use of these respective gifts society is benefited and God is honoured.

SECURITY AGAINST APOSTACY.

"I WELL remember," says an eminent minister in North Wales, "that when the Spirit of God first convinced me of my sin, guilt, and danger, and of the many difficulties and enemies I must encounter, if ever I intended setting out for heaven, I was often to the last degree alarmed; the prospect of those many strong temptations and vain allurements to which my youthful years would unavoidably expose me, greatly discouraged me; and I often used to tell an aged servant of Christ, the first and only Christian friend I had any acquaintance with for several years, that

I wished I had borne the burden and heat of the day like him. His usual reply was, 'That so long as I feared, and was humbly dependent upon God, I should not be allowed to fall, but certainly prevail.' I have found it so, and I bless God, the giver of all strength, that I can truly and gratefully say, 'Hitherto hath the Lord upheld me.'

LOVE OF HOME.

THE love of home, so strongly felt by the wildest Highlander, is too well known to require proof; but the following anecdote of that love, in its simplest nature, cannot fail to interest the reader:—

A private soldier of the 71st regiment, a man of some education, and who had seen better days, soon after enlisting, in the wildness of youth, formed a friendship with a young Highlander of the same regiment, Donald Macdonald, a lad of eighteen, and a Roman Catholic. The regiment was engaged in the unfortunate attack upon Monte Video, under the command of General Whitlock, and the two friends were amongst the number of the prisoners.

Donald, from his religion, was perfectly at home among the Spaniards; he was happy and caressed, so that, when an exchange took place, his new friends were most anxious to detain him, and he was persuaded to stay; but his friend, after much useless argument, at last found the way to his heart, by singing, "Lochaber no more," of which district Donald really was a native. The tears started into his eyes; the poor Highlander exclaimed, "No; I'll not stay. I'll may be return to Lochaber no more!" The impression was effective, and he gave up fortune for his native land.

BACON, THE SCULPTOR.

HE was a man of most excellent character; and of his religious principles, let the inscription which he ordered to be placed over his grave testify: "What I was as an artist, seemed to me of some importance while I lived; but what I really was as a believer in Christ Jesus, is the only thing of importance to me now."

IDLENESS.

NOTHING is more dangerous than idleness. He who has nothing to do, will soon be doing something wrong. "Our idle days," says an eminent divine, "are Satan's busy days." If the mind is properly engaged, there is little room for the entrance of temptation; but when the mind is empty and open, the enemy can throw in what he pleases. Stagnant waters produce thousands of noxious insects that are unknown in flowing streams.

INVENTIONS ACCIDENTALLY DISCOVERED.

MR. FRANCIS PETIT SMITH, a farmer of Middlesex, the ingenious inventor of a screw-propeller for the propulsion of steam-ships, had long been engaged on a scheme for attaching the propelling-screw to the only part of a ship where it allows attachment without disadvantage—viz., "the dead wood," as it is called, or that part immediately in front of the rudder. In order to carry out this idea, it was requisite that the original long screw should be shortened. His next care was to ascertain the farthest practicable limits of curtailment without diminishing the propulsive force. He imagined naturally enough that a screw of three turns must be more powerful than a screw having only two; that a screw of two turns must be more powerful than a simple vane having only a single turn. He was happily disabused of this notion by an accident, and to this accident the whole existence of our screw-propelling ships of the line is referable. A model boat, supplied with a two-turn screw-propeller, was sent to try its fortune on the Paddington Canal. Bravely she sped her way; but

water has its perils, and all at once the boat, striking on something hard, received a violent shock, and was temporarily brought to a stand-still. Getting clear of the obstruction, a very extraordinary result was noticed by the crew. The boat, instead of being damaged by the accident, had acquired a considerable increase of speed. On examination, it was found that one spiral turn of the screw-propeller had been broken off by the accident, and only one remained. Mr. Smith took the hint; he caused a ship to be built—the *Little Archimedes*—and attached to her a one-turn screw. She was sent to sea, and answered well, justifying every expectation of the inventor.

Thus the problem was solved, and an accident had a large share in the solution.

Screw-propellers are now applied to every description of craft, from the largest line-of-battle ship to the smallest pleasure-boat.

BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

DR. HALES, late Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and Professor of Oriental Languages in that University, relates a pleasing act of genuine patriotism in Dr. Chenevix, formerly Bishop of Waterford:—

The Bishop distinguished himself for many years as Chairman to the Committee of the House of Lords appointed for inquiring into public charities, by his zeal and activity in bringing to light and successfully prosecuting the detainers of charitable bequests to the poor throughout the kingdom, for which he encountered much opposition, and ill-will, and obloquy from rich and powerful defaulters. A noble lord of this description, whom he had prosecuted through all the inferior courts of justice, and against whom he had at length obtained a decree of the Irish House of Lords, threatened that he would remove the suit, by appeal, to the English House of Lords, and that he would expend £5,000 in resisting the decree; which, when the Bishop heard, he took an opportunity of meeting his lordship, and said to him, "My lord, I am now old, and I perceive you wish to protract the suit to my death; an event which cannot be far distant. Deceive not yourself, however, with the vain expectation that my demise will terminate the action. I have made my will, and allotted £10,000 for the continuance of it after my death. I have gained much by the Church, and it is but just and equitable that I should contribute liberally towards the support of the Church." Upon this his lordship submitted, and paid the bequest, which had been long outstanding, and was for a considerable amount.

THE EFFECT OF PREJUDICE.

MARSHAL LUXEMBOURG having had his picture drawn by one of the best painters in Paris, took his wife to see it, with an intention that she should sit for her own. She immediately condemned it, and asserted at the same time, that she never saw any portrait like the person it pretended to represent.

The marshal knowing from previous remarks that this was mere prejudice, persuaded the lady once more to go to the painter's house after the last sitting, assuring her that if she should not then be perfectly satisfied, he would cease his importunities. He had contrived, with the assistance of the painter, just at the time the lady arrived, to thrust his own face through a canvas hung where the picture had before been placed; but she, on perceiving it, persisted in asserting that it was no more like him than before. Upon this the marshal could not keep his countenance, but by laughing aloud, discovered at once his stratagem, and the lady discovered the injury inflicted upon a talented artist through prejudice.

HERBERT LANE'S SCHOOL DAYS.

CHAPTER IV.

A NEW TEMPTATION.

Our young readers must not, however, suppose that henceforth Herbert kept unwaveringly in the right path. He was, like we all are, very weak, and very sinful by nature, and oftentimes his feet had well nigh slipped.

He became a favourite with his masters, for he was exceedingly attentive and industrious, and Dr. Norton would frequently give him the benefit of his valuable advice. It happened one fine half-holiday, a few weeks after he had begun attending school, that Florrie, being somewhat stronger than usual, had asked her brother to take her in her little pony carriage as far as a beautiful wood two or three miles from Highbank Cottage. There was a cottage on the borders of the wood, and an old woman lived in it who was known to Mrs. Lane, and who would supply them with boiling water for their tea, which they were to have in the wood, like "real gipsies," as Florrie said. When leaving home in the morning, Herbert had promised his mother to return as early as possible, so that they might dine somewhat sooner than usual, and have a long afternoon for their excursion. On reaching school, several of the boys ran to him eagerly: "Good news, Lane!" they cried, "we are to have such a famous cricket-match this afternoon. Squire Lawton has given permission for us to hold it in the park, and every one says the turf is in splendid order after the shower yesterday."

"I am sorry I shall be unable to go," said Herbert.

"Not go? why?"

"I am engaged."

"Oh, never mind the engagement: cricket-matches don't happen every day."

"But my engagement cannot be put off."

"Why, what can it be that is so very particular?"

Tolkien, Herbert's old enemy, joined the group at this moment.

"Lane says he cannot go with us this afternoon," said the others to him.

"Of course not," said Tolkien, maliciously; "his mother wants him at home."

Poor Herbert was again sadly tempted. He frequently went to see his uncle, who lived a few miles off, and evil thoughts entered his mind that he might say he was going there that afternoon; no one would know to the contrary. He struggled against the temptation, however, and replied manfully, "It is not my mother who wants me, but I have promised to lead my lame sister's pony for her, and that is why I cannot go to the cricket-match." Tolkien sneaked off without saying another word.

The afternoon was most lovely, and Herbert could not have enjoyed himself more than he did. He had

the inward consciousness that he had done right; he felt, too, that all the boys for whose opinion he cared anything thought well of him; and his mother, who knew nothing of the morning's temptation, was amused and surprised at his unusual flow of spirits.

He gathered a quantity of green boughs, with which he formed a shady canopy over Florrie as she lay in her little carriage, and Snowball was so decorated with branches, that, as Florrie said, he looked more like "Jack in the green," than a white pony.

The tea was delicious in the wood, and they had plenty of wild strawberries to eat with the sweet home-made bread and freshly-churned butter. Florrie declared it was the happiest day she had ever spent. As they were leaving the wood on their way home, a lady and gentleman passed by on horseback. Herbert immediately recognised Dr. Norton, who stopped his horse to speak to his favourite pupil.

"So you are not at the cricket-match to-day, Lane?"

"No, sir," said the boy, blushing, for he caught his mother's look of surprise.

Dr. Norton seemed to understand it all at once.

"I doubt whether there's a lighter heart there than yours, my boy," said he; and then, bending forward to the little reclining carriage, he spoke kindly to Florrie, admiring the green canopy of summer boughs.

Dr. Norton's voice was so gentle, and his wife smiled so sweetly on the little girl, that she did not feel nervous as she generally did with strangers.

"It was dear Herbert who gathered the branches, and made the canopy for me," said Florrie, "and he always leads my pony for me; he is such a kind, good brother."

"And you are an affectionate little sister, I am sure," said the doctor.

After a few words to Mrs. Lane, expressive of his satisfaction at her son's improvement, Dr. Norton and his wife rode on.

"Did you know about the cricket-match to-day, Herbert?" said his mother.

"Yes, mother, but do you think I was going to forsake my dear little Florrie?" cried Herbert; "no, not for all the cricket-matches in the world."

Mrs. Lane never knew the extent of her son's temptation that morning, but as Herbert reviewed the events of the day, he felt more cause than ever for thankfulness to God, who had given him strength to do what was right.

CHAPTER V.

YEARS passed by, and Herbert had obtained his father's permission to become a public servant of the great King whose name and Word he had been trained to love and obey. It was with Dr. Norton's full approval, also, that Herbert commenced studying expressly for the Church. That gentleman had watched his pupil with affectionate interest, and had

seen his character become, under the influence of God's Holy Spirit, all that he could desire, and he promised to promote his education to the extent of his power.

But a dark cloud was hanging over the little family circle at Highbank Cottage; and, whilst returning home from a foreign voyage, the kind husband and father was drowned in one of those violent gales so prevalent on our coasts.

The "God of the widow" sustained poor Mrs. Lane through her heavy trial; and Herbert endeavoured to stifle his own grief, that he might the better comfort his mother and sister. One of Mrs. Lane's greatest troubles was that she feared she should no longer be able to forward her son's dearest wishes as regarded his education for a clergyman. The expenses of his college terms would be far more than she could afford, in her altered circumstances, and yet she postponed from day to day telling him about it, knowing how he would feel the disappointment of his wishes.

One morning, about six weeks after his father's death, Herbert was leaving school as usual to walk home. He was now fifteen years of age, and had long ceased to ride Snowball.

Just as he was going out of the town, a gentleman met him.

"Good morning, Herbert. How is your mother to-day?"

"She is something better, thank you, sir."

"That is well. Have you a few minutes to spare?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Then just come into my office. I want to speak to you about yourself."

This gentleman was one of the partners in the B— Bank; he had been left one of the executors in Mr. Lane's will, and had always evinced a great interest in the family.

When Herbert entered Mr. Allenby's office, that gentleman proceeded to ask him what his future plans were as regarded a profession or business.

Herbert looked rather surprised; he thought Mr. Allenby knew that his father had intended him for a clergyman, and he said so.

"Yes, Herbert, that was all very well whilst your poor father lived; but your mother's circumstances are now very different. If you enter the Church, it will be many years before you can render her the least assistance, besides the great expense your residence at college would entail on her. Have you thought of all this?"

Herbert had *not* thought of it, and he reproached himself for his selfishness whilst admitting the fact.

"It is natural that we should be slow to think of what must needs be very disagreeable," said Mr. Allenby; "but I have been thinking the matter over, and have a proposal to make to you. Dr. Norton tells me you are an excellent arithmetician,

and that you write a good business hand. I have, at present, a vacancy in the bank for a youth of your age, and I would give you a salary of forty pounds a-year to commence with, and a promise of increase if you do well."

Herbert could not speak; he felt almost stunned by this sudden destruction of all his long-cherished visions for the future, and a feeling of the deepest repugnance for the occupation offered him added to his despondency.

"Don't decide in a hurry; take a day to consider of it, and then let me know," said Mr. Allenby.

But Herbert's better feelings had by this time obtained the mastery, and thanking his good friend for his kind offer, he expressed his readiness to accept it if his mother approved of his so doing.

"Your mother will rejoice at your decision, my boy; her greatest trouble lately has been the feeling that she could not forward your wishes in the profession you had chosen, and the fear of the grief you would feel at being called upon to resign it."

"Oh, sir, I have been selfishly inconsiderate of my mother in this matter. I ought to have thought of it all long since, and I cannot feel sufficiently grateful to you for recalling me to a sense of my duty."

Great was Mrs. Lane's surprise when Herbert told her of his engagement with Mr. Allenby. It relieved her from much embarrassment, and she never knew what the sacrifice had cost him, for he spoke hopefully, and even cheerfully of his new profession. Within a month he was installed as junior clerk in the bank, and having once made up his mind as to what was his clear path of duty, he suffered no vain or selfish regrets to interfere with his performance of it. He rose rapidly in the bank; and not long since, there was some talk of his being made one of the senior clerks of the establishment. For some years past he has not only relieved his mother from any expense as regarded himself, but he has also been enabled to surround her and his beloved Florrie with many little luxuries of which his father's death had deprived them.

We cannot always *choose* our path in life, and frequently what we might select would prove anything but the best for us in the end. There is, however, *one* thing which we can *always* do, namely, pray to God to give us his grace to do our duty in *whatsoever* state or condition of life his all-wise providence may see fit to place us.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

FAITH believes the revelations of God; hope expects his promises; and charity loves his excellences and mercies. Faith gives our understanding to God; hope gives up the affections to heaven and heavenly things; and charity gives the will to the service of God. Faith is opposed to infidelity, hope to despair, charity to hostility. These three graces sanctify the whole man.

SQUIRE TREVLIN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES," ETC.

CHAPTER LVII.

A DAY OF MISHAPS.

REBECCA the servant was true. She was true and crafty in her faithfulness to her mistress, and she contrived to get various dainties prepared and conveyed unsuspectingly under her apron, watching her opportunity, to the sitting-room of Madam, where they were hidden away in a closet and the key turned upon them. So far, so good; but that was not all; and the greatest difficulty lay behind—the transporting them to Rupert.

The little tricks and ruses that the lodge and those in its secret learnt to be expert in at this time, were worthy of the most private inquiry office going. Ann Canham, at some given hour named, would be standing at the open door of the lodge, apparently enjoying an interlude of idleness; and Mrs. Chattaway, with timid steps, and eyes that wandered everywhere lest witnesses were about, would come down the avenue: opposite the lodge door, by some sleight of hand, a parcel, or a basket, or a bottle would be transferred from under her large shawl to Ann Canham's hands. The latter would close the door and slip the bolt, while the lady would walk swiftly on through the gate, for the purpose of taking foot exercise in the road. Or perhaps it would be Maude to go through this little rehearsal, instead of Madam. But at the best it was all difficult of accomplishment for many reasons, and might at any time be stopped. If only the extra cooking in the kitchen came to the knowledge of the Hold's real mistress, Miss Diana Trevlyn, it would be quite impossible to venture to continue that cooking, and next to impossible to conceal longer the proximity of Rupert.

It was only at night that Mrs. Chattaway ventured to enter the lodge; or, rather, at the dusk of evening. In broad daylight she dared not enter, and had she been missed from home after actual nightfall, no end of inquiries would have ensued from the girls as to what had become of mamma: but it was nothing strange that she should take a walk by twilight. One day, which must surely have dawned under some unlucky star, a disastrous *contretemps* ensued.

It happened that Miss Diana Trevlyn had arranged to take the Miss Chattaways to a morning concert at Barmester. Maude might have gone, but excused herself to Miss Diana: while the fate of Rupert hung in the balance it was scarcely seemly, she urged, that she should be seen at public festivals. Cris had gone out shooting that day; Mr. Chattaway, as was supposed, was at Barmester; and when dinner was served, only Mrs. Chattaway and Maude sat down to it. It was a plain dinner—a piece of roast beef; and during a momentary absence of James, who was waiting at table, Maude exclaimed in a low tone—

"Aunt Edith, if we could but get a slice of this to Rupert; hot, as it is!"

"I was thinking of it," said Mrs. Chattaway. "If—"

The servant returned to the room, and the conversation was stopped. But his mistress, under some rather confused plea of there being so few at table, dismissed

him, saying she would ring. And then the thought was carried out. A small friendly sauce tureen which happened to be on the table was made the receptacle for some of the hot meat, and Maude put on her bonnet and stole away with it.

An unlucky venture. In her haste to reach the lodge unmolested, she spilt some of the gravy, and was stopping to wipe it with her handkerchief from the tureen, fearing for her dress, when she was interrupted by Mr. Chattaway. It was close to the lodge. Maude's heart as the saying runs, came into her mouth.

"What's that? Where are you taking it to?" he demanded, for his eyes had caught the tureen before she could scuffle it under her mantle.

He peremptorily took it from her unresisting hand, raised the cover, and saw two tempting slices of hot roast beef, and part of a cauliflower. Had Maude witnessed the actual discovery of Rupert by Mr. Chattaway, she could not have felt more utterly sick: her face, in its scared dread, was a sight to look upon.

"I ask you to whom you were taking this?"

His resolute face, his concentrated tones of anger, coupled with her own terror, were more than poor Maude could brave. "To Mark Canham," she faltered. There was no one whatever, save him, whom she could mention with the least plausibility: and she could not pretend to be only taking a walk, and carrying a tureen of meat with her for pleasure.

"Was it Madam's doings, to send this?"

Again she could only answer in the affirmative. She might not say it was a servant's, she might not say it was herself: there was but Mrs. Chattaway. Mr. Chattaway stalked off to the Hold, tureen in hand.

His wife sat at the dinner table, and James was removing some little tartlets from it as he entered. Regardless of the man's presence, he gave vent to his fit of anger, reproaching her in no measured terms for what she had done. Meat and vegetables from his own table, to be supplied to that profligate, good-for-nothing man, Canham, who already enjoyed a house and half-a-crown a week for doing nothing! How dared she be guilty of extravagance so great, of wilful waste? And the master of Trevlyn Hold called for a hot plate, turned out the contents of the tureen, and actually began to eat them for his own dinner.

It was a very Benjamin's portion for anybody's dinner; there was no doubt of that; more, in fact, than one man could eat, unless his appetite was remarkably good. This fact did not tend to lessen the anger or the astonishment of Mr. Chattaway: he stared at the meat, he turned it over and over, he held it out on his fork to Mrs. Chattaway that she might not forget the quantity; and he talked and reproached so fast that his poor wife, between mortification and terror, burst into tears; and James, who possessed more delicacy than his master, made his escape from the room. Maude had not dared to re-enter it.

The scene came to an end; all such scenes do, it is to be hoped; and the afternoon went on. Mr. Chattaway went out again, Cris had not come in, Miss Diana and the young ladies did not return, and Mrs. Chattaway and Maude were still alone. "I shall go down to see him, Maude," the former said in a low tone, breaking

an unhappy silence. "And I shall take him something to eat; I will risk it. He has had nothing from us to-day."

Maude scarcely knew what to answer: her own fright was not got over yet. Mrs. Chattaway dressed herself, took the little provision basket—they dared not make it a large one—and went out. It was dusk—all but dark; Mrs. Chattaway was surprised to find it so dark, but the evening was a gloomy one. Scarcely daring to proceed, looking here, peering there, with slow and cautious steps she walked. Meeting nobody, she gained the lodge, opened its door with a quick hand, and—stole away again silently and swiftly, with perhaps the greatest terror she had ever felt rushing over her heart.

For the first figure she saw there was that of her husband, and the first voice she heard was his. She pushed her way amidst the trunks of the nearly leafless trees, and concealed herself as she best could.

In returning that evening it had struck Mr. Chattaway as he passed the lodge that he could not do better than favour old Canham with a piece of his mind, and forbid him, under pain of being instantly dismissed and discarded, to rob the Hold (it was so he phrased it) of so much as a scrap of bread. Old Canham, knowing what there was at stake, took it patiently, never denying that the beef (which Mr. Chattaway enlarged upon) might have been meant for him. Ann Canham stood on the upright staircase, against the closed chamber of Rupert, shivering and shaking: and poor Rupert himself, who had not failed to hear and recognise that loud voice, lay as one in an agony.

Mr. Chattaway was in the midst of his last sentence of reproof, which became louder and harsher as the winding-up drew near, when the front door was suddenly flung open, and as suddenly shut again. He had his back to it, but he turned round just in time to catch a glimpse of somebody's petticoats before the door closed.

It was a somewhat singular proceeding, and Mr. Chattaway, always curious and suspicious, pulled the door open after a minute's pause, and looked out. He could see nobody. He looked up the avenue—which was the way the petticoats had seemed to turn—he looked down it; he stepped out to the gate, and gazed up and down the road. Whoever it was, they had disappeared.

"Did you see who it was that flung the door open in that manner?" he demanded of old Canham.

Old Canham had stood deferentially during the lecture, leaning on his stick. He had not seen who it was, and therefore could answer readily, but he strongly suspected it to be Mrs. Chattaway. "Maybe 'twere some 'ooman bringing sewing up for Ann, squire. They mostly comes at dusk, not to hinder their own work."

"Then why couldn't they come in?" retorted Mr. Chattaway. "Why need they run away as if caught in some mischief?"

Old Canham wisely declined an answer: and Mr. Chattaway, after a further parting admonition, finally quitted the lodge, and took his way up the avenue towards the Hold. But for her dark attire, and the darker and darker shades of evening, he might have detected his wife there, watching him pass.

It seemed an unlucky day. Mrs. Chattaway, her

heart beating with its excitement and fear, came out of her hiding-place when the last echoes of his steps had died away, and almost met the carriage as it thundered up the avenue, bringing her daughters and Miss Diana from Barmester. When she did reach the lodge, Ann Canham had the door open an inch or two, looking out for her. "Take it," she cried, giving the basket to Ann as she advanced to the stairs, "I have not a minute to stop. How is he to-night?"

"Madam," whispered Ann Canham, in her meek, unassuming voice, but somehow, meek though it was, there was that in its tone to-night which arrested the steps of Mrs. Chattaway, "if he continues to get worse and weaker, if he cannot be got away from here and from these perpetual frights what come upon him, I fear me he'll die. He has never been as bad as he is to-night."

She untied her bonnet, and stole up the stairs into Rupert's room. By the rushlight that burned there she could see the ravages of illness on his wasting features; features that seemed to have changed for the worse even since she saw him that time last night. He turned his blue eyes, bright and wild with disease, bodily and mental, on her as she entered.

"Oh, Aunt Edith! Is he gone? I thought I should just have died with fright here as I lay."

"He is gone, darling," she answered, bending over him, and speaking with reassuring tenderness. "You look worse to-night, Rupert."

"It is this stifling room, aunt; it is killing me. At least, it is giving me no chance to get better. If I had but a nice airy room at the Hold!—if I could lie there without fear and be waited on—I might get better than, Aunt Edith, I wish the past few weeks could be blotted out! I wish I had not been overtaken by that fit of madness!"

Ah! he could not wish it as she did. Her tears silently fell on his hollow cheeks, and she began in the desperate need to debate in her own heart whether that, which they had deemed impossible, might not be accomplished—the disarming the anger of Mr. Chattaway, and getting him to pardon Rupert. In that case only could he be brought home to the Hold, or moved from where he was. Perhaps—perhaps Diana might effect it? If she did not, no one could. As she thought of its utter hopelessness, there came to her recollection that recent letter from Connell and Connell, which had so upset the equanimity of Mr. Chattaway. She had not yet spoken of it to Rupert, but she mentioned it now. Her private opinion was that Rupert must have written to the London lawyers for the purpose of vexing Mr. Chattaway.

"It is not right, Rupert dear," she whispered. "It cannot do you any good, but harm. If it does no other harm, it will increase Mr. Chattaway's angry feeling towards you. Indeed, Rupert, it was wrong."

He looked up in surprise from his pillow of weakness. "I don't know what you mean, Aunt Edith, Connell and Connell? What should I do writing to Connell and Connell?"

She explained to him what there was in the letter, reciting its contents as accurately as she could remember them. Rupert only stared.

"Acting for me!—that I should soon take possession of the Hold! Well, I don't know anything about it," he wearily answered. "Why does not Mr. Chattaway go up and ask them what they mean? Connell and Connell don't know me, and I don't know them."

"It seemed to me the most unlikely thing in the world that you should have written to them, Rupert, for there was no end that it would answer; and besides, you were lying here too ill to write to any one. But then, what else was I to think?"

"They'd better have written to say I was going to take possession of the grave," he resumed; "there'd be more sense in that. Perhaps I am, Aunt Edith."

More sense in it? Ay, that there would be. Every pulse in Mrs. Chattaway's heart echoed to the words. She did not answer, and there ensued a pause, broken only by the sound of his somewhat painful breathing.

"Do you think I shall die, Aunt Edith?"

"Oh, my boy, I hope not; I hope not! But it is all in God's will. Rupert, darling, it seems a sad thing, especially to the young, to leave this world; but do you know what I often think as I lie and sigh through my sleepless nights: that it would be a blessed change both for you and for me if God were to take us from it and give us a place in heaven."

Another pause. "You can tell Mr. Chattaway that you feel sure I had nothing to do with the letter you speak of, Aunt Edith."

She shook her head. "No, Rupert; the less I say the better. It would not do: I should fear some chance word on my part might betray you: and all I could say would not make any impression on Mr. Chattaway."

"You are not going!" he exclaimed, as she rose from her seat on the bed.

"I must. I wish I could stay, but I dare not: indeed, it was not safe to-night to come in at all."

"Aunt Edith, if you could but stay! It is so lonely. Four-and-twenty hours before I shall see you or Maude again! It is like being left alone to die."

"Not to die, I trust," she said, the tears falling fast from her eyes. "We shall be together some time for ever, but I pray that we may have a little more happiness in life first!"

Very full was her heart that night, and but for the fear that her red eyes would betray her, and questions be asked, she could have wept all the way home. Stealing in at the side door, she gained her room, and found that Mr. Chattaway, fortunately, had not discovered her absence.

A few minutes after she entered, the house was in a commotion. Cries were heard proceeding from the kitchen, and Mrs. Chattaway and others hastened towards it. One of the servants was badly scalded. Most unfortunately, it happened to be the cook, Rebecca. In taking some calf's-foot jelly from the fire, she had, by some inadvertent awkwardness, turned the whole boiling liquid over her feet and the lower part of her legs.

Miss Diana, who was worth a thousand of Mrs. Chattaway in an emergency, got the girl placed in a recumbent position, had her stockings cut off, and sent one of the grooms on horseback for Mr. King. But Miss Diana, while sparing nothing that could assist or

relieve the sufferer, did not at all conceal her displeasure at the awkwardness. She cast her eyes on the pool near the kitchen grate, and saw the egg-shells and lemon-peel floating in it; saw it with astonishment.

"Was it jelly you were making, Rebecca?" she demanded, scarcely believing her senses.

Rebecca was lying back in a large chair, her feet raised. The young ladies, the servants were crowding round: even Mr. Chattaway had come to see what might be the cause of the commotion. She made no answer.

Bridget did; rejoicing, no doubt, in her superior knowledge. "Yes, ma'am, it was jelly: she had just biled it up."

Miss Diana wheeled round to Rebecca. "What were you making jelly for? It was not ordered."

Rebecca knew not what to say. She cast an almost imperceptible glance at Mrs. Chattaway. "Yes, it was ordered," said the latter, scarcely above her breath. "I ordered it."

"You!" returned Miss Diana. "What for?" But Miss Diana spoke in her surprise only; not to find fault: it was so very unusual a thing for Mrs. Chattaway to interfere in the domestic arrangements. It surprised them all, and her daughters looked at her. Poor Mrs. Chattaway could not put forth the plea that it was being made for herself, for calf's-foot jelly was a thing she never touched. The surprised pause, the confusion on his wife's face, attracted the notice of Mr. Chattaway.

"Possibly you were intending to send it to regale old Canham with?" he scornfully said, in allusion to what had passed that day. Not that he believed anything so improbable.

"Madam knows the young ladies like it, and she told me to make some," good-naturedly spoke up Rebecca from the midst of her pain.

The excuse served, and the surprise passed. Miss Diana privately thought what a poor housekeeper her sister would make, ordering things when they were not required, and Mr. Chattaway quitted the scene. When the doctor arrived and had attended to the patient, Mrs. Chattaway, who was then in her room, sent to request him to come up to her before he left, adding to the message that she did not feel well.

He came up immediately. She put a question or two about the injury to the girl, which was not great, he answered, and would not keep her a prisoner long; and then Mrs. Chattaway lowered her voice, and spoke in the softest whisper.

"Mr. King, you must tell me. Is not Rupert worse?"

"He is very ill," was the answer. "He certainly gets worse instead of better."

"Will he die?"

"Well, I do believe he will die, unless he can be got out of that unwholesome closet of a place. The question is, how is it to be done?"

"It cannot be done, Mr. King; it cannot be done unless Mr. Chattaway can be propitiated. That is the only chance."

"Mr. Chattaway never will," thought Mr. King in his heart. "Everything is against him where he is," he said aloud: "the bad air of the room, the perpetual

fear that is upon him, the want of hot and regular food. The provisions conveyed to him at chance times, eaten cold as they mostly have to be, are but a poor substitute for the hot meals he requires."

"And they will be stopped now," said Mrs. Chattaway. "Rebecca has cooked them for me in private, but she cannot do it now. Mr. King, *what* can be done?"

"I don't know, indeed. It will not be safe to attempt to move him. Indeed, I question if he would consent to it, his dread of being discovered is so great."

"You will do all you can?" she urged.

"To be sure," he replied. "I *am* doing all I can. I got him another bottle of port wine in to-day. If you only saw me trying to dodge into the lodge unperceived, and taking my observations before I whisk out, you'd not say but I am as anxious as you can be, my dear lady. Still—I don't hesitate to avow it—it will be, I believe, life or death, according as we can manage to get him away from that hole he's lying in, and to set his mind at rest."

He wished her good-night, and went out. "Life or death!" Mrs. Chattaway stood at the window, and gazed forth at the dusky night, recalling over and over again the words to her heart. "Life or death!" There was no earthly chance, save the remote one of appeasing Mr. Chattaway.

CHAPTER LVIII.

A PILL FOR MR. CHATTAWAY.

GEORGE RYLE by no means admired the uncertainty in which he was kept as to the Upland Farm. Had Mr. Chattaway been any other than Mr. Chattaway, had he been a straightforward man, George would have said, "Give me an answer. Yes or no." In point of fact, he did say so to Mr. Chattaway; but he could not get a decisive reply, one way or the other. Mr. Chattaway was pretty liberal in his covert sneers as to one with no means of his own taking so extensive a farm as the Upland; but he did not positively say, "I will not lease it to you." George bore the shafts with equanimity; he had that very desirable gift, a sweet temper; and he was, and could not help feeling that he was, so really superior to Mr. Chattaway, that he could afford to allow some latitude to that gentleman's evil tongue.

But the time was going on; it was necessary that some decision should be arrived at; and one morning George went up again to the Hold, determined to get a final answer. As he was going into the steward's room, he met Ford, the clerk at Blackstone, coming out of it.

"Is Mr. Chattaway in there?" asked George.

"He's there, as far as that goes," replied Ford. "But if you want to get any business out of him this morning, you won't, that's all. I have tramped all the way up here, about a matter that's in a hurry, and I have had my walk for my pains. Chattaway won't do anything, or say anything; doesn't seem capable; says he shall be at Blackstone by-and-by. And that's all I've got to go back with."

"Why won't he?"

"Goodness knows. He seems to have had some shock or fright. He was staring at a letter when I went in, and I left him staring at it still when I came out, his wits evidently gone wool-gathering. Good morning, Mr. Ryle."

The young man made his way out, and George entered the room. Mr. Chattaway was seated at his desk; an open letter before him, as Ford had said. It was one that had been delivered by that morning's post, and it had brought the clammy sweat of dismay out upon his brow. He looked at George angrily.

"Who's this again? Am I never to be at peace? What do you want?"

"Mr. Chattaway, I want an answer. If you will not let me the Upland Farm——"

"I will give you no answer this morning, George Ryle. I am otherwise occupied, and I cannot be bothered with home business."

"Will you give me an answer—at all?"

"Yes, to-morrow. Come then."

George saw that something had indeed put Mr. Chattaway out; he appeared incapable of business, as Ford had intimated, and it would be policy, perhaps, to suffer it to rest until to-morrow. But a resolution came into George's mind to do at once what he had sometimes thought to do—to make a friend, if possible, of Miss Diana Trevlyn. He went about the house until he found her: he was almost as much at home in it as poor Rupert had been. Miss Diana happened to be alone in the breakfast-room. She was looking over what appeared to be bills, but she laid them aside at his entrance, and she—it was a most unusual thing—condescended to ask after the health of her sister, Mrs. Ryle.

"Miss Diana, I want you to be my good fairy friend," he said, in the winning manner that made George Ryle liked by every one, as he drew a chair near to her. "Will you whisper a word for me into the ear of Mr. Chattaway?"

"About that Upland Farm?"

"Yes. I cannot get an answer from him. He has promised me one to-morrow morning, but I do not rely upon getting it. I must be at some certainty. There's another farm that I have my eye upon if I cannot get Mr. Chattaway's; but it is at a distance from here, and I shall not like it half so well. While he keeps me shilly-shallying over this one, I may lose them both. There's an old proverb, you know, about two stools."

"Was that a joke the other day, the hint you gave about marrying?" inquired Miss Diana.

"It was sober earnest. If I can get the Upland Farm, I shall, I hope, take my wife home to it almost as soon as I am installed myself."

"Is she a good manager, a practical work-woman?"

George smiled. "No. She is a lady."

"I thought so," was the remark of Miss Diana, delivered in a very knowing tone. "I can tell you and your wife what, George; it will be uphill work for both of you."

"For a time; I know that. But, Miss Diana, ease, when it comes, will be all the more enjoyable for having been worked for. I often think that the prosperity of those who have honestly worked for it and earned it, must be far sweeter than the monotonous prosperity of those who are born prosperous."

"That's true. The worst is, that sometimes the best years of life are over before prosperity comes."

"But those years have had their pleasure, in working

on for it. I question whether actual prosperity ever brings the pleasure that we enjoy when anticipating it and working for it. If we have no end to look to and scheme for, we should be miserable. Will you say a word for me to him, Miss Diana?"

"First of all, tell me the name of the lady. I suppose you have no objection—you may trust me."

George's lips parted with a smile, and a faint flush stole over his features. "I shall have to tell you before I win her, Miss Diana, if only to obtain your consent to my taking her from the Hold."

"My consent! I have nothing to do with it. You must get that from Mr. and Madam Chattaway."

"If I get yours, I am not sure that I should care to ask—his."

"Of whom do you speak?" she rejoined, looking puzzled.

"Of Maude Trevlyn."

Miss Diana rose from her chair, and stared at him in very astonishment. "Maude Trevlyn!" she repeated. "Since when have you thought of Maude Trevlyn?"

"Since I thought of any one—thought at all, I was going to say. I loved Maude—yes, loved her, Miss Diana—when she was but a child."

"And you have not thought of any one else?"

"Never. I have loved Maude, and I have been content to wait for her. But that I was so trammelled with the farm at home, keeping it for Mrs. Ryle and Treve, I might have spoken before."

Maude Trevlyn was evidently not the lady upon whom Miss Diana's suspicions had fallen. It seemed that she could not recover her surprise—could scarcely yet admit the facts to her mind, so as to realise them. "Have you never given cause to another to—to suspect any admiration on your part?" she resumed, breaking the silence.

"Believe me, I never have. On the contrary," he added, glancing at Miss Diana with peculiar significance for a moment, and his tone was a most impressive one, "I have cautiously abstained from doing so."

"Ah, I see." And Miss Trevlyn's tone was not less significant than his.

"Will you give her to me, Miss Diana?"

"I don't know," she answered. "George Ryle, there may be trouble over this."

"Do you mean with Mr. Chattaway?"

"I mean—No matter what I mean. I think there will be trouble over it."

"There need be none if you will only sanction it. But that you might misconstrue me, Miss Diana, I would urge you to give her to me for Maude's own sake. This escapade of poor Rupert has rendered the roof of Mr. Chattaway an undesirable one for her."

"Maude is a Trevlyn, and must marry a gentleman," spoke Miss Diana.

"I am one," said George, quietly. "Pardon me, Miss Diana, if I remind you that my descent is equal to that of the Trevlyns. In the days gone by—"

"You need not enter upon it," was the interruption. "I do not forget it. But gentle descent is not all that is necessary to render a marriage eligible. Maude will have money, and it is only right that she should marry one who possesses it in an equal degree."

"Maude will not have a shilling," cried George, impulsively.

"Indeed! Who told you so?"

George laughed. "It is what I have always supposed. Where is she to have money from?"

"She will have a great deal of money," persisted Miss Diana. "The half of my fortune, at least, will be Maude's. The other half I intended for Rupert. Do you suppose the last of the Trevlyns, Maude and Rupert would be turned out on the world penniless?"

So! It had been Miss Diana's purpose to bequeath her money to them! Yes; loving power though she did, acquiescing tacitly, if not more actively (it was hardly known), in the act of usurpation of Trevlyn Hold by Mr. Chattaway, she intended to make it up in some degree to the children. "Has Maude learnt to care for you," she suddenly asked of George. "You hesitate!"

"If I hesitate, Miss Diana, it is not because I have no answer to give, but whether it would be quite fair to Maude to give it. The truth may be best, however; she has learnt to care for me. Perhaps you will answer me a question—have you any objection to me personally?"

"George Ryle, had I held objection to you personally, I should have ordered you out of the room the instant you mentioned Maude's name. Were your position a better one, I would give you Maude to-morrow—so far as my giving could avail. But to go into the Upland Farm upon borrowed money?—no; I do not think that will do for Miss Maude Trevlyn."

"It would be a better position for her than the one she now holds, as governess to Mr. Chattaway's children," replied George, boldly. "A better and a far happier."

"Nonsense," said Miss Diana. "Maude Trevlyn's position at Trevlyn Hold is not to be looked upon as that of governess, but as a daughter of the house. It was well that both she and Rupert should have some occupation."

"And on the other score?" resumed George. "May I dare to say the truth to you, Miss Diana, that in quitting the Hold for the home that I shall make for her, she will be leaving misery for happiness?"

Miss Diana rose. "That is enough for the present," said she. "It has come upon me by surprise, and I must give it some hours' consideration before I can even realise it. With regard to the Upland Farm, I will ask Mr. Chattaway to accord you the preference if he can: the two matters are quite distinct and apart. I think you might get on at the Upland Farm, and be a good tenant; but I decline—and this you must distinctly understand—to give you any hope now with regard to Maude."

George held out his hand with his sunny smile. "I will wait until you have considered it, Miss Diana."

She took her way at once to Mrs. Chattaway's room. Happening, as she passed the corridor window, to cast her eyes to the front of the house, she saw George Ryle cross the lawn on his way from it. At the same moment, Octave Chattaway ran after him, evidently calling to him.

He stopped and turned. He could do no less. And

Octave stood with him, laughing and talking rather more freely than she might have done had she been aware of what had just taken place. Miss Diana drew in her severe lips, changed her course, and sailed back to the hall door. Octave was coming in then.

"Manners have changed since I was a girl," remarked Miss Diana to her. "It would scarcely have been deemed seemly then for a young lady to run after a gentleman as he was quitting the house. I do not like it, Octave."

"Manners do change," returned Miss Chattaway, in a tone that she made as slighting as she dared. "It was only George Ryle, Aunt Diana."

"Do you know where Maude is?"

"No: I know nothing about her. I think if you gave Maude a word of reprimand on another score, instead of giving one to me, it might not be amiss, Aunt Diana. Since Rupert turned runagate—or renegade might be the better word—Maude has neglected her duties shamefully with Emily and Edith. She passes her time moithering, and lets them run wild."

"Had Rupert been your brother you might have done the same," curtly rejoined Miss Diana. "A shock, like that, cannot be overgot in a day. Allow me to give you a hint, Octave: should you lose Maude for the children, you will not so efficiently replace her."

"We are not likely to lose her," said Octave, opening her eyes.

"I don't know that. It strikes me as being likely that we shall. George Ryle wants her."

"Wants her for what?" asked Octave, staring very much.

"He can want her but for one thing—to be his wife. He has loved her, it seems, for years."

She had turned her back on Octave as she said this, on her way up again to Mrs. Chattaway's room, never halting, never looking back at the still white face that seemed to be turning into stone as it was strained after her.

In the sitting-room of Mrs. Chattaway she found that lady and Maude. She entered suddenly and hastily, and had Miss Diana been of a nature given to suspicion, it might have been excited in her breast then. In their close contact, in their start of surprise when interrupted, in the frightened expression of their haggard countenances, there was too surely evidence of some unhappy secret. Miss Diana was closely followed into the room by Mr. Chattaway.

"Did you not hear me call?" he inquired of his sister-in-law.

"No," she replied. "I heard you on the stairs behind me, but I did not hear you speak. What is it?"

"Read that," said Mr. Chattaway.

He tossed an open letter to her. It was the one which had so put him out; which had rendered him incapable of business. After digesting it alone in the best manner he could, he had now come to submit it to the keen and calm inspection of Miss Trevlyn.

"Oh," said she, carelessly, as she looked at the writing, "it is another from Connell and Connell."

"Read it, will you?" repeated Mr. Chattaway, in a low tone. He was too completely shaken to be anything but subdued.

Miss Diana proceeded to do so. It was a letter shorter, if anything, than the one previously received, but more peremptory, even more decided. It simply said that Mr. Rupert Trevlyn had written to inform them of his intention of taking immediate possession of Trevlyn Hold, and had requested them to acquaint Mr. Chattaway with the same. Miss Diana read it to herself, and then read it aloud for the general benefit.

"It is the most infamous thing that has ever come under my notice," said Mr. Chattaway. "What right have those men, those Connells, to write to me in this strain? If Rupert Trevlyn passes his time penning folly to them, is it the work of a respectable firm to perpetuate—as may be said—the jokes on me?"

Mrs. Chattaway and Maude gazed at each other, perfectly confounded. It was next to an impossibility that Rupert could have thus written, as stated, to Connell and Connell. If they had but dared to defend him! "Why suffer it to put you out, James?" Mrs. Chattaway ventured to say. "Rupert cannot be writing such letters; he cannot be thinking of attempting to take possession here; the bare idea is absurd: treat it as such."

"But these communications to me from Connell and Connell are not the less disgraceful," was the reply of Mr. Chattaway. "I'd as soon be annoyed with anonymous letters."

Miss Diana Trevlyn had not spoken. The affair, to her keen mind, began to wear a strange appearance. She looked off from the letter—she seemed to have been examining its every word—at Mr. Chattaway. "Were Connell and Connell not so respectable, I should say that they have lent themselves to play a sorry joke upon you for the purpose of the worst annoyance: being what they are, that view falls to the ground. There is only one possible solution of it: but—"

"And what's that?" eagerly interrupted Mr. Chattaway.

"That Rupert is amusing himself, and has contrived to impose upon Connell and Connell some false notion of the plausibility of his claim—"

"He has not; he never has," broke in Mrs. Chattaway. "I mean," she more calmly added, as she recollected herself, "that Connell and Connell could not be imposed upon by any foolish claim that might be put forth by Rupert."

"I wish you'd hear me out," was the composed rejoinder of Miss Diana. "It is what I was about to say. Had Connell and Connell been different men, they might be so imposed upon; but I do not think they, or any firm of similar high standing, would presume to write such letters as these to the master of Trevlyn Hold, unless they had substantial grounds for doing it."

"Then what can the letters mean?" cried Mr. Chattaway, wiping his hot face.

Ay, what could they mean? It was indeed a puzzle, and the matter began to assume a serious form. What had been the vain boastings of Mr. Daw, compared to this? Cris Chattaway, when he came home and this second letter was shown to him, was loudly indignant, but all the loud indignation that Mr. Chattaway had been prone to indulge in seemed to have gone out of him. Mr. Flood wrote to Connell and Connell to request

an explanation, and received a courteous and immediate reply. But there was no further information in it than the letters themselves had contained—or than even Mr. Peterby had elicited when he wrote up, on his own part, a private letter to Mr. Ray: nothing but that Mr. Rupert Trevlyn was about to take possession of his own again, Trevlyn Hold.

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

Low's One Shilling Guide to the Charities of London: comprising the Objects, Date, Address, Income and Expenditure, Treasurer, and Secretary of above Seven Hundred Charities. The whole corrected up to April, 1863. By SAMPSON LOW, Jun. Pp. 176. London: Low and Son, Ludgate Hill.

BENEVOLENT as are the men of the present age, and ingenious as they are in their devices for doing good, we confess that we, like many others, did not know the vast number of charitable institutions that exist in this metropolis, extending to the afflictions of all those who are "in sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity." Out of the 700 charities enumerated, it is gratifying to discover that nearly one-twelfth part of these benevolent institutions receive the patronage of Royalty. This little book may often enable the reader to give useful advice to some poor and afflicted neighbour who may not know how or where to seek for succour in the day of affliction. We hope it will also prove a useful guide in pointing out to the wealthy and well-disposed charities that need support, and deserve to be supported.

Lessons of Love; or, Aunt Bertha's Visit to the Elms. A Story for Children. By EMMA MARSHALL, Author of "Happy Days," &c. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday. Pp. 245.

LITTLE people are indebted to Aunt Bertha for her good advice so pleasantly given, and, if we are able, we will by-and-by let some of the little folks who read the tales in the Youths' Department of this work know how sensibly Aunt Bertha and her little friends talk.

Blind Amos and his Velvet Principles. A Book of Proverbs and Parables for Young Folk. By Rev. PAXTON HOOD. Pp. 250. S. W. Partridge, Paternoster Row.

A BOOK full of good sense; and he must be a very wise and a very good man who stands in no need of Blind Amos's Velvet Principles.

Shadows of the Past. By SARAH LOUISA JEFFRIES. 5th Edition. Pp. 130. Virtue, Brothers, and Co.

The Mystery of Being; or, Are Ultimate Atoms Inhabited Worlds? By NICHOLAS ODGERS, Author of "A Glance at the Universe." Pp. 161. Tresidder, Ave Maria Lane.

The Two Testimonies; or, the Oracles of God and the Law written in the Heart Compared; and a Reply to Bishop Colenso. In a Series of Letters to a Friend. By FREDERICK W. BRIGGS. Pp. 242. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

The Time of the End: an Exposition of Prophecy. Pp. 40. Stevenson, Paternoster Row.

Life Scenes from a Reformatory. Published for the benefit of Mr. Bowyer's Reformatory, 237, Euston Road. Pp. 52. Guillaume, Chester Square.

Temperance Department.

THE DRUNKARD'S LAMENT.

WHAT moves thee, my mother! say, where hast thou been? In all thy sad wanderings, what thing hast thou seen? Most fruitful in misery, sorrow, and crime—The fellest, the vilest of all things in time!

Alas! from my youth to my sorrowful age, I had, I have still, a stern warfare to wage With a monster so hideous, so hateful, and dire, It seems as I moved in a circle of fire.

For, go where I may, or look where I will, This pestilent monster he haunteth me still; He poisons my food, and he murders my sleep, And he scowls on the hearth where at midnight I weep.

This monster came down, "like a wolf on the fold," And my eyes they grew dim, and my heart it grew cold, When two of my household he dragged to his den, And turned them to brutes in the likeness of men.

TEMPERANCE.

THERE are two truths which cannot be repeated too often: one, that wine is not nourishment; that it excites, not strengthens; that it is not diet, but medicine. The other, that intemperance is to be measured, not by the quantity of wine, but its effect on the constitution; not by cups, but by consequences. Let no man fancy because he does not drink much that he is no sot. Pope said that more than one glass of wine was to him a debauch. Every healthy toper is a decoy duck, and no more proves that health is safe in intemperance, than an unwounded soldier proves that life is secure in a battle. Payment for the excesses of youth and manhood is sometimes not demanded by the constitution until age approaches, and then the payment is enforced with fearful severity. If for a moment we look at the vice of intemperance separate from the solemn obligations of religion, even in this low and defective point of view how fearful are the results! Every act of intemperance is a bond payable with compound interest during the closing years of life.

Answers to Correspondents.

"JOHN SULLIVAN" is published separately, and also "COLENSONTIAN DOUBTS."

E. F. C. K. is respectfully declined.

A READER OF "THE QUIVER" may obtain, without difficulty, an English version of "Dallé on the Colosians."

W. F. S.—The amusement mentioned is harmless in the one case, but not advisable in the other. For healthy youth it is suitable, beneficial, and very proper.

TWO ARROWS is requested to write again.

R. T.—Prayer is both a duty and a privilege; and he is not a sound or a wise teacher who denies prayer to be a duty.

THE SORROWING MOTHER shall receive a reply in an early Number.

A YOUNG CORRESPONDENT.—We cannot give the distinctive doctrines of different denominations. The parties named differ upon church government more than in doctrine.

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